THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

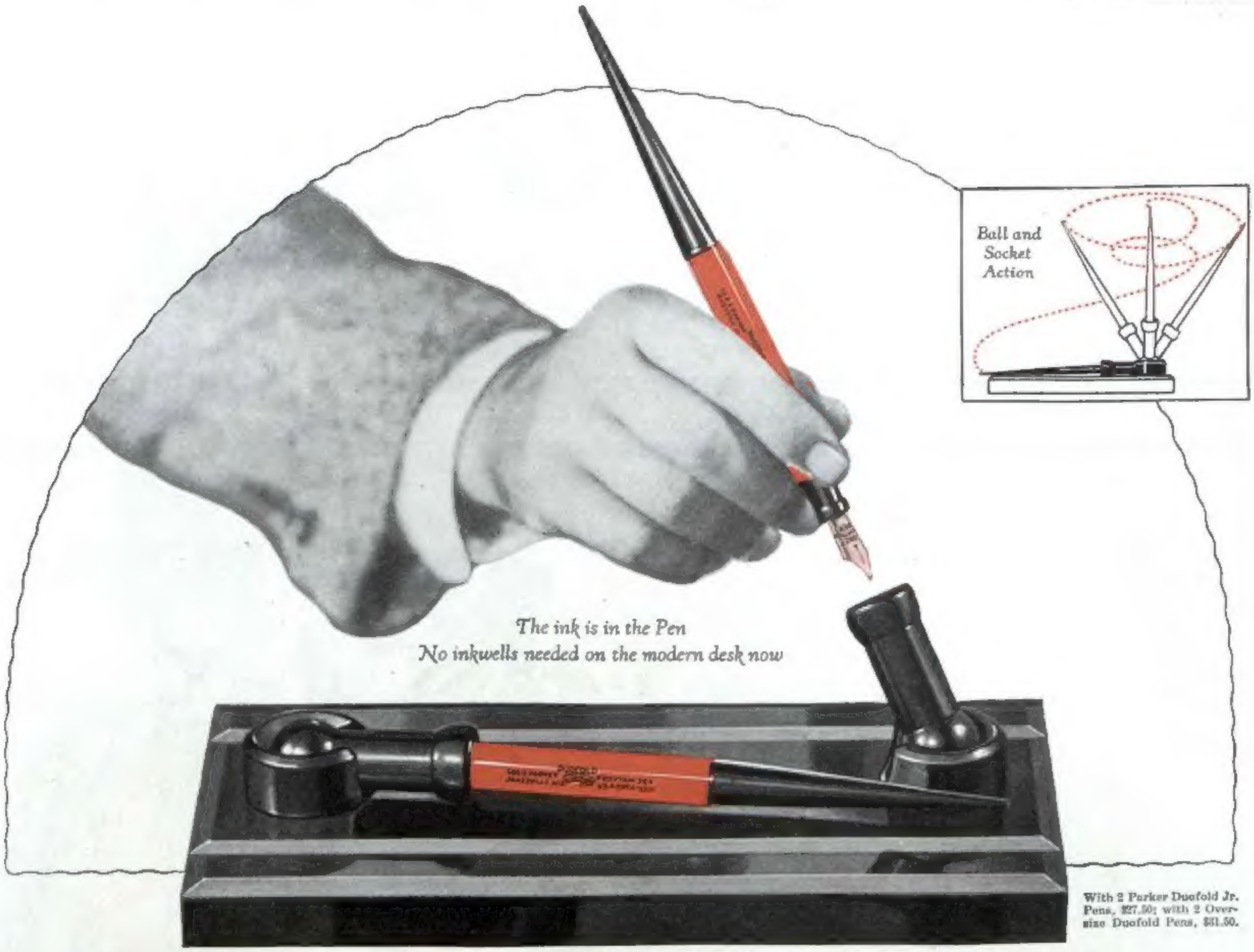
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Fr

Volume 199, Number 14

OCTOBER 2, 1926

5c. the Copy

Garet Garrett—Eleanor Mercein Kelly—Amos Alonzo Stagg—Joseph Hergesheimer
Viola Brothers Shore—William Hazlett Upson—Wesley Winans Stout—Sewell Ford



With 2 Parker Duofold Jr. Pens, $27.50; with 2 Oversize Duofold Pens, $31.50.

Only the Parker Desk Pens Lie Level Without Drying

Out of harm's way by day—Secure in your drawer by night

Pens with Oversize Ink Capacity—Non-Breakable Permanite Barrels—25-Year Guaranteed Points

Produced by Geo. S. Parker, Originator of the Lucky Curve Feed and the Classic Duofold Pen

Have the Color, Size and Point You Want

You can pick any Parker Fountain Pen from the dealer's case—the color, the size, and the point you want—and he'll change it over to a desk Pen in a twinkling. This can be done with the Parker Desk Set only. Thus you're not obligated to accept a particular pen that comes with the set.

With 2 Parker Duofold Jr. Pens, $19.00; With 2 Oversize Duofold Pens, $23.00.

ONLY in Parker Fountain Pen Desk Sets do the pens lie level [as well as tilt and stand upright] and yet remain moist with ink, ever ready for writing.

The absence of such a set until recently is about the only thing that has kept the world from putting fountain pen sets on every modern desk in place of cluttered inkstands. We, as others, tried resting the pens in rigid upright cups to keep the points from drying. But we found that upright pens are in danger of every arm that reaches over the desk.

Besides, men want their pens to lie level so the set can be slipped in a drawer at close of day and locked up.

Month after month we strove to solve the problem. We built some 15 models.

Then one day our efforts were richly rewarded. We devised the Ball-and-Socket Holder. And the U.S. Patent Office granted us protection. In less than three months a waiting world ordered Parker Duofold Desk Sets far in excess of our capacity to produce.

This Parker creation enables the pens to rest at any angle from horizontal to vertical. Its action is smooth, its tension self-adjusting.

No danger of tipping this set over by an accidental blow on the pen. The holder would gently move—no harm would come.

Consider yourself lucky that you've waited for this innovation. And lose no time in selecting your model from the nearest Parker dealer.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN • OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ATLANTA, DALLAS, SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

Parker

Duofold Desk Sets

Red and Black Patent Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Women's Set, green, blue or white base with 1 Parker Pastel Pen, $15. Black base with Pastel Pen, $12.25.

$9.50 to $35

Complete with Parker Pens

Rich Glass Bases every one—even the sets at $9.50, $10.50 and $12—complete with Parker Pens. And every one as fine an ornament as ever graced a man's office or a woman's writing desk.

An attractive GIFT BOX is another innovation that you can expect with the Parker Desk Sets. Write us if anyone tries to sell you another instead of the Parker.

With 2 Parker Duofold Jr. Pens, $21; With 2 Oversize Duofold Pens, $25.

You'll know correct time day or night
if you rely on these

Westclox

THESE luminous dials tell time at night as well as in the daylight, because the hands and numerals are covered with radium composition that glows in the dark. You know it's the correct time, because the name "Westclox" is on every dial.

The important thing about a clock is that you shall be sure that when it calls you, or when you look at it, it tells you the correct time.

Westclox are made to do that; there are nine clocks and two watches that bear that famous name; five out of the eleven have luminous dials, ranging in price from $2.25 to $4.50; plain dials from $1.50 to $3.25.

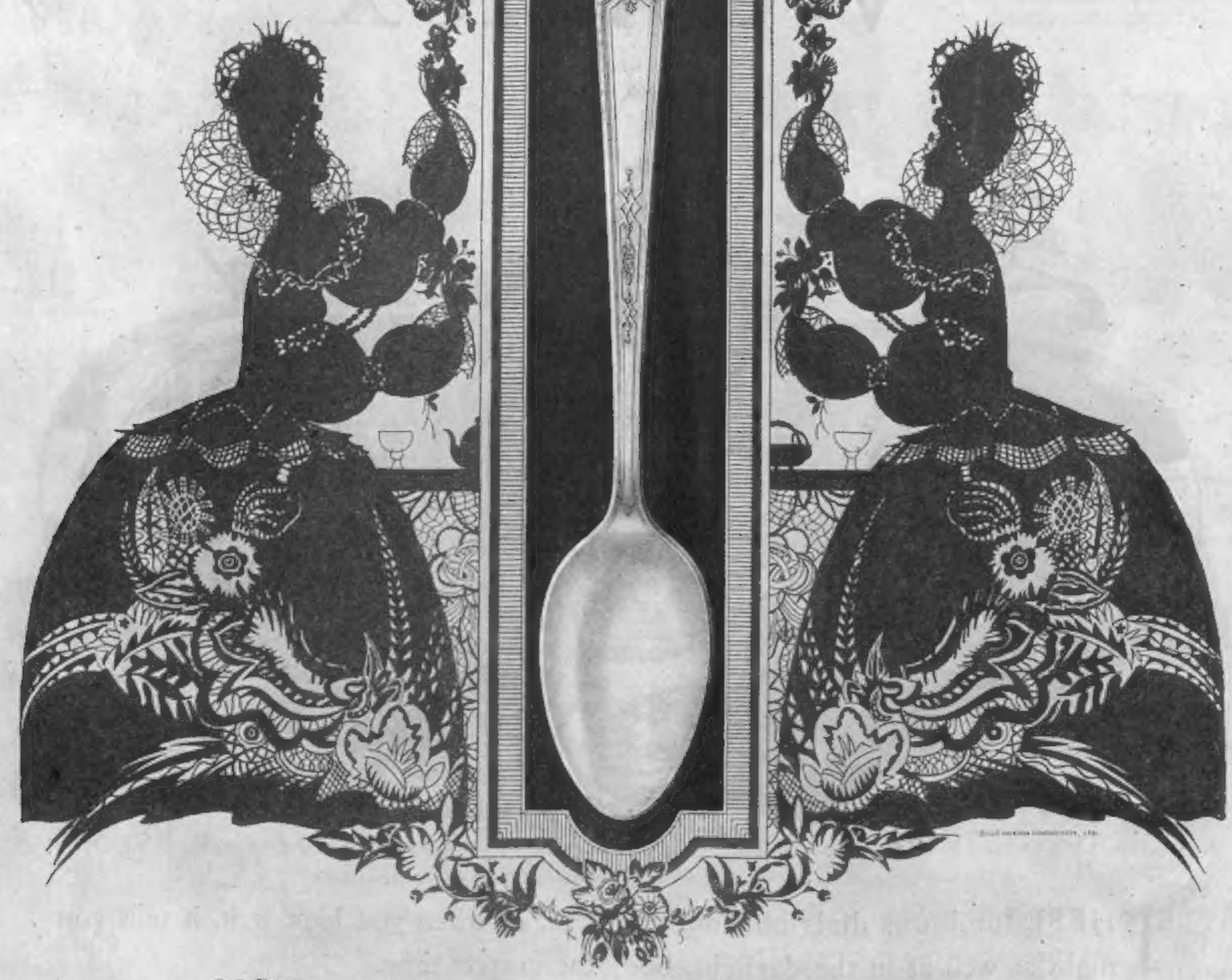
WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

[*Prices on all Westclox are slightly higher in Canada*]

275

MARY R. STUART



NEW... a new pattern in Tudor Plate: lovely as the queen it's named for: Mary Stuart. Proud as a queen in its clear classic outlines... A pattern that the bride of October or June will be happy-as-a-queen to live forever-after with...! Study it on this page... Ask to see it, in its silvery reality, at your dealer's.

¶ *Note that you can get a service for six covers in* TUDOR PLATE... *29 pieces, in a sapphire-blue chest... for* $17.00 ...*and* TUDOR PLATE *is guaranteed for 25 years of use.*

TUDOR PLATE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1926, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 2, 1926 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 14

The Trees Said to the Bramble, "Come Reign Over Us"

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

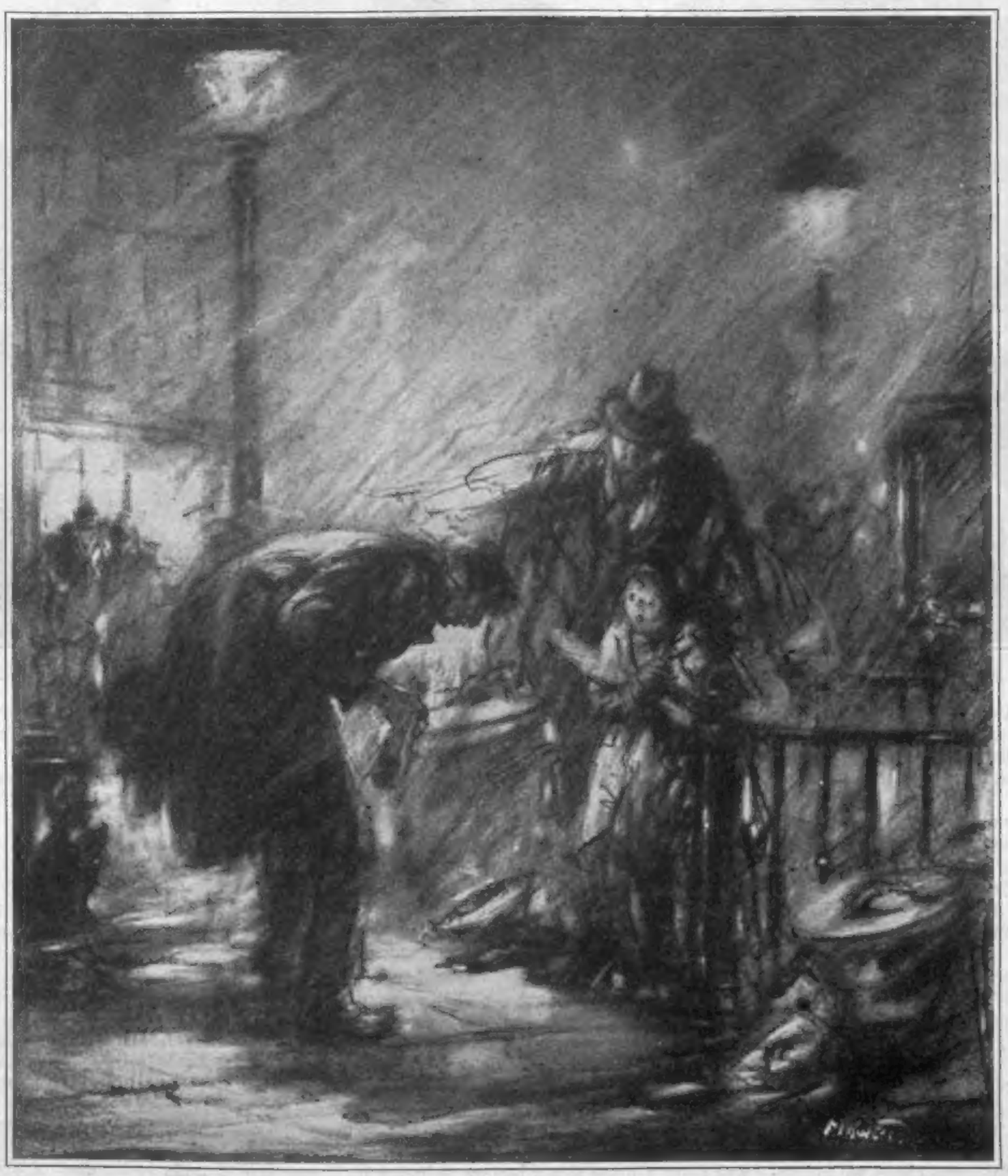
MAN is the only animal that can think as if. Hence the Arabian Nights, the flying carpet, the Pyramids, the zodiac, the artifacts, discontent, utopias and politics. He says lo! and the world is not there. Or, lo! again and he is not there.

So ends the prologue.

I

IT WAS a filthy night. The February harpy had lost her wind brats again and was running wide in the avenues, railing, calling, tearing her hair, while they were brawling in the dirty cross streets. At Washington Square, unmindful of this, stood a tall human figure with a reddish intellectual beard, looking back through Fifth Avenue. He was straining his faculties to seize the apparitional meaning of that view.

Reality made visible by illusion; the unreality of appearances, of the things we see. That was his thought. Metaphysical stuff. He had conceived the possibility of revealing it to the senses by some simple astonishing word image that should dissolve the deceptions of contrast and reduce any two objects to a common relation. What followed in logic would be thereby made evident. Idea the only substance. All seeming, all sensations, all thinking as but aspects, movements and shadows of one infinitely extravagant idea. Not to be mystically believed. No. To be proved as a physical fact, mechanically perfect, like relativity. Did not Einstein see relativity, as Newton saw gravity, first with the eyes?



He Was Bent Over, Brushing Himself Angrily With a Pocket Broom

Almost he could touch it with his senses—almost. Yet his great thesis was stuck. It had not moved a line all day. The wind seeking her brats and he, Angus Phlyn Fitzjerald, who knew all things in the literature of ten languages, wanting a word image!

As he stood there, trampling his mind, trying to think of nothing in order that something might think of itself, by the method of the imagists whom he despised, an idea in the form of some hard substance entered his eye, another in the form of an alley cat walked through his legs in the figure eight, a third in the form of an old woman with a tin cup on her bosom presented herself before him holding out ideas in the guise of lead pencils, and another in the shape of a wind urchin started off with his hat. With a Greek oath he turned and took up his way, which lay diagonally across the square.

He walked as one who knew the neighborhood, looking at nothing. Turning into Jones Street, he did not see the idea that passed him, hesitated, then made after him to ask a question. Physical irritation, above the displeasure he had taken against his mind, made him politely ferocious. The wind just then had become offensive in a personal manner.

A little girl with a long loaf of bread held babywise was running before it with her head down. Suddenly she veered to miss a barrel of kindling wood that stood on the sidewalk to mark a fuel vender's cellar. It went over, spilling just in front of her. She was agile and should have got round it safely. What wrecked her was a loop of twine that slipped itself from one of the kindling-wood bundles and lassoed her feet.

Fitzjerald and the man wishing to accost him were coming against the wind, walking rapidly in the middle of the street. They were almost abreast as the girl fell headlong, casting the loaf of bread. Her body tripped Fitzjerald, his legs tripped the other man, and they all went down in a heap.

Fitzjerald was the first to rise. He lifted the child and tried her on her feet. Seeing she was unhurt, he left her standing and picked up the bread. As she took it from him she looked at the other man. He was bent over, brushing himself angrily with a pocket broom. Then she looked up at the taller man with a scowl that changed slowly to a friendly grin. He neither spoke nor smiled, but gave her cap a tug, as he might have thought either to straighten it or to settle it tighter, then turned her by the shoulders until she was true on the wind again and let her go. As he came about on his own course the other man stood facing him.

"Is this the only Jones Street in New York?" he asked.

"Isn't one enough?" Fitzjerald answered and went straight on. He uttered the words with a rumbling growl. That was his natural voice. But his manner was offensive, and

all the worse for being oblique and impersonal. The smaller man, at first astonished, reacted with resentment. He quickened his steps to catch up, and then, as they walked rapidly along side by side, he twisted his body around and tilted his face at Fitzjerald. His chin was thrust out, both hands were clenched, one still holding the pocket broom, which he had forgotten; and he hissed through his teeth:

"As one species to another, it was a civil question."

Fitzjerald regarded him with sudden interest. "Civility," he said, "is an attribute of the species ass."

His manner, although even more offensive than before, had changed. For as they looked at each other a Celtic sign appeared between them. Extremely unlike as types, and by reason of that unlikeness mortally antagonistic, still both were Irish and therefore related in a manner too subtle for non-Celtic understanding. Further offense, if any, would be personal and so intended. That was the difference. And this was a kind of recognition that gave the smaller man a sense of satisfaction.

"It was a civil question," he repeated.

"Your mother, for all her sins, had a sense of humor," said Fitzjerald.

"A civil question," said the other, doggedly gaining the point.

"It had that grand merit," said Fitzjerald. "What then?"

"Is it?"

"It's the only Jones Street I ever heard of."

They were still walking, never having paused at all.

The smaller man put his little broom away, saying, "There's some mistake. I must have both the street and the number wrong."

"I suggest you have the city wrong," said Fitzjerald.

This mocking the other ignored, saying aloud to himself, "Jones Street," and giving the number.

"We're just at it," said Fitzjerald with a slight increase of interest. "The name here," he added, "is Saint-Leon."

"Miss, is it? Miss Jael Saint-Leon?"

"Perfect."

"Isn't she supposed to be very rich?"

"I've known it to be alleged," said Fitzjerald.

"Why does she live in a street like this?"

"Maybe because it's the only Jones Street there is. I'll ask her."

On that Fitzjerald turned abruptly, crossed the sidewalk and mounted some steps to the door of a very old house. To the right of it was a house let to a junk dealer who used it as it was. Another to the left, on the corner, had been made over on the ground level, with plate-glass windows and a chamfered front entrance newly painted; it was used as a shop. Opposite was a walk-up tenement with the fire escapes in front, now presenting a much less untidy appearance than usual, because such of the lares and penates as the wind had not run off with had been snatched inside. On one side of the tenement was an abandoned livery stable and on the other a board-of-health dispensary.

You could not have passed the old house without noticing that the door and window frames were painted, that the steps were clean, and that the brass knobs on the hand railing were not missing. It was not otherwise distinguished, unless by having curtains at the three second-story windows. The lower windows were bare.

Fitzjerald entered this house without knocking. The terrier person followed him in and closed the door behind them.

The hallway was scarcely more than a vestibule, twice the width of the staircase that took off abruptly. The floor was bare and much walked over, but the stairway, clean and white, had a rich carpet tread and the railing was of polished dark wood. At the right was a door bearing a cardboard sign:

JOINING
TURNING
CARVING
ODD HANDICRAFTS
WALK IN

That would account for the fact that the lower windows were uncurtained. The first floor was a workshop. Beyond this door, against the wall, were two wooden effigies, Dutch sailors, three-quarters lifesize, such as once were a variation upon the tobacconist's wooden Indian sign. From their weathered appearance it was evident they were true trophies of that time and manner. Here they served as coat holders. Men's coats were hanging on their arms and men's hats sat carelessly upon their heads. Against the other wall, hanging free by a chain from the ceiling, was a fire gong such as one may see in small villages—a steel band, five feet in diameter, weighing at least an eighth of a ton; and hanging by a chain to the wall was a small machinist hammer to beat it with. The only light was from a brass ship's lantern swinging high over the first step of the stairway. From above came the sound of men's and women's voices mingling—cultivated voices.

Fitzjerald stood for a moment before the wooden sailors; as there was no place left for his coat, he threw it over the banister and started up, thereby pointedly casting off what he had let in after him.

"My name is Capuchin," the man announced. He said it reliantly and with an air of not being magnanimous. He expected his name to be recognized; also he expected the tall, superior person to be surprised at the sound of it, and a little embarrassed, as one who has behaved badly in a chance encounter with a body who turns out to be of some importance. Fitzjerald did recognize the name; it had been running in newspaper headlines for several months. But he neither paused nor spoke. From the top of the stairway he glanced down. Mr. Capuchin was brushing himself again.

II

IN THE room Fitzjerald entered on the second floor were three women and five men, all but one seated in various postures at a long refectory table of beautiful medieval design, reproduced by craftsmen in the shop below. The linen upon it was craft-woven. The candles that lighted it were in iron holders, hand-wrought. Around it, instead of chairs, were benches of the same design, each one long enough for two to sit on. At the head of the board, sideways to it, was Jael Saint-Leon. She had finished eating and was smoking a cigarette through a long blue tube held in a clenched hand. Her elbow rested on the table and her forearm was rigidly vertical; when she thought of the cigarette, she moved her head to reach it. Otherwise than in this arm her body seemed quite relaxed. She was gazing idly through her smoke at the second figure on her right.

They Talked All Night and the Freemen's League Was Born at Dawn

That was a spherical little man with small features in a large face and an immense head, perfectly bald. He was eating and had no perception of lesser things. His face hung low over his plate and he made murmuring, cajoling sounds to his food, as if it were alive. Doctor Rabba, writer of histories. He had written scores of them—histories of the world, of religion, of races, of science, and lately, in ten volumes, a history of history—all perfectly sound and empty. He was a prodigious hack containing millions of facts. He had no fame at all on the literary plane. One of his several pseudonyms was better known than his own name. His recreation was a passionate interest in talk of revolution. He was useful in this company as a self-reciting encyclopedia, and was neglected as all encyclopedias are. To the conversation he had nothing but historical facts to contribute; and as everyone had learned not to start that torrent, and as he was too shy to break it unasked, his rôle was that of listener, which was very agreeable, for very often the talk was about revolution.

He had, however, one amusing office. When the mysterious power had been present that did sometimes lift them high above their cynicism, their boredom, their sophisticated despair, their weariness of facts, and when the human instrument of this power, usually a visitor, had revealed a vision of perfectible man living in a perfect state—a state of nature, perhaps—delivered from his wicked institutions, there came after the climax always an embarrassing moment. There was no curtain; no way of theatrical exit. There they sat staring helplessly at one another. Then it was Doctor Rabba who let them down.

They would hear him say in the gentle voice in which he addressed his food, "Massacre! Massacre! A little blood. It is ugly. It is soon over. They are not so many after all. You laugh. It is history. I know." A moment later he, too, would laugh and look around with merry eyes.

Beyond Doctor Rabba sat Dwind, a Socialist teacher of economics in the Lothian College, which Jael Saint-Leon supported. His eyelids were thin but very tired, and he lifted his head to see. The wonder was that a person so anæmic could think so fiercely. He had written many books and was the leading exponent of the doctrine in the country. He talked little, and made an irritated sound. He appeared to be the only one listening to Grinling, opposite, who was saying there was no such thing as true American liberalism. Grinling was a Harvard man, under thirty-five, who toyed with the heroic notion of disrecommending his country by cutting himself off from it. Meanwhile, holding that chastisement in reserve, he acted as associate editor of a weekly journal of radical opinion; he was a brilliant writer.

At the end of the table, aloof, with much upright hair, was a young man named Semicorn. He had been lumberjack, hobo, editor of an I. W. W. newspaper in Seattle. Having served a term in the Federal prison at Leavenworth for seditious utterances in wartime, he came to New York and appeared at the Lothian College. To his surprise he was seized to the heart of a distinguished group of people who thought it monstrous in principle that one should be punished for any political utterance whatever, and had organized a society, with funds, offices, counsel, agents and publicity experts, for the jealous protection of free speech. Among them was a rich man who undertook to see that the young man Semicorn, their instance and hero, should want for nothing. He was serious, a little timid among high foreheads, and awed by the company in which he flourished, perhaps because he could not talk without getting red and losing his grammar. He made his patrons almost as uncomfortable as they made him.

The fifth man, the only one not at the board, was De Grouse, second son of a banker by an ancient line. It was supposed that in him the family talent had failed. At least it was that he turned contemptuously from the money trade and preferred the life of a literary artist. He evolved an obscure, precious manner of writing and found some vogue for it in magazines of that taste. He was musical, and wrote at first about music, then about literature and at length about life. His judgments, embossed, cold and intricately strange, were all alike, because his interest was not in the thing but in his own sensations about it. He was content to have turned out to be a rosy, waxy, abdominal man, still young. He was at this moment reclining backward on a couch, his short legs crossed, one hand in his trousers pocket, the other, because of the ring, lying palm down and a little spread at his side. Dividing him at the equator was a fine gold chain.

The two women, besides Jael, were near her at the head of the table. The one on her right, her secretary and constant companion, was Miss Lillibridge.

Fitzjerald once asked Jael in the hearing of a large company, including the object of his remark, why, out of all the world, she had taken to be her henchwoman a person so alarmingly distractive.

Jael answered, "Yes, isn't she pretty! She is my hair shirt."

Miss Lillibridge was perfectly oblivious. Everyone else was embarrassed and Fitzjerald was deeply sorry, for they all knew what Jael meant. Her satellite had everything that she had not.

The other woman was a Russian, a refugee, Princess Somebody, whose name no one could pronounce or spell twice the same way. The remedy was to call her madame, with a strong French accent, and that did very well. She was tall, very thin and spoke only in a fever of excitement, no matter what the subject was. She had come to her English in a roundabout manner, through German and French, and made the sound "zee" for "th" incurably. Voluble, yet she might be silent through an entire evening, merely turning her hot black eyes quickly from one speaker to another, maybe not listening at all, just gazing. Her experiences had been melodramatic, some in her imagination and some really. She got them mixed up. She had faced a firing squad. If she forgot to say she had been shot and left there for dead and was reminded of the omission by one who had heard it before, she would say, "Oh, yes; zat ozer time," and go right on. She had killed a man. She got part way out of Russia on a troop train, riding with the soldiers, and walked the rest of it. Many times she had slept in the trenches. Having, somehow, some money, she kept a very nice apartment uptown. It was never locked for fear some wandering Russian, especially one drunk, might be unable to get in. Sometimes in the morning there would be ten or twelve on the floor, very comfortable. The janitor was scandalized and told the landlord; even the police were interested. But they had all been made to understand zat zese were her children. Besides, what else could zey do?

"Welcome, Angus," Jael called, seeing Fitzjerald's form filling the doorway. "We are a small lot tonight. Low in our minds; disagreeably inclined. Come, tell us a new thing."

Fitzjerald saluted by lifting her hand as if to kiss it, which he did not do. It was a gesture only, but invariably he greeted her in that way. In speech he was rude to her, more so than anyone else, but in manner he was old-fashioned and courtly, and although she pretended to be mildly amused, really she liked it.

Everyone treated her with certain marks of respect, especially Dwind, who got a nice salary at the Lothian College, and Doctor Rabba, who also lectured there; but the convention of conduct here was bad manners. From the couch De Grouse shouted cheerily, and Grinling said hello. Fitzjerald did not respond. It was not expected. Nothing was expected.

Having made his little ceremony with Jael, he said, "Hello, Lillibridge. Good evening, madame," and passed around to a row of copper pots on a warming table against the far wall. At the end of the warming table was another, with plates, silver, and so on. Each guest helped himself to food, of which there was a great abundance, excellent, always ready. A man that might be called a butler, wearing a sack suit, appeared from time to time bringing water and pieces of linen, or to remove what was no longer wanted.

Fitzjerald helped himself very generously, brought his plate to the table, and sat between Grinling and madame.

"No new thing, Jael," he said, speaking for the first time. "I'll ask you a question. Someone asked it of me. Why do you live in Jones Street? Here? Like this?"

Jael regarded him thoughtfully.

"Well, Mr. Father Confessor," she said, "why do I?"

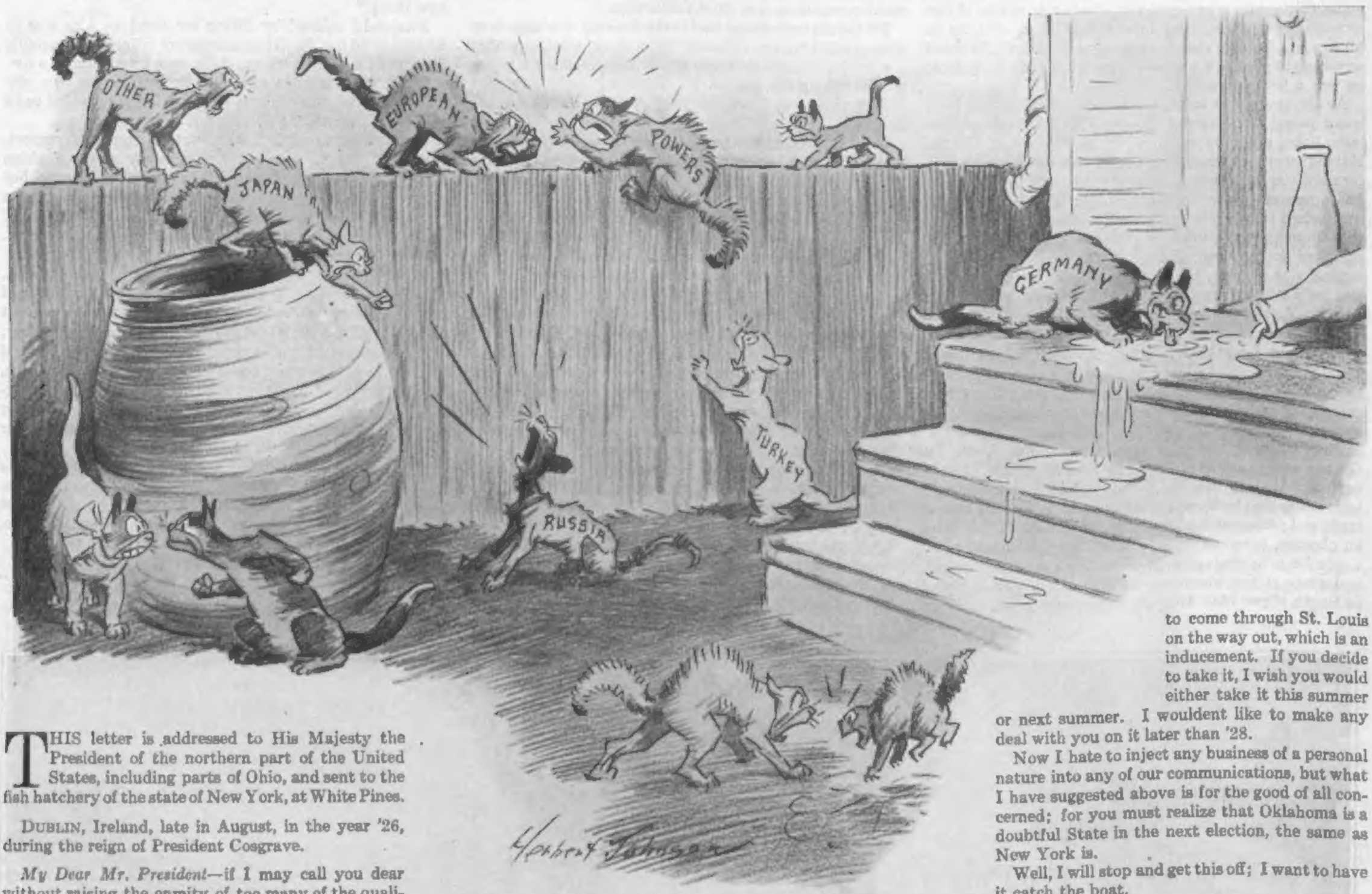
(Continued on Page 66)

"That Person," He Said, "That—That Hollyhock, With No Provocation But His Own Bad Nature, Has Been Insulting Me Ever Since We Met in the Street"

Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON



Germany, the Winner of the Last War, is About the Only One That is Not Looking for Trouble

THIS letter is addressed to His Majesty the President of the northern part of the United States, including parts of Ohio, and sent to the fish hatchery of the state of New York, at White Pines.

DUBLIN, Ireland, late in August, in the year '26, during the reign of President Cosgrave.

My Dear Mr. President—if I may call you dear without raising the enmity of too many of the qualified voters of Cuckooland: I havent written you for some time. I knew you were busy fishing and worrying with Al Smith, so I had enough consideration for your feelings not to bother you even with a few trifles such as our Foreign Policy. I heard about the Fish you caught and sold to the Museum. Keep the old Economy measures and advertisement going as long as it will last. I am glad you invited Al up there to the camp, because there is nothing that shows to the world what a polyglot nation America is more than the mingling of the East Side of New York and the west side of Vermont.

Al is a good boy and the longer you know him the better you will like him. You and Al kinder put me in mind of each other. 'Course, you are up earlier in the morning, but he is up later at night. Al can stay awake till twelve o'clock and never bat an eye.

Well, I guess by the time this reaches you, you will have brushed all the Chiggers and Fleas and Mosquitoes off of you, and are back in the White House with nothing to worry you but Farmers and Democrats. If it had been me, President, I believe I would have stayed up there all year.

And by the way, while you were picking out places to spend a summer vacation, did you ever receive a communication from the Commercial Club of Claremore, Oklahoma? I told them to write you and I gave them your address. They just about lost it, that's about what happened.

Well, if you think you can ever stand another vacation, why, there is a part of the Country that I would like to see you get interested in. There is nobody got a Camp there, but everybody has houses. We havent got any Wall-eyed Pike, but we got some of the best Buffalo Catfish in the world in the Verdigris River. I will stake you to my place right where I was born, just twelve miles out of Claremore. It's just run down and old enough that it will remind you of Vermont. I will get a special dispensation from the authorities of Rogers County, so they won't bother you, because you will be the first Republican that ever slept in the House, and I will have to fix with the Game Laws for protection. It's a typical White House, for I just had it whitewashed two years ago, figuring on John W. Davis taking it. But owing to circumstances over which he had no control, why, that fell through.

Now I will enumerate a few of the advantages that Oklahoma, and especially Claremore, hold over the rest of the United States. In the first place you will be bothered by no Governors. If Trapp or his successor, either one, try to get in, I have a sign up on the bob-wire gate at the section line: Nothing Allowed in That Will Interfere With the Work or Scare the Animals. So you won't be obliged to be nice to anybody for courtesy's sake; and then, too, you won't be bothered with Politicians. Oklahoma is so far away that a Politician can't pay his way that far. Nobody can afford the trip but a Statesman, and the road from town out is so bad that even he will get discouraged before he gets there, and turn around and go back.

Now I am not located on a bootlegging route from Canada. The best you can get there is just home-talent stuff. But the Boys have had a lot of practice making it, for Oklahoma has always been dry—certainly I am laughing. What did you think I was doing?—and on account of our years of experience I don't want it to be considered in the nature of egotism, but they do say we build it better than anybody. I can show you stills there 100 years old. It's a tradition with us; it's not a get-rich-quick industry. We take pride in the quality, not the price.

Now if this description interests you in the way of a summer place, why, I can have it fixed so you won't have to come through St. Louis on the way out, which is an inducement. If you decide to take it, I wish you would either take it this summer or next summer. I wouldent like to make any deal with you on it later than '28.

Now I hate to inject any business of a personal nature into any of our communications, but what I have suggested above is for the good of all concerned; for you must realize that Oklahoma is a doubtful State in the next election, the same as New York is.

Well, I will stop and get this off; I want to have it catch the boat.

Will drop you a line in a couple more days if I have nothing else to do.

Watch the farmers with half of one eye, Lowden with the other half and Borah with the entire remaining other eye.

Your little "cottage" in Europe,
WILLIE ROGERS.

CORK, Ireland, August 26.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE,

Dear Mr. Coolidge: My job is, of course, to find out all I can and report to you. The reason I have not reported lately is because I havent found out anything much lately, and I am not like a lot of people to bother you when I really have nothing to take up with you but your time.

Well, I have been gathering up a lot of facts and I am just about in shape to report. I have the biggest news for you that I have had since I have been your little Shack in Europe. You know, of course, or perhaps you have had it hinted to you, that we stand in Europe about like a Horse Thief. Now I want to report to you that that is not so. It is what you call at Amherst, "erroneous." We don't stand like a Horse Thief abroad. Whoever told you we did is flattering us. We don't stand as good as a Horse Thief. They knew what you were sore at them for.

Now I have been in all kinds of Countries—about all they have over here, if somebody don't come along with self-determination for small nations and carve out a couple of dozen more. But I have looked them all over. Now you will have people coming back over there tell you that it is not so that we are in bad.

They get their information from people who are trying to be polite to them. But you just get to talking serious over here, and let an argument start, and you will mighty soon see the old feeling crop out.

But here is what I want to write you about, and the thing that you never hear mentioned or even thought of.

Everybody talks about how we are hated—it is to conversation in Europe what Prohibition has been at home. Well, when the discussion would gradually come to the Shylocks, as we had been christened, why, I would just casually, of course, admit that we were a band of high-binders, and were just waiting to get England or France up a back alley and knock 'em in the head and get what little they had left; and while they were discussing jubilantly the subject of our unpopularity I would, in order to keep up the conversation and not change the subject, just nonchalantly remark, "Will you enumerate to me, in their natural order, the number of Nations that you people can call bosom friends?"

Well, they had never thought of that; but when you insist on a count, he finds that he not only could enumerate them on his fingers but he could count them on his fingers if he had been unfortunate enough to have both arms off.

These Guys over here are so busy celebrating our unpopularity that they don't stop to look around to see how they stand themselves. So don't let them stampede you, Cal, with our unpopularity. We have become so unpopular that we are as bad off as every other Nation. If you can find me one Nation in Europe that has a real down-to-earth, sincere regard for any other Nation, I will jump out of the top of the Washington Monument and see if Jackie Coogan can catch me as I fall.

I have purposely looked for combinations that were friendly toward each other, and I have yet to find any two that wasent at heart ready to pounce on each other if they thought they could get away with it—unless it was Latvia up toward the Arctic Ocean and Madagascar down in the Indian Ocean. They, perhaps, have no particular grievance against each other, but they will have as soon as they find out where each other are.

France and England think just as much of each other as two rival bands of Chicago Bootleggers. Gloating over our unpopularity is the only thing they have ever agreed on perfectly. Just by the luck of the draw they happened to be paired together in the last war, but they been fighting each other for over a thousand years. Waterloo will be remembered longer than any debt. Italy went to bat on the side of France in the last Series, but that was just because Austria was on the opposite side. If it hadent been for that, they would have just pitched up a dollar to see what side to go in on. A Frenchman and an Italian love each other just about like Minneapolis and St. Paul. Spain and France have the same regard for each other as Fort Worth and Dallas.

Spain feels that they fought the Riffs for four years and then France come in and got all the best land at the settlement.

Russia hates everybody so bad it would take her a week to pick out the one she hates most. Poland is rarin' to fight somebody so bad that they just get up and punch themselves in the jaw. They can't make up their minds whether to jump on Russia, Germany, or go up and annex Lithuania. Turkey has been laying off three months now without any war, and Peace is just killing them. You can't even pass out of the south of Russia into Rumania. Bulgaria is feeding an Army and deriving no benefits from it whatever.

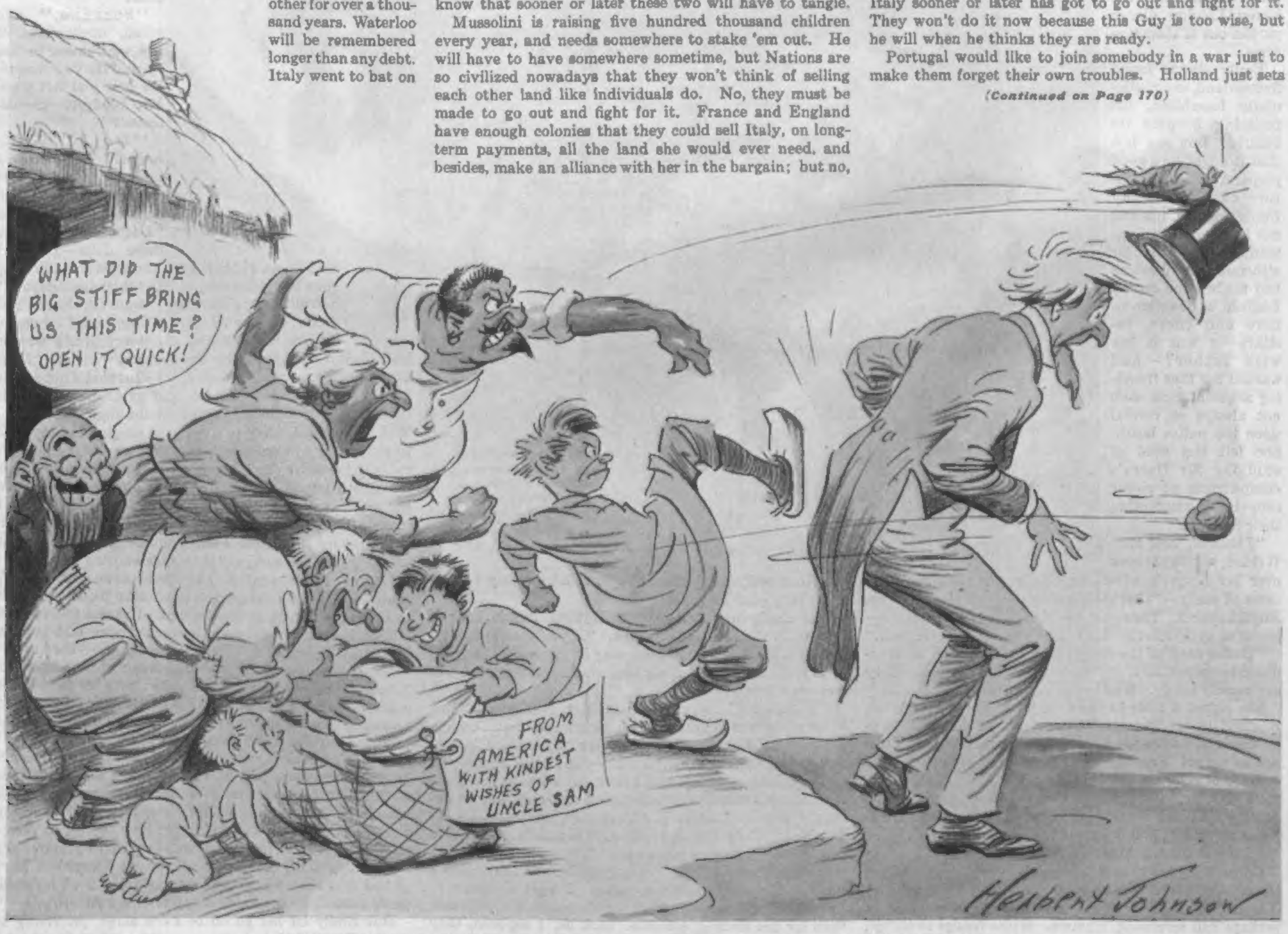
Greece has some open time that they are trying to fill in. They will take on anybody but Turkey; they are about cured of them. Czecho-Slovakia is a new country, and they feel that a war would just about give them the proper prestige and tradition that a Nation should have in future to point to. Japan is filling up Chinese Manchuria with Japs and copping it away from China so fast that Russian interests are menaced there; and Russia is doing all they can to populate that end of Russia with Emigranta, for they know that sooner or later these two will have to tangle.

Mussolini is raising five hundred thousand children every year, and needs somewhere to stake 'em out. He will have to have somewhere sometime, but Nations are so civilized nowadays that they won't think of selling each other land like individuals do. No, they must be made to go out and fight for it. France and England have enough colonies that they could sell Italy, on long-term payments, all the land she would ever need, and besides, make an alliance with her in the bargain; but no, that's not done. Once you get a piece of land you must hang onto it whether you use it or not. So that means Italy sooner or later has got to go out and fight for it. They won't do it now because this Guy is too wise, but he will when he thinks they are ready.

Portugal would like to join somebody in a war just to make them forget their own troubles. Holland just sets

(Continued on Page 170)

If You See Some Guy That Looks Like Me is Going Off to Some Convention or to Attend Something, Will You Kindly Take a Granite Bowlder From the Old Vermont Hillside and Dent it on His Bean?



All We Have to Do to Get In Bad is Just to Start Out on What We Think is a Good-Samaritan Mission

EMILIANA

By ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

A BIT of luck happened to Mrs. Weldon just at a time when consolation was indicated on the part of Providence—her only remaining husband died. She was doubly a widow, with all the widowly emoluments.

"Which goes to prove that there is an eye on us, after all," she told her stepdaughter piously, "and that we ought to go to church more often, especially in English communities. The English take religion so seriously." They were progressing by gradual stages from Biarritz to England, where the younger lady intended to marry Sir Harry Congers, although the baronet was as yet presumably unaware of these intentions; and not wanting to be obvious about it, and also desiring to refresh acquaintance with British atmosphere, the two were pausing at Interlaken, in a certain hotel above the town much frequented between seasons by middle-aged gentry wishing to get the London fog out of their lungs and the heavy London dinner parties out of their systems.

Emily always found Switzerland, and particularly Interlaken, depressing despite its beauty; but she felt that it might be a good preparation for her future career as Lady Emily Congers. She had not been often in England; never socially; for although the Weldons had made some cordial English acquaintances here and there, instinct—or was it her wise father?—had warned her that traveling acquaintances were not always so cordial upon the native heath. She felt the need of studying Sir Harry's compatriots at closer range before attempting their fastness.

"I believe," said Mrs. Weldon, wiping her eyes over her lawyer's letter—cautiously, for their make-up came off easily—"that the time has come for me to join the English church. The rector—or is he called the chaplain?—seems so sympathetic! He is lonely himself, he tells me."

"Better keep off the clergy, Suzanne," advised her stepdaughter impartially. "This one has a married look—they are usually lonely. Why waste your time?"

She sighed a little at the thought of having to invade England under the ægis of Suzanne. If only her stepmother's hair were not quite so auburn, her taste in dress not so naïve! Suzanne was not of those who lack "the courage of color on the wing."

"I suppose," the girl suggested carelessly, "you will be putting on black for Mr. Blodgett?" Mrs. Weldon enjoyed mourning, and it toned her down a good deal.

"Do you think that would be proper?"

Considering the money he had left her, quite apart from the settlements at the time of her divorce, Emily felt that it would be a rather suitable compliment. She said, "Or perhaps half mourning, mamma. White linings to things, you know, with pearls."

She Loved to Think of the Pyrenees, Esteban's Country; and With This Boy She Found Herself Thinking Aloud

"No amethysts?" Mrs. Weldon had recently bought some very good ones.

But Emily was firm—no amethysts. Purple had its dangers in the hands of Suzanne. "If you are to pay Mr. Blodgett the courtesy of mourning for him at all, I think he is entitled to strict black and white. Really, that will was very generous."

"Wasn't it?" sighed the late Mrs. Blodgett. "But there never was anything of the tightwad about Charley. If you wanted a cocktail, he ordered a tray of them, in case you might want another. That"—she sighed again—"is what I call a man! Not that I mean to make any invidious distinctions against your father, dearest; only, you would hardly describe him in just that way, now would you? You'd say of Archibald Weldon, 'There is what I call a gentleman—a perfect gentleman.'"

His daughter winced. "Hardly as bad as that. But I know, of course, what you mean. People do seem to have married my father more for his personal distinction than for his sterling qualities. Just as, I suppose, they will marry me."

"They'd better be at it then," remarked her stepmother tartly. She occasionally suspected the girl of laughing at her; nor had she quite forgiven her for dragging them away from Biarritz in the midst of a little affair with the hotel director there. "The Pyrenees don't seem to have agreed with you this time, Emily," she added; "you seem *lassé* and rather sallow."

Do broken hearts, the girl wondered, make one sallow? She grinned at herself a little. Thwarted ambition was the better name for her malady. To have let herself go over a picturesque ineligible, to have torn herself by main strength out of his arms—and then to have discovered that he was perhaps the most eligible of the lot! It was enough, she thought, to put any girl a bit off her color.

"Suzanne," she asked, unconscious of the wistfulness in her voice, "do you remember how you felt when Mr. Blodgett—er—defected?"

"Do I? Well, rather!" There was a salutary frankness between these two companions in adventure. "I felt limp as one of those dolls—the sort strung on rubber, you know—when the snap goes out of the elastic. Slightly nauseated, too," she added reminiscently, "from the shock. You know, he'd caught me getting kissed by one of his friends. Fancy! As if any pretty woman isn't likely to get kissed by her husband's friends! I like attentions, of course—who doesn't? But that's not saying I wouldn't rather have been kissed by Charley Blodgett than by any other man I knew—at the time. Later—— Well, a woman's a fool to sit around waiting for any man to come back to her; men aren't that way. 'If Charley's going to be such a dog in the manger,' I said to myself, 'begrudging a person any little innocent affection that comes her way, why, I'll show him how much I care!' And I showed him. The only way to get what you want in this world"—she voiced her little philosophy of life for one who needed philosophy—"is to stop wanting it."

Emily remembered that. Experience, even other people's experience, has its value; she must take pains thereafter to be as indifferent as she seemed. But she felt for this trivial, foolish, innately vulgar creature an odd stab of pity. Did they suffer their little sufferings, too—the featherweights? It seemed to her one souvenir of the affair with Esteban, this new capacity for pity; pity for herself, for other women, for her futile, vain father; for all the poor, grasping, groping hands that reach out so confidently for what is theirs, and find themselves full of nothingness.

Suzanne was again complimenting the eye of Providence on its discernment, just when her clothes were in tatters, bleached to rags by that terrible Biscay sun. "And it wouldn't have been possible to get decent mourning anywhere in the south of Europe, they mourn so elaborately. Would you mind, darling, if we hurried on to Paris now and got my fittings before those Americans have picked over all the new models?" Having lived for some years abroad, Suzanne naturally resented Americans.

But Emily let her go on to Paris alone, preferring to stay in Interlaken as long as possible with a friend who

was ill there, on the porch of a little chalet overlooking the hotel tennis courts. Strange, she thought, what a fatal attraction she seemed to have for people who were of no use to her—elderly spinsters, fat old men, sick persons.

She had been aware of eyes eagerly following her from this porch whenever she appeared on the courts; rather more reckless of her game than usual, less careful to win from her adversaries, even when they were men. Tennis seemed, after *pelota*, hardly worth while; a game for curates and women. No woman, she thought with an oddly feminine pride, could ever play *pelota*.

Once, as she passed, a husky voice called down to her from the porch: "Girl! I say, g-girl! Would you ever have time to come up and talk to a fellow?"

She gave a brief, smiling nod, and presently appeared in the room behind him, whence she dismissed the nurse who tried to intercept her.

"No, your patient's not asleep. And if he is, I'll wake him," she said. "I dare say he's tired of being asleep."

The patient chuckled over it until he choked. "Watkins out-Watkined!" he remarked joyously. "American, of course! I was wondering; but only an American could have handled my nurse"

"She looks rather a bully," commented Emily. "Why do you have her?"

The boy, whose name was John Wallace—"but they call me Wally"—explained that you do not have an English nurse; she has you, and during good behavior only. "Not that I mean to complain. The family provide Nurse Watkins, as they provide Switzerland and the chalet and everything; and it's a whole lot better than a sanitarium. Ever try one?"

Emily had not. Looking at the boy's flushed, hollow cheeks, the brilliant pathos of his eyes, she wondered where the family was, and asked him.

"Oh, it's only cousins," he explained, "and an uncle of sorts. Very busy in Wall Street."

"I see," said the girl gently. It struck her that here was one as much alone in the world as herself, if not more so. Again that inconvenient pity stirred

This was the sort of thing that made Switzerland so depressing, no doubt—the hard, bright air, the Swiss cross flying everywhere, suggestive of ambulances and Red Cross stations; the neat little chalets, with sleeping porches, all for rent, cheerfully trimmed with potted plants—always potted; they never seemed a native growth; the cold impersonal service in the hotels, like hospital attendance; the sales people in the souvenir shops, who knew nothing of the social possibilities of barter, declined surlily to haggle and to compliment after the fashion of their French and Italian neighbors. Why, she thought, the Swiss natives cannot even sing—they yodel!—barbarous noise. And over all the Jungfrau presiding in a white apron like a neat Swiss housewife, among other mountains glittering with cleanliness, aloof, unfriendly nothing subtle and alluring about the Jungfrau!

The Wally boy laughed over her opinion of Switzerland. "I know; it's all about as grim and bright and sanitary as a hospital corridor. But it's so expensive that it must be good. Where else can a crock like me get enough air for his half a lung?"

She told him of other mountains that she knew—La Rhune, the Canigou, capricious, laughing, darkling southern mountains, sweet and moody as spoiled women, covering their breasts with robes of blossom, shrouding their high heads in mantillas of mist; valleys where the sun loved to linger and the wind blew softly, straight from Africa; where the snow came tumbling down in eager waterfalls, so that the air was always full of the music of it, and of little bells, and of bees. She loved to think of the Pyrenees, Esteban's country; and with this boy she found herself thinking aloud.

He looked away from her when she had finished. "Something rather wonderful must have happened to you there."

"Yes," she answered after a moment; and told him about that too. It was almost like talking to someone who was not present.

"He was your man," commented the boy simply, when she had done.

Emily shrugged, remarking with bravado, "Fortunately there are others!" And soon she had him chuckling again, laughing aloud, over candid accounts of her adventures by land and sea, and even air, for she numbered among her admirers several aviators.

Young Wally had his national sense of humor developed beyond the ordinary, perhaps, by a special need of it; and something in the girl's casual acceptance of life as a sort of perpetual tiger hunt, in which you must stalk and bag your quarry before it bagged you, appealed to this; also to a certain boyish chivalry which winced at the thought of ladies in distress. He could never be quite sure whether to regard Emily as huntress or hunted.

"The modern girl certainly knows how to take care of herself!" he chuckled admiringly, over an account of how she had managed to postpone a too pressing suitor by spotting her face and arms plentifully with dots of rouge while an epidemic of smallpox happened to be raging, which gave her time for the necessary investigations.

"One learns," said Emily. "Besides, I was coached for it by a careful parent, who saw that there were only two ways of acquiring power in the world—to work for it or to marry it—and chose for his child the lesser of two evils . . . Oh, yes, I manage to take care of myself. The question is, shall I be able to provide for myself a future in the style to which I am accustomed?"

"You will be able to do anything you want to do," said the boy soberly, "if you really want to."

Emily found her new confidant rather stimulating. It was the first time she had permitted herself the luxury of friendship; just as, until Esteban, she had never permitted herself the luxury of love. Emotions, her father had warned her, interfere with the real affairs of life. "Do not labor a point," was one of his favorite maxims; suggestion was more artistic than completion. Why have intimates when acquaintances were so much less exacting, no inconvenient claim established?

Yet here she was, for the second time in one summer, in danger of letting a very inconvenient claim establish itself; though of a quite different order from the first. Platonics—platonics between a young man and a young woman? How amusedly Mr. Weldon would have smiled at the idea!

The Wally boy's loneliness, however, appealed to some need in her nature, produced an unfamiliar aching sensation in her young breast. Everybody, she understood with

(Continued on Page 142)

The Old Woman's Eyes Never Wavered From Her During This Confession. Once They Gleamed Angrily; Once They Showed a Faint Flicker of Amusement

TORTUGAS TALES

Glimpses at the Dramatic Life of Old Fort Jefferson in Days Long Gone

Guns Were Dragged to the High Parapets by Brute Man Power

More Like a Medieval Fortress Than a Piece of Engineering Built by Uncle Sam. Note the Immense Thickness of the Walls

Fort Jefferson as It Appeared After a Visit From a Gulf Cyclone

By George Allan England

ALL Hope Abandon, Ye Who Enter Here!

Time and the knives of souvenir hunters have obliterated these words from the cell door of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, most famous of all the hosts of prisoners at various times confined within the dour brick walls of Fort Jefferson, on Dry Tortugas. Yet men still living remember having seen them there. No motto could more tragically apply than this, which the unfortunate doctor himself engraved while serving long years in chains and at hard labor for a crime in which our modern generation knows he had no part.

Doctor Mudd, you will remember, was the Maryland physician who set J. Wilkes Booth's broken leg after Booth had assassinated Lincoln. He was sentenced to life imprisonment at the most remote fortress in the United States, a bastile verily anchored 120 miles out at sea in the Gulf of Mexico. His story and those of other prisoners form a record that well blends with narratives of tragedy and pestilence and death which make the name Tortugas even today the grimmest in our annals.

The history of this wrecked and abandoned fortress in the sea is singularly obscure. But from old records, letters and personal narratives of ancient Key Westers, some kind of picture can be pieced together, outlining the whole.

"Fort Jefferson was built to control the Gulf of Mexico," an old Key West doctor told me. He once, by the way, fought yellow jack there. "It came into the limelight when the war broke out. All hands were required to take the oath of allegiance to the Union. Some Confederate sympathizers wouldn't, and left."

A Fort Without Defenses

"ALL the way through the war, the fort was garrisoned by Northern troops. Key West was garrisoned by them too. It holds the distinction, sir, of being the only Southern city where the Stars and Stripes never were hauled down. And how was it kept loyal?

"Why, because the Union soldiers clapped all the leading citizens in jail. Now and then somebody would hoist the Stars and Bars at night, but down they'd have to come in the morning.

"Early in the war, the Confederates planned to capture the great sea citadel out there in the Gulf. It was defenseless at first—seemed inviting attack. The old Wyandotte was reported on her way to take it, but never arrived. She could just have steamed right up, sir, and taken possession, for not a gun was mounted at Jefferson. All that the little garrison could do was to keep the drawbridge raised, and drill the women and children to take cover in an empty reservoir in case of attack.

"If the South, you see, had acted with energy and captured Jefferson early in the game, the war might have run a very different course." The doctor sighed regretfully. "With the fortress as a naval base and a refuge for blockade runners, supplies could have been sent up the Mississippi and cotton could have been moved to Havana. The Confederacy might have purchased early European recognition, sir, as every ship in the Straits of Florida had to pass within full view of the fort. A ticklish situation, air. Very, indeed!"

Swift decisive action was necessary on the part of the North. As Major J. H. Shinn relates in his Fort Jefferson and Its Commander in 1861, the fortress then had not a soldier able to resist even a rowboat of pirates or a handful of filibusters. It was unfinished; not a single gun fit for service was mounted. But immediate steps were taken.

Congress appropriated $500,000, and Major Lewis G. Arnold was put in command. He shipped provisions, guns and two companies of soldiers in Boston, aboard the old steamer Joseph Whitney, and started posthaste for Tortugas.

Says Major Shinn:

When he arrived he found neither guns nor materials to withstand siege. His little army was only four commissioned officers and 62 men. He worked them like tigers, mounted all his guns and sent to Key West for more. The work was very hard on the men. He impressed gun carriages from what he could find. In less than twelve days he informed the Government he could withstand attack. The Mohawk, sloop of war, reported. Arnold established earthen batteries on Bird, Sand, Loggerhead, Middle and Brush Keys. Later, Company C of the Second Artillery arrived, and in April, 1861, two companies of Wilson's Zouaves. Still later, two of the First Texas Artillery.

The Zouaves must have been a formidable bunch. Traditions still remain of them, in Key West, as the hardest-boiled outfit of gunmen that ever happened. They appear to have been towed behind a steamer, all the way from New York. Major Shinn relates:

They were tough customers, partly prize fighters, bums and thugs. Their conduct was intolerable when hustled after three weeks on the open sea in a scow. Major Arnold [illegible] their [illegible] gave uniforms and wear regulation ones. They were two or three times as numerous as the other soldiers and threatened to wipe them off the face of the earth, but Arnold quelled them.

A Qualified Bluff

THEY seem to have needed a lot of quelling. Not long after their arrival, some fishermen smuggled in a lot of fire water which the Zouaves proceeded to absorb. Mutiny followed. The drunken mob released one of their number who had been tied up for insubordination and ran to their quarters for their guns. But the Fifth Artillery trained a field piece on them, and a certain Colonel Brooks—walking unarmed into their bastion—arrested forty of the toughest. So that little civil war was ended on the spot, and presently the gunmen were transferred to Fort Pickens.

Incidentally, Colonel Brooks must have had his nerve with him.

Reënforcements poured in, a motley crew, with women, children and all kinds of camp followers, and the island became a busy town, brilliant with lights and active with a thousand labors. Sappers and miners were flung in, and swarms of negro laborers, together with the 7th New Hampshire—1000 men. Some 1400 crowded the fort, and water ran short, so that it had to be bought in Havana. Smallpox broke out, but was checked. Constantly whitewashing the casemates probably helped keep the place tenable at all. Let us not, however,

Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, as He Appeared When Working in the Carpenters' Shop in the Prison at Fort Jefferson

got ahead of our story. It's about one of the finest bluffs in history.

Major Arnold took the fort when it was helpless, and in six months made it the Gibraltar of the Gulf, bristling with more than 100 guns and manned by 500 disciplined troops. Thus it was not only kept from falling into the hands of the Confederacy but also helped bring about the fall of New Orleans and became an impregnable base of operations against the South. Arnold and his little army arrived just in the nick of time, only three days before it would have been captured by the Floridians. Sheer bluff saved the day in this wise:

Arnold's first gun was not yet workable when an armed Confederate schooner anchored off the fort and sent a messenger ashore, demanding, "Surrender to the state of Florida!"

Now Arnold was not noted for soft answers that turn away wrath, nor for dillydally tactics. He rushed to an embrasure near the sally port and bellowed lustily: "Tell your qualified captain if he's not gone in ten minutes, I'll blow his doubly qualified ship out of the water! Think I'll just open fire anyhow!"

The bluff worked and the Confederate schooner faded. If it had called that bluff, the whole course of the Civil War might have been different. On such narrow margins is military history constructed!

Arnold seems to have gone on the principle of hit first and inquire afterward. One day not long after, he fired on a ship that failed to answer his signals, and came within an ace of sinking her.

She turned out to be a Federal transport coming in for coal, and hadn't understood the signals. Arnold was taking no chances on his coral reef 120 miles from land—Confederate land, at that!

Anything to Kill Time

THE war passed, at Dry Tortugas, with many "excursions and alarums." Regiments kept coming and going. Veritable armies of men at times crowded the tiny key. Occasional wrecks furnished thrills, as did news of two slave ships captured off Havana and brought into Key West. The exploits of the Florida and the Atlanta kept tension high. One negro regiment became insubordinate and a member of it was shot. The specter of yellow jack in Cuba gave anxious months. The diary of an officer's wife gives interesting side lights on one phase of blockade running in the Gulf:

> One day we saw an immense steamer about five miles out, emitting dense black smoke which announced its character, as only Confederates used soft coal; and when they were running away like this one, they put in pine wood or anything they had. She was running away from a little boat that by comparison was like a pygmy. Two larger steamers were trying to head her off, and they passed out of sight in that position. All in all, it was quite an exciting affair, with 20 or 30 guns fired. . . . Next day she was brought into Key West a large Mississippi River boat, loaded high on deck with cotton, a prize valued at half a million dollars.

Just imagine now how different the result of that and other Gulf naval operations would have been had Arnold's bluff been called!

As you stand amid the silent wreckage of Fort Jefferson, it is hard to realize how that place once swarmed with activities, thrilled with hope, trembled with despair. Old letters give glimpses of its obscure history. They mention the means taken to keep up the morale of this marooned company, where human nature was put to the severe stretch by being cooped up under such unnatural conditions. There were picnics and egg-collecting parties at Bird Key, with Chinese lanterns in the boats at night and negroes singing, pickin' on de ole banjo. Fishing expeditions, drills, band concerts helped. Every man in the garrison who could dance a jig, sing a song or tell a story was drafted for amateur theatricals. Thus they flogged the weary time along. Only one more picture and we pass to matters more tragic. The old diary says:

> In the calm evening it is pleasant from the ramparts to watch the golden sun sink to rest, and just as it touches the edge of the horizon to hear the bugles blow retreat. Before the last note of music has died away in space, the placid rest is broken by the thunder of the evening gun. The Stars and Stripes, that have all day flaunted their glory from the sally port, are run down, and someone, as he breaks ranks, exclaims, "Another day in for Uncle Sam!"

Now, ladies and gentlemen, for the grim part—the prison record of our great seagoing fortress. That record dates back to the early part of the Civil War. To me Fort Jefferson seems the most lonely prison in all this world. Not even the ill-favored Château d'If, immortalized by Monte Cristo, is so solitary. For from its walls you can behold the swarming harbor of Marseilles; while from Jefferson, save for the few scattered Tortugas keys, you see only far-stretching vastnesses of the Gulf of Mexico.

Jefferson's harsh walls have at one time held more than 1000 prisoners, besides perhaps 600 soldiers, laborers and noncombatants. Sixteen hundred humans jammed together on one tiny, sweltering coral reef! What wonder that scurvy and plague decimated the garrison! That its busiest industry, at times, was burying the swarms of wretches who died there like flies!

Mr. England Glowering From Dr. Mudd's Famous Cell

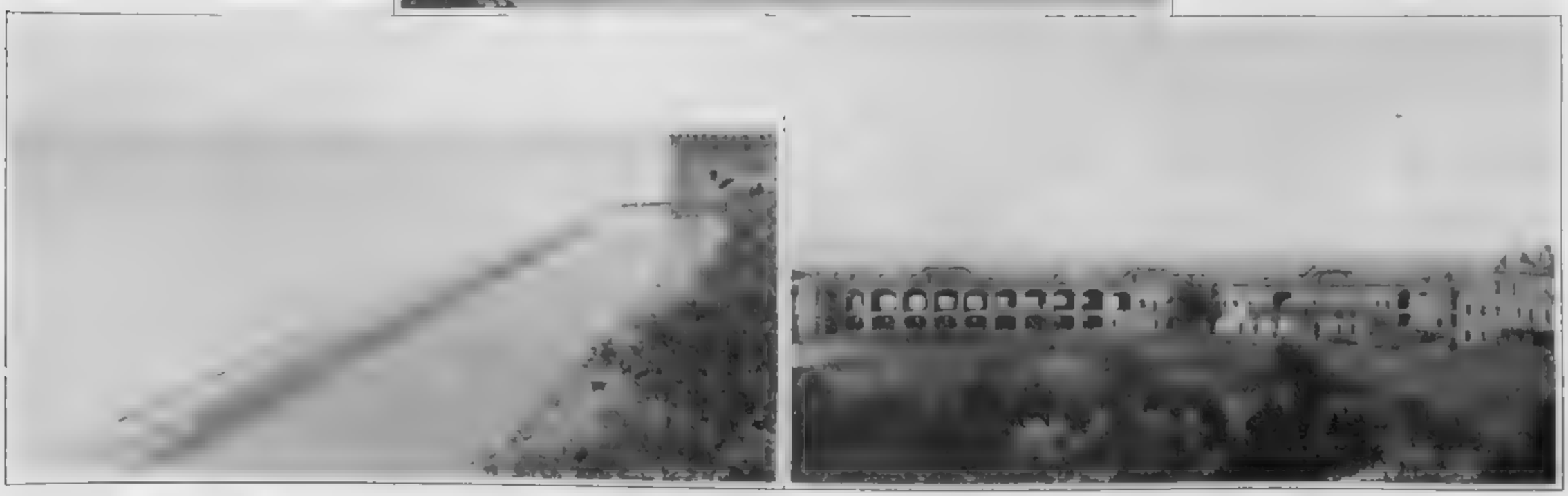
Isle of Dread

MANY of the convicts were deserters, bounty jumpers, political prisoners and tractable offenders, but no few were murderers and hardened ruffians. Some of the workmen, too, were bad actors, both black and white, who had sought employment in this pesthole to escape the draft. Naturally enough, Jefferson became the scene of cruel events. Constant attempts at escape were made, mostly unsuccessful but now and then thrilling enough. The soldiers were practically as much prisoners as the convicts. They all suffered together, and died indiscriminately. The military prisoners were kept in the guardhouse, while the general ones were herded into boarded-up casemates. But numbers of them used to prowl around all over the fort, and old narratives tell the fear of mutiny that constantly oppressed the authorities. The womenfolk especially felt this dread. Communications with Key West were sporadic, and in times of pestilence nearly broke down altogether. Ugly memories still lurk about Tortugas.

Sentinels were stationed at the prison bastions, the sally port and the wharves. How any mere human beings could have escaped seems incredible, but they did lots of them. I have examined some of the cells at Jefferson, cells perhaps ten feet by fifteen, near the sally port. No bars guarded some windows, for these windows are mere slits, narrowing down from two feet on the inside of the wall, four feet thick, to less than six inches on the outside. Through such slits prisoners could see nothing but a narrow glimpse of burning sky, sea and sand. One of the cells has such a slit communicating with the sally port, and there you can still see where some of the bricks have been dug away.

"A man named Harry Smith got through here," my friend Lilja told me.

(Continued on Page 174)



A Nice Place for an Evening Stroll, With a Moat on One Hand, the Sea on the Other

Above—Part of the Once Shark-Infested Moat is Now Filled With Gleaming Coral Sand

Palms and Underbrush are Fast Reclaiming the Parade Ground

THE PIANO MOVERS

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

EVERYBODY who was in the town of Cunel during the Battle of the Argonne knows something about the B Battery piano movers. But the only man who can tell the story right is ex-Private Pete Webb, of Omaha. Pete has a banjo made out of an old army tin hat riveted onto the spoke of a German gun wheel, and he tells the story in the good old Western half-and-half manner. Part of the time he sings, and part of the time he just talks along. He always starts out singing and making a terrible racket on the banjo:

All morning on November fifth,
In the woods beside Cunel,
The heavy guns of Battery B
They gave the Germans hell.

At noon they stopped, and the dirty work
Of cleaning the guns began,
Directed by that hard-boiled brute,
First Sergeant Douglas Dann.

And six big lazy cannoneers
From the second-section gun
Sneaked off with one of the telephone men
Before the work was done.

They went to look for souvenirs,
And they wandered all over Cunel,
Till one of the bunch, called Michigan Mike,
Let out a joyful yell.

"Holy Moses! Look what I found! Ain't it a shame none of us can play it? But come here and have a look, anyway."

He took them up to an old stone house
And led them in the door,
And showed them a swell piano
In the middle of the floor.

Now that house had been hit by many shells
And the roof was half caved in,
But that handsome piano had never been touched;
It stood there bright as a pin.

And Pinky, the little telephone man,
Who had tagged along with the rest,
Stepped up with a look of haughty pride
And swelled his little chest.

"If you really want to hear somebody play that piano," he said, "just call on me. When it comes to music, I know my stuff." And Pinky sat down and hammered the keys, while the rest began to sing:

"I want to salute that captain of mine,
Parley voo!
I want to salute that captain of mine,
Parley voo!
I want to salute that captain of mine
With a good swift kick in his behind,
Hinky-dinky ——"

"Hey, youse guys!" came a loud voice. "What do you think this is?"

The music stopped and they turned around,
And trembled, every man;
For there in the door of that ruined house
Stood terrible Sergeant Dann.

"Is this an army," he said, "or an Eyetalian opera? Don't youse guys know you're supposed to be cleaning the guns this afternoon?"

"We thought ——" began Michigan Mike.

"Shut up! And don't give me no argument. I know what you thought—you thought I didn't see you sneaking off. You thought you was slipping something over on me. All right, the whole bunch of you is going to get all the extra fatigue there is for the next month. Get out that door before I kick you out, and keep on going till you get back to the guns."

"But, sergeant," said Pinky, the little liar, "we didn't know there was any work going on. Honest, we didn't. We was just having a little music."

"That wasn't music; that was noise."

"If you want to hear some real music, I'll play for you."

"All right then, play. And it better be good, you poor runt, or you'll get two months' extra fatigue." The sergeant sat down on a busted chair, while the six cannoneers hung around near the door.

"This piano is a little out of tune," said Pinky, a bit nervous.

"Shut up," said the sergeant, "and play!"

Pinky played Over There, and he played it well. Then he started Tipperary. "Rotten!" said the sergeant. "Don't you know any regular songs?"

"What would you like?" asked Pinky.

The sergeant thought a minute, and then he said, "Do you know After the Ball?"

"Sure!"

"Play it then, damn you, and play it soft and quiet. I hate this loud music."

So Pinky took and spit on his hands
And wiped 'em on his knees,
And settled himself and started in
To work on them ivory keys.

He pushed and tickled and worried them things,
And he thumped 'em here and there,
And the sad sweet notes of After the Ball
Begun to fill the air.

And the agony Pinky put into that thing
Was marvelous to hear;
'Twas the softest, weepingest, wailingest stuff
That ever hit your ear.

The sergeant set up and began to beat time,
A-tapping his foot on the floor,
And Pinky played that ancient tune
A dozen times or more.

Till there come a far-off dreamy look
On the face of Sergeant Dann;
For the sergeant, under his horny hide,
Was a sentimental man.

And when at last the music stopped,
He opened his mouth and said:

"Swell! If there's one thing I like, it's good music. Play another. Do you know Oh, Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

"Yes," said Pinky. "And I can sing it for you too."

"All right, but not too loud. I like my liquor hard, but my music soft—soft and kind of sorrowful."

So Pinky began with some beautiful chords
And a tenor voice choked with pain,
And the song went along as doleful and sad
As a funeral in the rain.

And it ended in rich blue harmony,
And a long heart-rendering moan:
"They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone."

The sergeant set like a man in a dream;
And the next thing Pinky tried
Was Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?
And the sergeant pretty near cried.

While Pinky rolled his chords and sang,
In a gush of sweetness and light:
"My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows;
Oh, where is my boy tonight?"

Yes, the sergeant put his face in his hands,
And the sergeant wiped his eye,
And there wasn't any doubt he was
A sentimental guy.

But at last he shook himself together,
And stood on his feet and said:

"That's what I call pretty swell music! I could listen to it all day; but we got to stop." He took a look at the six cannoneers. "Well, youse guys," he went on, "I said I was going to put you all on heavy fatigue for the next month. But I ain't going to. I'm going to let you off on account of your finding this piano. I'm going to take the piano out to the battery and set it up behind the guns. After this we'll have music with our war."

"It's a fine idea," said Pinky.

"I'm going to get a wagon right now," said the sergeant, "and by the time I get back I want to find this music box

And the Agony Pinky Put Into That Thing Was Marvelous to Hear

outside all ready to load. Youse guys can get busy moving it right now—all but you, Pinky. From now on you are relieved from all fatigue. All you gotta do is make music."

The sergeant left, and the six cannoneers looked after him with their mouths hanging open. "Never have I seen that guy so kind and gentle," said Michigan Mike. "I can't understand it."

"Simple enough," said Pinky. "All these hard-boiled birds have a soft spot somewheres. And the harder they are in some ways, the softer they are in others. From now on that guy is going to be easy. All we gotta do is play soft music to him and he'll eat out of our hand."

"I believe you're right," said Mike. "And it's all on account of you, Pinky. You certainly are a good guy to have around."

"Well," said Pinky, "I ain't bad, if I do say it myself."

And Pinky sat down and rested himself
On a bench that was off to one side,
While the cannoneers grunted and heaved
and pushed,
And dragged the piano outside

And after a while there come in view,
A-driving down the street,
A big, tall, open wagon,
With Sergeant Dunn on the seat.

The wagon stopped; and the cannoneers
They seen, as they gathered around,
That the box of that big tall wagon
Was at least five feet from the ground.

'Twas a scandalous job to lift and push
That piano up so high;
But they finally done it, and drove away
To the guns in the woods near by.

Now them woods, on account of the recent rains,
Was wet and soft that day,
And the wagon got stuck and they had to unload
A hundred yards away.

They toted that great big music box
The rest of the way by hand,
While Pinky watched 'em sweat and said
They sure was doing
grand.

"I Ain't in No Shape to Listen to No Arguments"

And when at last they reached
the guns,
And Pinky got ready to
play,
The captain sent word he
wanted to see
The sergeant right away.

And the sergeant went, while
the cannoneers
Sat down by the second gun;
But they got no rest, for right
away
The sergeant came back on
the run.

"Hey there, you piano movers!" he yelled. "Up on your toes!"

"You mean us?" asked Michigan Mike.

"The battery is moving out in an hour. So youse guys can just whisk that piano back and put it in the wagon where it'll be ready to go."

"Holy Moses!" said Mike. "We just brought it in!"

"Shut up, and don't give me no argument. You heard what I said. You're going to move that piano, and you're going to move it right now. Come on, snap into it!"

So they had to carry that music box
Way back to the road, and then
They strained and heaved and loaded it up
In the same old wagon again.

And after they'd eaten a bite of supper,
They pulled their pup tents down,
And rolled their packs and got ready to sit
And rest a bit on the ground.

But right away, through the gathering dusk
Of that sad November day,
There come a loud and raucous noise –
A voice that seemed to say:

"Piano movers, front and center! Piano movers!"

"Quick, let's duck behind this gun!" said Mike. But he was too late; the sergeant came trotting along on a horse.

"Come here, youse guys!" he yelled. "Why didn't you answer?"

"We didn't hear you," said Mike.

"Never mind making up a lot of fairy tales. Come with me." The sergeant led them down to the wagon that held the piano. "Unload that music box," he said.

"But we just loaded it," said Mike.

"I didn't ask for no advice from youse guys," said the sergeant. "I said unload that music box." They unloaded it. "Now," said the sergeant, talking down from the top of his big horse, "you see them shells and them powder boxes over there? All right. That's a fresh shipment of ammunition that just come in by truck. We got to take it with us—worse luck—and this is the only wagon that ain't filled. So youse guys can get busy and load it. We got to leave the piano behind."

The cannoneers loaded the ammunition, and then Mike smiled for the first time in quite a while and said: "It's probably just as well. This piano was getting to be more trouble than it's worth. It's tough luck on you, though, sergeant; from now on I suppose you'll have to make Pinky sing without the piano."

"Wrong, as usual," said the sergeant. "Pinky's singing wouldn't amount to nothing without them rolling chords; so we're coming back to get this piano tomorrow."

"Holy Moses!" said Mike.

(Continued on Page 155)

"Come Here, Youse Guys!" He Yelled. "Why Didn't You Answer?" "We Didn't Hear You," Said Mike

COLLECTOR'S BLUES

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Please Don't Ask Me. It Isn't Very Kind of You. Do You Want Me to be More Miserable?"

ASIDE from the fact that it was a very peculiar hour for a call—past six in the afternoon—Willie Gerald hadn't the least idea who Mrs. Ava Ling was. He didn't know her and yet he had a sense of familiarity with that name. Ling? No, he was certain that he'd had no definite connection with it. Willie resented being disturbed in the hour or so before dinner; it was a period that he kept jealously intact in the interest of a rare peacefulness of mind; and he was very much inclined not to see the woman whose card the Japanese house boy had brought him. However, he hadn't started to change for the evening; and there was always, with him, the chance of something valuable turning up.

"Go and get her," he said ungraciously to the servant. "But if it happens again so late, say I'm not in."

When Mrs. Ling appeared, though, Gerald was obliged to admit that she was more than commonly engaging. She was positively the smallest girl—even in black, he couldn't bring himself to call her a woman—he had ever seen. She could walk under his arm with ease; and, seated, her minute feet hung ludicrously in air. Her eyes were very widely opened, gray in color, her nose had a decided tilt, and her upper lip was so short that there was a constant beautifully white gleam of teeth. In addition to being smaller than any other normal human being he could remember, he told himself she had the most charmingly guileless face he'd ever encountered. Her eyes gazed into his, her lips parted, in a breathless appeal; her hands seemed to be begging him for attention—no, protection.

"You won't know me, Mr. Gerald," she said at once; "but my husband's name may mean more to you. He was Zelam Ling." Of course! If she had been announced as Mrs. Zelam Ling he would have guessed everything at once. Ling had always needed his peculiar given name for identification. Yes, Willie understood it all now; and as a result he was acutely uncomfortable. Why the devil, with the city full of antique dealers and avid collectors of glass, had she chosen to come to him? Well, she was in his room now; he knew all, all, that she was about to say, and an instant decision, a difficult situation, was before him.

The trouble, he recognized, was not because of Zelam Ling, but because of his wife; it was the result of her being what, it was apparent, she was. Zelam himself ——

"Yes, Mr. Gerald," she interrupted his thought, "I know most of what's going through your head. You began by wondering why I came to you. There were so many more obvious places. Can't you see that I had to be absolutely certain? My husband's collection of glass is the only thing I have in the world. It was literally all he left me when he died less than a year ago. I'm sorry, but I'm going to ask you to listen to this: I'm so terribly anxious for you to understand everything. You may or may not have realized that Zelam had only a little money. He did have a splendid position that paid him twenty-five hundred dollars a month; he could keep it as long as he lived, but there was almost no chance of it getting better. That was enough for us, though, since we had no children; I mean I was contented, happy, with him.

"And then he began buying glass. Just a little at a time—a Stiegel salt, when they were far cheaper than now, a three-mold pitcher, pieces of quilted Keene and South Jersey. We didn't notice it at first, for I liked glass too; but after he had filled a small cabinet he began with another, and it took more of our money. To put it clearly, it ended by taking all. But before that happened we had a lot of talks. He managed to get me almost as interested as himself; Zelam told me that some day his collection would be priceless. He'd promise me that, when we needed money worse than usual, he'd sell a flip glass or a covered bowl—but, perhaps you understand, he never did. He couldn't bring himself to let a piece of broken late Sandwich go.

"It didn't hurt his work, that would have been fatal, but he was never home; from Saturday noon until Sunday night he was always away. Zelam bought a secondhand automobile, and he was forever going to some town in New Jersey or Pennsylvania. Mr. Gerald, he was so happy, so absorbed, that, even when I was afraid, I couldn't be hard with him. And then, later, when I did persist in being practical—at the last he would pay anything—he'd get in a terrible temper with me. He'd say that, like all women, I was a materialist. The Stiegel alone, he'd almost shout, would bring a fortune; and that no one on earth could even guess what three-mold glass was going to be worth." She made a gesture of infinite appeal:

"And then, Mr. Gerald, he died. He caught a frightful cold, coming back in the middle of a December night with a milk bowl, and it turned into pneumonia."

Willie Gerald nodded; this was only a preliminary to the unpleasant, the inevitable, duty before him. He recognized now that it was a duty, and a hundred times worse than he had thought. "It was nice of you to tell me all that," he began; "you have been so direct that I'll simply have to follow your example." It was difficult to tell her. "And if I seem a little hard you will have to try to understand and excuse it. I mean about Mr. Ling. I'm going to make it as short and bad as possible. You realize now, naturally, that economically you were both criminals, and I'll tell you why. In spite of his long experience your husband knew literally nothing about glass. He had his passion for it, but he never learned the first details. He had no sense of touch and he could carry no more in his eye. Mr. Ling had the worst possible combination—an unreasoning enthusiasm and a complete ignorance. He was the delight of everyone who sold fake glass."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Ava Ling demanded. "What does this mean?"

"Why, simply that his collection is worthless. I don't mean there isn't a good piece in it, there must be, of course; but the collection itself, as a whole, will have no value. If it were put on sale there would be a laugh from the dealers that would wake up Henry William Stiegel. No one would go to it. Nothing would be paid."

"But I told you that was all I had," she reiterated; "all that Zelam left for me." He was silent. She deserted the chair and came close to him. "Isn't there a possibility you are wrong?" she demanded. "Perhaps you are just being intelligent and want to buy my glass as cheaply as possible." This annoyed him slightly.

"I wouldn't have it," he replied; "I wouldn't take it for a thousand dollars."

If possible, her eyes, regarding him, opened still more widely. "She's about to cry," he thought. But he had been wrong. Mrs. Ava Ling turned away and went to a window, gazing down into the paved rift of the street. From the back she appeared even younger, childlike in the simplicity of her bearing and line. Yet, returning to him suddenly, her face was composed, her entrancing mouth was firm. She said, "I can feel that all you've been good enough to tell me is quite right. Very well, Mr. Gerald, in such a wretched situation what am I to do?"

Willie Gerald replied that he couldn't tell her everything in a moment. Mrs. Ling had taken the shock of his

announcement with remarkable spirit. She had courage, it was plain. He had a desire to be of assistance to her, but not, he was afraid, on purely humanitarian grounds; it was what her lips did when she talked, and her eyes, her absurd littleness, that captured his sympathy. If she had been different, ugly, or even pretty in a commonplace way, his feelings would have been very different. He wouldn't have had any. Gerald wondered for an instant if he were what might be called susceptible, but decided in the negative. He had been too constant to Rose Brincker, to no more than a memory, for such a charge. No, he wasn't open to affairs. Yet beauty always engaged him

"Of course," he reiterated, "it is impossible that all Mr. Ling's glass is valueless. He must have picked up, here and there, a piece that was authentic. Even he couldn't very well help it. The only thing to do," he concluded, "is to pick out what is good and sell it with no reference to where it came from. There is more than one way of doing that—you can sell it piece by piece to dealers and collectors, or you can consign it all to a well-conducted auction, preferably in the country, where you'll have the benefit of a competitive price. That's better, I think."

Mrs. Ava Ling caught his hands in hers; she was so little that, gazing up at him, her head was tilted far back. "Will you help me?" she begged him. "Will you? Think what it would mean. You can see how Zelam was treated, and what chance would I have?"

Very little, he silently agreed, looking down at her. "But I can't think what put me in your mind. I don't do things like this; I have no special facilities"

"I won't tell you why I came to you," she answered, still clinging to him; "I mean beside your reputation for knowing all about old glass—yes, and everything else. But I did, didn't I?" It was a pointless and absurd question, and yet it gave him a certain satisfaction to nod affirmatively. After all, she had come to him.

"I could only look over what you have and guess if it was right. You must remember that no one can say these things definitely. I have seen only eleven pieces of glass, in the most characteristic designs, that could be identified as Stiegel. It is practically all guessing."

"And Zelam was a bad guesser," she put in mournfully. "But it's wonderful of you to be willing to do so much. It would have to be in the daytime, naturally, for the colored glass. Any hour you want to come will be perfect for me. Only, I am afraid it must be soon, for I am going to California; I have a—a position waiting for me out there."

Willie Gerald was, for no reason, sorry to hear that. It was unnecessary for her to go far away. Since she had admitted him to the place of adviser, he asked if she were certain of what she'd find in the West.

"Is it a good position?" he demanded. Gerald was sitting now, his chair close by hers.

"I suppose so," she replied slowly. "I don't know everything about it; but it's not worse than the others I am familiar with. It is both bad and good, but I think more good than bad."

He continued to be pessimistic. "And about the glass, I will come to see it, but you can't depend on what I say. Someone else who knows just as much or very much more might well disagree with me."

For her, she asserted, he knew enough. "When will you come?"

After Ava Ling had gone he was forced to dress in a hurry; busy with his pearls, he thought of Zelam Ling's widow. How old was she? Not a day over twenty-six, he decided. She might easily be younger. But he gathered from what she said that she had been married for at least ten years. She was foolish to go West on such a slender assurance. He must ask just what it was she intended to do. Then, when he was intent on the wide array of glass she had spread on tables for his inspection, he forgot his question.

Yes, as he had realized, Ling had found some very good examples indeed. There was, for instance, a blue three-mold blown pitcher with the sunburst, quilting and a vertical ribbing. The color was dark and fine.

"What did he pay for this?" Gerald demanded.

"I haven't an idea," Ava Ling confessed. "I think he was so ashamed to admit what he paid that he almost hid it from himself. He did keep a price book once, but I can't find it. I believe Zelam destroyed it."

"With fair luck you ought to get two hundred seventy-five," he told her. "It will all depend, as such things do, on who wants it and if he happens to see it. You must understand there are no absolute prices. If two or three passable imitations of this turn up, its value will go off by more than a half. That has happened to Jersey glass just now—there is a flood of splendid copies, and almost no one knows where he stands. And these really are rare." He indicated a pair of tall three-mold celery holders in a quilted white glass. One by one he picked out of the collection the objects he thought were genuine. There were minute three-mold pitchers, a blue-ribbed hat and a clear green hat with a flaring brim—the largest he had ever seen. There were two Wistarberg pitchers in whorls of white and green and a pair of diminutive New Hampshire decanters, an aquamarine milk bowl at least twenty inches across, tall green candlesticks, an amber bowl and ball, and ingratiating scent bottles from South Jersey. In what was probably Stiegel there were two blue flint sugar bowls, one with a cover, a rummer with a lid from which the finial was missing, wine glasses—molded and fluted and with engravings; five flips, two with covers—one, he thought, must be twelve inches high—and a lavender bottle with the pattern of an expanded daisy. He said finally:

"Thirty-five pieces out of how many?—perhaps four hundred. And that is better than I should have thought."

She waved her hand toward all he had discarded. "Do you mean that those are no good—at all?" He was afraid that a break was threatening in her voice.

Gerald nodded. "I'm almost certain I'm right about them. The only doubt could be with the ones I've selected Some of those may have fooled me." She said dejectedly that the rest might almost as well be swept into the alley, and he nodded. "But I wouldn't do it yet. Someone else might dig out a few more." It was a habit of hers to come close to him when she was specially intent.

"Mr. Gerald, I know you will hate me for this, it is so dishonest; but after all, everyone took advantage of us; do you suppose there is anybody who I could—yes, fool into buying the rest?"

(Continued on Page 133)

Mrs. Huber Pounded With Her Fists on Willie Gerald's Chest. "Give Me My Pitcher Back. You Ought to be Ashamed Stealing From a Little Widow"

TO WYOMING

If you've breathed the air of her hills and plains,
If you've watched her peaks in the gloaming,
If you've felt her pride when her horsemen ride,
Then you'll join in this toast:
To Wyoming!

Picture, Too, the Indians, Crows From the Reservation, Sioux and Cheyennes Who Have Come a Long Distance on the Promise of Free Beef

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ALDEN says there are only 200,000 people—men, women and children—in Wyoming, which is only two to the square mile, and that it is as large as New York and Pennsylvania together! Yet it is honeycombed with roads—not macadam, but good dirt roads; and they take care of them.

They have to. Every rain turns this ground into a soft bottomless gumbo, slippery—or slick, as we say out here. Car wheels turn in it helplessly and automobiles slide greasily off it into the ditches on either side of the road.

Nobody passes if one is in trouble. It is an unwritten law out here, because one may himself be the next victim. Early this summer the train to Buffalo, spying a car on the road by the track thus stuck after a rain, obligingly stopped, hitched a rope to a rear platform and pulled it out!

But every rain leaves its rows of corpses behind it, mud-incrusted derelicts with the occupants still inside, because even if they had somewhere to go they couldn't go there.

However, we dry up with amazing swiftness, and then out come the ranchers and the road scrapers, and everything is jolly until the next rain. Only last week, after a storm, Larsen rode on horseback down to the road scraper, hitched up a team and went to work, and we came along in a car and scared his saddle horse. It took a fence post with it, and the last we saw of it it was making for the mountains.

General Custer's Anniversary

WHEN we came to Larsen, Big Bill stuck his head out and notified him of the catastrophe in his usual brief fashion.

"You're afoot, Larsen," was what he said, and we went on.

Fortunately the weather was good for the Custer Battle anniversary up at the Crow Agency. If there were moments when dust storms made it appear as though the entire Indian Reservation was intent on moving over into Dakota, there were others so emotional—aye, and so ridiculous—that one forgot the heat and the dirt.

Picture to yourself then a tiny agency town of perhaps 200 inhabitants, set down in the center of an arid and almost empty country of bare hills, sagebrush and rocks. Save for the thin line of the Burlington railroad, with its water tank, it has no connection with the world. Ordinarily its days go on with little to mark one from another. Indians in sombreros, their hair in braids, drive or ride in to the unpaved main street, do their small buying and go away again. Except for the great Campbell wheat ranch at Hardin, there is little or no cultivation of the soil; and only the volunteer growth along an irrigation ditch, the cottonwoods around the agency and the green thread marking the river bottom break the drab monotony of the land.

Into this hamlet, then, this small oasis in a desert, picture a vast multitude moving—in private cars by railroad; in automobiles of every age and make, loaded with tents, food, bedding, children, and even the family dog; in excursion trains disgorging themselves of thousands. Picture, too, camps going up on every available foot of ground, along the historic Little Big Horn, by the irrigation ditches and beside the dusty roads; mix with this motley gathering the Indians, Crows from the reservation, Sioux and Cheyennes who have come a long distance on the promise of free beef and a chance to meet the survivors of that ancient battle with Yellow Hair, or the Long-Haired Chief, as they called General Custer; add hot-dog stands, a Ferris wheel and a merry-go-round; cowboys leading bucking horses for the rodeo; Indian dogs, dust, noise and confusion.

Slowly and Splendidly They Moved Along, Sitting Erect in Their Saddles

And then picture 250 troopers of the Seventh Cavalry, with their officers, horses and wagon train, picked up from their comfortable quarters in Texas, their easy daily routine, and pitchforked into a hay field in the outskirts of the town. If they felt any particular enthusiasm they did not show it; but who could blame them?

And then see, here and there, the old uniform of our Army, worn by some ancient survivor of the fight; or the coonskin cap with the tail hanging down the back, of some venerable scout of the old days.

See, if you can without tears, those reunions of men who had not met since the battle, fifty years before; the pitiful reminiscences, the certainty that this, the first meeting in a half century, would also be the last; see, as I did, soldiers who had been boys during the fight and now were feeble and tired old men, holding to one another with an actual physical clutch lest death step in and separate them before this hour was over.

Memories of Other Days

THEN leave them and turn to their old enemies, the Sioux, magnificent and dignified with war bonnets and coupsticks and paint, and that bustle-like arrangement of feathers which projects above the saddle behind them as if breathing defiance in the rear. Watch their small extempore councils and reunions as they sit in small circles on the ground, the pipe passing, low guttural speech, a slow nodding of the head. They pay no attention to the staring crowds; they are absorbed in memories of the time when the white man was endeavoring to pen them who had always been free, into reservations of his own devising, and of the warlike days that had followed.

It is all over now. They have submitted. The young men of the tribe cannot even recall those old roving days, and the buffalo hunts, and Sitting Bull, the medicine man and rebel, and Rain-in-the-Face and the old Soldier Lodge

One draws a line in the dust and points to it with a long angular finger. It is perhaps the Little Big Horn he has drawn, and the spot he touches may be where Reno fought, or where the Indian lodges stood when Custer first saw them from a hill. Or perhaps just there he himself did some act of valor. The other Indians listen, nod and pass the pipe.

Up and down the one main street the crowd wanders; after a time its gay colors fade under the universal coating of the dust. It rides in the Ferris

wheel or on the merry-go-round, both of them shipped in for the occasion. It eats at the hot-dog stands or out of its lunch boxes. Indian women in soft moccasins which reach to the calf of the leg carry their babies on their backs, held there by brilliant shawls and blankets. They have no money to spend in the little agency stores or on the pursuit of pleasure, and their lords ignore them.

But alas that we must spoil this picture! The Sioux dance at night in a hot, unventilated tent, and a young buck collects twenty-five cents a head from the curious. Outside the town the Crow Indians are giving a rodeo each afternoon, and a group of six businesslike braided Indians charge fifty cents a person and twenty-five cents extra for a reserved seat.

Yet out of the chaos of the great day, the anniversary of the battle, there remains in my mind one picture of majestic dignity which I shall never forget. Down along the stream bank, after the celebration was over, rode a group of Sioux Indians, two by two. The wind caught the feathers of their bonnets and their coupsticks, and spread aloft the folds of the Stars and Stripes which they had received on the ridge. Slowly and splendidly they moved along, sitting erect in their saddles, and as they moved they sang.

The Tourists Triumphant

WHAT they sang we cannot tell. It may have been a song of peace, or perhaps it was one of victory. But they were very old; their killing days were over. What harm now if they sang of the battle with the Long-Haired Chieftain, and of the scalps they took that day? Soon they, too, like that little company that sleeps on the hilltop, will be at rest.

The problem of accommodations for our small party had been solved by finding a room for Aunt Tillie and myself in the sheriff's house. The sheriff, John McCloud, poor chap, did not need it himself, having been shot a short time before by a Mexican he was arresting, and very badly wounded. He had managed to kill the Mexican, however, which must have been some comfort to him.

But the two men of the party were sent across the track to an abandoned house, and were glad enough to find it. It was a shock to them, accustomed like most Easterners to turning a tap, to find that their nearest water supply was the tank at the railroad, to and from which they were privileged to carry a pail.

But a good many thousands of people, by and large, slept in the seats of automobiles that night or rolled up in blankets on the ground. Many more, too, traveled through the night to be on hand for the ceremony the next morning. All sorts of rumors were about. The President was coming. No, but Dwight Davis was: the President was going to speak over the radio. There was to be a sham battle, a faithful reproduction of the original fight.

It does not take much to excite us up here, and so everyone was at a fever point. In spite of varying ideas, however, it was generally recognized that something of importance was to happen on Custer's ridge at eleven the next morning. And something did happen, but not what was expected.

Now that it is all over, I can smile at that defeat of the Seventh Cavalry by the flivver and the tourist. But at the time it was no laughing matter.

To understand, one must know something of the locality. On either side of the Little Big Horn are bare ridges and barren hills. Save for the planted trees at the agency and the narrow volunteer growths along an occasional irrigation ditch, the country is as Custer found it. The ridges which made his division of his command a fatal error, cutting them off each from the other, are as bleak and grayish brown and arid as then. And on that particular ridge where he and his gallant company made their last stand, only his monument and the small white stones where the bodies were found break its sharp and desolate sky line.

This ridge was, then, on Friday morning to be the scene of a short but impressive ceremony. Along it from one end were to defile 250 troopers of the Seventh Cavalry, and from the other, mounted Indians, chieftains and warriors who had fought there, in full battle array. The arrangements called for the surviving chiefs to ride forward, and for General Godfrey, who had been a young lieutenant with Benteen's command, to move forward with his staff to meet them.

Following that, against the sky line, was to be a gesture of submission by the Indians, a brief ceremony, and then at the Custer monument a firing squad and the sounding of taps. After that the cavalry band was to strike into Garry Owen, Custer's old battle song, and warriors and soldiers were to march side by side down the hill.

It was not much, but it was all that could be arranged. A sham battle was out of the question, for as the committee pathetically remarked, there was not an Indian who would consent to fall out of his saddle and play dead, and the thing would go on forever.

But, of course, the entire program was premised on keeping the ridge clear for this sky-line pageant, and it couldn't be done. All the mounted civilians were on the road directing traffic, and the Seventh Cavalry once more had been too confiding, too trustful.

It moved majestically and with dignity up to the ridge, and for a hundred yards or so there was a glimpse of what the pageant might have been. The sun shone on the erect figure of General Godfrey, that fine old soldier, at the head, and on his staff; the horses gleamed with grooming, the colors fluttered in the sunlight.

And then—they were swallowed up! Fifteen — twenty — thirty thousand spectators closed in on them. They came up from every direction, like an invading horde, and there was no one to say them nay, save one solitary horseman. The only persons he succeeded in removing from the ridge were the official photographers, his orders having been to allow no cameramen to destroy the impressiveness of that meeting against the sky line!

My Hook Has Caught in a Strategic Spot

However, it did not matter; they could not have got a picture anyhow. The gallant Seventh fought its way along the ridge and was swallowed up. The Indians plowed their way into the crowd and were lost. Somewhere inside that seething, milling crowd the meeting took place, for later on there emerged from it an impressive procession of troopers and Indians, riding side by side.

But the tourists had won the day. They had not meant to do so. They were an amiable, cheerful lot. But the fact remains.

So there was no sky-line pageant at the Custer reunion, and I who had planned it could only sit on a cactus, beat my breast and lift up my voice in lamentation.

A Hero and His Comrades

WE MADE an eighty-mile ride back that night. We were dirty and tired and disappointed, but the moon came up over the hills across the river and our anger faded. Over those bare hills had come Custer and Reno and Benteen from the Rosebud, on that tragic expedition of theirs against Sitting Bull. Just so had they looked to the weary troopers as they made their camps at night, extinguishing their fires quickly for fear of prowling Indian scouts, hiding their camps, horses and men behind a ridge or in some valley where they could not be seen.

Over there, to the left, they had come through the hills, their leg-weary pack mules trailing toward the rear. Many of them were raw recruits, too, inexperienced horsemen, suffering tortures from the saddle in the long forced marches, unaccustomed to the Bad Lands, with their scant alkali water and broken going, to the hot days and cold nights of the desert, and to the Indian as a warrior.

They were approximately 600 in number. Most of them had enlisted on the glamour of Custer's name. He had won a great record in the Civil War, and later as an Indian fighter, and a superior type of recruit was drawn to his dashing standard. But they had only

(Continued on Page 161)

Pack Ponies at the Barn. In Oval—Imp Recovering

A HANDY MANUEL

By Viola Brothers Shore

After Dinner, He and Drusilla Walked Down Obispo Street. He Had to Buy a Wedding Present for the Daughter of a Foreign Diplomat

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

MILES TALBOT paused halfway up the stairs and mopped his increasingly high forehead with a sheer white handkerchief in which the initials M. T. had been delicately worked in black by patient native fingers. He seemed to feel the heat more this past year than in any of the twenty he had spent in the tropics. He was glad to hear, coming from the courtyard, the shrill laughter of little Delfina, who lived on the ground floor, punctuated by the staccato barks of Chico, Drusilla's puppy. If they had seen his car picking its bulky way down the narrow street they would have run out and attacked him in a volley of eager Spanish and its canine equivalent. Miles Talbot liked children and dogs—he himself had given the terrier pup to Drusilla—but ever since the shock of Ietta's death he liked to avoid any wear and tear on his nerves.

As he lifted the knocker on Drusilla's door he noticed on the steps a square white envelope, which he carried inside with him.

"Make yourself comfortable," came Drusilla's peculiarly quiet voice from the kitchen. He took off his white linen coat and hung it over the back of a chair, then ran his handkerchief over his heavy hair, into which during the past year all that gray had come. But it was really not unbecoming.

Drusilla came in with two tall green glasses and a green pitcher out of which sprouted sprigs of mint. She had changed from her office clothes and was looking cool and powdery in a sheer cloudy-blue dress whose slender bodice fitted snugly, while the crisp, short skirt billowed girlishly above her transparent white stockings. Drusilla, being slim, pale and blond, with short hair lying close to her head, always managed to look cool.

Miles did not rise when she entered. It would have been quite an effort to pick his six feet two out of the low cushioned wicker chair. He was thoroughly at home in Drusilla's apartment. For nearly eight years he had been stopping there for a drink and a quiet hour before going home to the Spanish villa in which he never felt quite relaxed, partly because there were no really comfortable chairs. He had found he could always cope better with Ietta, who was inclined to be exacting, querulous and intensely jealous, if he had that informal restful hour.

After Ietta's death, when he could not bear public places where people upset him by their clumsy expressions of sympathy, genuine or forced, Drusilla had arranged to have luncheon for him too. And after luncheon, while she went back to the office, he would stretch out on her couch for an hour's siesta—a thing he had never done in his twenty driving years in Havana.

Strange how Ietta's death had broken him up. They had not been particularly companionable. She had always been a responsibility, a care, with her trifling complaints about her housekeeping or her servants; her constant jealousies of every woman with whom he came in contact, but particularly of American women, with their freedom of speech—their absence of what she considered good manners. He had always taken his real pleasure apart from her—on business trips to New York, at banquets, at stolen parties, when he would phone home he was entertaining clients from the States.

And yet her going had shocked him so terribly! She had been his first and only love, the daughter of his wealthy employer, whom he had rescued in spectacular and romantic fashion from an unwilling elopement with a bandit who had hopes of a golden ransom instead of the leaden one with which Talbot sent him home. With her seemed to go everything—his youth, his one great romance, his ambition, his reason for going on. He had made his success and there was no one with whom to share it. He was suddenly confronted with the fact that he was forty-four and that his life lay behind him.

Besides, his feelings were complicated by remorse. He had not done as much for Ietta as he might have done. True, he had humored her, but it was more with a view to gaining peace for himself than happiness for her. He had not really made her happy. He had merely refrained from doing the things which made her acutely unhappy, where she could see them, considering himself a model of self-sacrifice.

Now he looked at it differently. It seemed to him he had made rather a bad job of his life. And if it had not been for Drusilla he was certain he could not have gone through the past year.

"I brought in a letter for you," he remarked.

She glanced down at the envelope and it seemed to him that she frowned. She gave no other sign, however, setting the pitcher on the table beside him and stirring the ice with a long silver spoon.

He appeared not to pay attention to the letter either, but she knew he would not forget about it. And after she had read it, if she failed to volunteer the information, he would manage to bring the talk around to what was in it—without, however, asking the question directly. But although she knew him so well that she could anticipate his every move, she was no match for him. She had been too long in the habit of laying out her life for his convenience.

Drusilla had started for her hat—every night one of the men from the office, or Drusilla, mostly Drusilla, went out to his beautiful empty villa to dine with him—when he reminded her: "Did you forget about your letter?"

"Oh—the letter!" And he thought he detected a twinge of embarrassment beneath her casualness. He appeared not to be watching her, but he noted how her hand crumpled the letter in a swift gesture before tossing it in the basket. He waited a second for some word, and when none was forthcoming——

"Bad news?" he inquired, sipping his lemonade impersonally.

"No," she replied lightly, but it seemed to him she wished to dismiss the subject. He smiled to think how difficult it was for people to act in his presence. "I thought you looked disturbed." He regarded the end of his cigar, waiting. But Drusilla went for her hat.

He walked over to the desk, dropping the ash from his cigar deliberately into the basket. The letter was lying so that the signature was exposed. Typewritten, in caps, it was easy to read: MANUEL.

Miles Talbot frowned. Manuel? He knew everybody Drusilla knew. Was there something she was hiding from him? She had been obviously confused. He had to know. He felt it was more important to check up on people than to observe the trifling niceties of behavior current among lesser folk.

He called in to her: "Will you phone and see whether Mazas is still at the office?"

"I'm sure he isn't," replied Drusilla. "It's half-past six. Is there anything I can do?"

"No, I want Mazas. I have an idea he may be staying down."

When Drusilla returned, wearing the big limp hat of purple straw he liked so well, and reported that there was no answer from the office, the crumpled paper lay at the bottom of the basket where she had thrown it, and Miles stood at the door, hat in hand, as if impatient to be on his way.

They drove along the Malecon and Drusilla was silent. She never failed to respond to that view of the city, looking, in the misty fast-waning light of the afternoon, like a fairy village, stretching out an affectionately curved arm around its harbor. Electric lights, springing up mysteriously, painted in faintly glowing terms the virtues of sundry beers and wines against the subdued fuchsias and unreal melon-pinks of a sky opalescent in the afterglow of a picture-post-card sunset, while from the water a languid breeze blew in the melancholy smell of the sea.

"What makes you so quiet?"

Drusilla smiled. "There's something about all this——"

She waved a white hand in the direction of the old fortress, blocking out a huge gray segment of the veiled purple of the sky.

"You're sure it wasn't anything else?"

She looked at him quickly. "Such as——?"

"I don't know. I thought perhaps you'd been upset by something. That letter, perhaps."

She had known he would bring up the subject. "Oh, that! Somebody's playing a practical joke on me." She flushed faintly.

"Joke?" he encouraged, while not appearing interested.

"Somebody's sending me some sort of mash notes."

He waited for her to go on, but when she did not—"What kind of mash notes?" he inquired.

"Oh"—she made a vaguely impatient gesture—"madly in love with me—follows my every move—hasn't the courage to meet me—intends to write me till he feels we're acquainted. Awfully silly idea of humor. Or it may be some neurotic native—the English is awful."

"Don't pay any attention to them." He had a magisterial way of disposing of all matters which came to his notice. "Whoever it is, is bound to be discouraged if he doesn't get any sort of reaction at all."

"He won't get any from me," Drusilla assured him.

"If a woman pays no attention to that sort of thing it's bound to cease. But if you take up a matter like that with the police ——"

"I have no intention of doing anything of the sort," she interposed hastily.

But Miles would not relinquish his little discourse: "Nothing your poison-pen artist enjoys so much as stirring up excitement. And, no matter how it turns out, people always think that where there's smoke there must be some fire. The publicity is always harmful for a woman."

Something in Drusilla's mind smiled. Publicity would not be annoying to her alone. But she allowed no trace of the smile to appear on the surface. She was rather adept at that. She had been doing it for years.

At dinner he reopened the subject, quite abruptly: "What is your theory about those letters?"

"I haven't any "

"But you must have some idea. Haven't you noticed anybody acting queerly or looking at you?"

"No, I can't say that I have."

"But doesn't it seem odd that somebody should just pick on you out of a clear sky?" She shrugged. "It must be somebody you know," he insisted. "Why should the letters be typewritten, except to disguise the handwriting?"

"Did I tell you they were typewritten?" asked Drusilla.

"Of course. How else would I have known?"

Drusilla lowered her eyes. He must have looked at the note in the wastebasket. She was not surprised.

On Sundays Miles Talbot did not like to leave the house. He seemed pathetically bent on getting some returns out of the spacious grounds and gardens he had never, in all those years, taken the time to enjoy.

When Drusilla arrived, in a pale-green dress which gave her gray eyes overtones of green, the other guests were already on the terrace, overlooking the golf course. Porfirio Mazas, first assistant at the office, a little dark yes man, with no vices except eating, drinking, gambling and women, was there with his wife, Tina, a beautiful mass of indolent femininity who fanned herself incessantly and whose sole contribution to the conversation, outside the languishing glances of her blue-black eyes, was a languid series of "*Si, si, si,*" in a singsong voice which turned up after each syllable as though unequal to the effort of coming to a period.

There was also Rodriguez, of the police force, a grasping, wiry politician, with a frightened little wife, tired with the bearing of twelve little Rodriguezes, a number he boasted loudly of intending to increase to thirteen for good luck—although he did not say whose.

Sofia, Talbot's ex-telephone operator, who had been slimmer before she married the wealthy Mexican client, Martinez, was there with her husband, bursting through a dress of vivid reddish purple, popular among the dark-skinned Cubans, to whom nothing could be more unbecoming. The two orphan girls, Carmen and Guillermina, whom Talbot, with a dozen other recipients of his open-handed largesse, was sending through school, stood about chattering in high shrill voices, giggling at everything Talbot said and calling him Papa-ito.

Miles Talbot presided at the head of a great old oak table, brought over from Spain nearly two hundred years before. "Like a feudal lord," Drusilla thought, "entertaining his vassals. He loves to have them here, but in his secret heart he thinks he is doing them a kindness."

Most of the guests, on the other hand, were actuated by a sense of duty. Mazas came because his job depended on his being at the beck and call of his lord, although it was no simple matter to dislodge the indolent Tina from her own tiled dining room with the massive mahogany furniture. Rodriguez came because of politics, and Mrs. Rodriguez could hardly be said to enjoy the food she ate in such uneasy silence, lest some chance word inflame the elegant and irascible police chief. The twins, of course, knew what was expected of them. They had hopes that Talbot, who was childless, might adopt them.

As she took her place at the end of the long table, opposite Miles, Drusilla removed the corsage of gardenias she was wearing.

"Who sent you the flowers?" inquired Miles, who had been waiting to ask just that question.

Drusilla looked particularly pretty when her face flushed. "I meant to thank you, Mr. Talbot"—always "Mr. Talbot" before people. "It was sweet of you to send them. I love gardenias."

"What makes you think I sent them?"—in the manner of a father playing with a child.

"Who else would?" she asked simply.

"Maybe the Señorita Druselya have a lover," suggested the coy Carmen to her benefactor, going off immediately into peals of coloratura laughter.

"Oh, she has," said Talbot. "He writes her letters, and now she wears his flowers."

"Please, Mr. Talbot!" she protested. It seemed to the Señora Rodriguez that the señorita was near to tears and she sought desperately for something she could say that would relieve the situation. But the habit of speaking up is one which must be cultivated. The opportunity passed.

"Well, isn't it true?" Talbot resumed. "Haven't you been getting letters? Didn't he send you those flowers? Speak up. Aren't they from Manuel?"

There is nothing in the world more cruel than the mood of a man trying to treat humorously what he will not admit to himself has disturbed him.

"Manuel!" gasped the twins, avid for excitement. The nostrils of Mazas quivered with the scent of an amour, while Rodriguez winked at the beautiful Tina, who narrowed her sultry lids.

Only the Mexican and his wife went on placidly eating a soup in which green vegetables and fat white beans enjoyed a thick intimacy.

"I thought you sent them," said Drusilla in a small voice. Something inside the Señora Rodriguez writhed. She was certain the *pobrecita* was in love with the Señor Talbot; and, *Dios mio*, the señora knew what that meant—to be so in love with a man that his smallest word could wring your heart, and to have him utter that word!

"Why should I send you flowers?" asked Talbot brutally. Men are like children. When they are hurt, they can think only of striking out blindly to hurt back.

"I don't know," Drusilla answered, coloring. "Why do men ever send women flowers? Because it makes them happy to receive them. That seems reason enough to most people," she concluded with unusual spirit for Drusilla.

The tactful Mazas filled in the ensuing uncomfortable pause with some gossip of the office. But for the rest of the meal Drusilla and Miles did not speak to each other.

There was no question about it, Miles was an overwhelmingly possessive man. He had always made it so disagreeable when she received attentions from other men that Drusilla, who valued peace more than any attentions she might receive, discouraged any which were tendered her. Consequently she had no life outside her usefulness to Miles Talbot - a state of affairs with which she had no quarrel when he needed her, as in the past year. But when other interests claimed him, when visitors from the States or native diplomats required his time and attention, she would have fierce attacks of resentment because she had let him absorb her so utterly.

Late in the afternoon the telephone rang and Drusilla announced that she must go home at once.

"Home?" he asked, making no attempt to mask his displeasure. The twins and Mazas were staying for supper. Miles would not be alone. After supper he would play chess with Mazas until he grew tired, when he would send them all home. But he could not tolerate for her to make plans independent of him. He did not recognize that this was in any way unreasonable, because he really believed his people preferred to be with him rather than anywhere else.

"That was Delfina. She says Chico has been howling all afternoon. He may be caught somewhere. I'd better go home and see "

"Can't Delfina find out what's the matter and let you know?"

"No, my place is locked. I must go. I'm sorry."

He would not even take her to the door, he was so annoyed.

Miles Stood in the Doorway Watching Her, and it Seemed to Him One of the Saddest Hours of His Life

(Continued on Page 78)

TOUCHDOWN!

As Told by Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg to Wesley Winans Stout

NUMBER 2—FIVE YARDS TO GAIN

What the Well-Dressed Official Will Wear. Princeton vs. Pennsylvania at the Germantown Cricket Club, 1892

I SET out to be a minister and became an athletic director and coach. I won my first fame and excelled most at baseball, yet my name is linked with football chiefly, and my record of pitching Yale to five baseball championships is forgotten. These have been the two great detours of my life.

I was born on August 16, 1862, the fifth of eight children, in a cottage at 384 Valley Road, West Orange, New Jersey, in which three of my sisters still live.

Ours was a poverty which seems to be unknown in America today, but which was not uncommon then. My father was of old native stock. His mother having died in his childhood, he had been bound out at seven as an apprentice to a shoemaker. At twenty he had taught himself to read and write. He supported his large family by cobbling, and by general labor when his shoemaker's bench was idle, eked out by such work as we children could find out of school hours.

The books of Horatio Alger were the pattern of success fifty years and more ago, and there is something of Alger in my story. His heroes always were born poor, as any hero should be, and arrived at their goal by the practice of three virtues—work, courage and honesty. I read few of the Alger books, but I subscribe to his creed; and if I have been lazy or cowardly or dishonest, the blame is not my father's or my mother's. The ideals which I have and which I have practiced within my limitations, I learned early and at home, when and where ideals should be learned.

Our neighbors, native and Irish in the main, were as poor as we. They were hat-factory workers, petty craftsmen and laborers. The hat makers were well paid when they worked, but their work was irregular, and whatever they made beyond a bare living they spent at the corner saloons.

Before the Movies Came to Town

THESE saloons were our substitutes for the movies, the theater, the motor car, the radio, the seashore, reading and all. In bad luck, men drowned their sorrows at the bar; in good luck, they celebrated it there. When too warm, they drank; when too cold, they drank. In high spirits, they let off steam at the saloon; when bored, they bought high spirits from the bartender.

If we had no movies, we did not miss them. We got our drama at first hand and in the raw from the saloon, and the show was continuous. It must need a lively sense of humor to argue that beer is not intoxicating. Beer was the drink of our street, drunk in the hope and expectation of getting drunk, and rarely disappointed. Carrying pails of beer from the saloon was as routine a chore for most of the boys I knew as carrying in coal or cordwood. When it flowed freely, the family wash was aired on the front fence, so to speak. The woman in the next house but one to ours got drunk on a schedule of about every third day. In her cups, she scorned any antagonist of her own sex. Her husband had learned discretion, but the man who lived across the street would fight with her hand to hand in the middle of the dirt street. My father, though not a teetotaler, was very much an exception. Eight or ten times a summer he would bring home a pint or quart of beer in a pitcher. He was the only member of the family who drank it, and he never sent his children to the saloon for it.

Right End Stagg, '88

I went to district school. I swam and skated on a pond where the Edison plant now stands. I played first-hand base and third-hand base, and was the treasurer of the gang when we saved our scant pennies laboriously to buy a league baseball. We were six months in raising the $1.25. When professional baseball came to Orange in 1876, we watched through knot holes. Our back yard was entirely taken up with a vegetable garden, but my cousin next door had a back yard in which we could practice trying to curve a baseball, a discovery then new to the game.

Training

ONE day I stumbled upon the out, easiest of curves, and I remember running excitedly to the kitchen to tell my mother, yelling, "Mamma! Mamma! I've got it!"

By inheritance I had a stocky, sturdy body, and work and play developed it. Every summer my father hired out for harvesting grain, and for cutting hay on the salt meadows of Newark Bay, and for eight years I worked alongside him. Grain still was cut and cradled by hand and I learned the art of laying a straight swath with the cradle. The Jersey mosquito is no fiction. They bred by billions in those salt meadows, nine miles long and three miles wide, and stung our half-naked bodies maddeningly, until the poison eventually operated as an antitoxin. The cut hay had to be raised above tidewater. When it got wet in the cocks, we would run long, smooth black walnut poles beneath the cock and carry the heavy wet hay to piling. There was no letting go of the poles to swipe at the mosquitoes. Working in water, we cut holes in our shoes to permit it to come and go. Many men found the work too much for them, but I was young and tough. What my brother and I earned on these jobs went into the family purse; but when my father did not need me, I did odd jobs on my own.

The first sporting event I ever saw was a wrestling match between Muldoon and some unknown at catch-as-catch-can at the Orange Ball Park. I was vastly impressed with the bulging muscles of the wrestlers and began carrying scuttles of coal at arm's length. At thirteen, in my ancient history I read of the youths of Sparta, in particular of the boy who hid a fox in his shirt and never batted an eye when the animal bit into his vitals. Coffee always had been a luxury reserved for Sunday breakfast at our house. At once I abjured it and I have not drunk it since. To develop my wind I ran to and from school, until I would rather run than walk. There was no Y. M. C. A. in the Oranges, nor could I have paid the fee if there had been.

Normally, I should have had to be satisfied, and well satisfied, with a grade-school education. Many of the boys I played with stopped at the third or fourth grade. A high-school education was a distinction, graduating the possessor into the envied white-collar, or, as I knew it,

Edgar Allan Poe, First of the Princeton Poes, Tackling Wyllys Terry, Yale '85, in a Game With the Crescent Club, 1890

celluloid-collar class. As for colleges, I doubt that I ever had heard of one. As I grew old enough to realize the handicaps my father had suffered from lack of learning, I aspired to high school, but my ambition went no further. My father was sympathetic, but there was no money. West Orange had no high school; and Orange, upon which our back yard backed, exacted a tuition fee from nonresidents. And I was eighteen, time and past for doing a man's job, when I finished district school.

I worked my way through Orange High School in three years by tending furnaces, lawns and gardens, cutting wood, beating carpets and other boys' jobs when my father did not need me. The school had a baseball team and in my first year I became its pitcher by virtue of my small stock of curves. In the summer I helped to organize an amateur team, pitched when I could sandwich a game in between jobs, and began to earn a local reputation.

Standard Scrimmage Line Tactics as of 1890, Columbia vs. Princeton. Said to be the Earliest Action Football Photograph Ever Taken

Prepared for a Cold Hard Winter

IT WAS the assistant principal of the high school, a Yale man, who first suggested college to me. When I objected that I had no money he told me of several of his college mates who had worked their way. The suggestion fell on fertile soil, for I was restless with an ambition I saw no way of realizing. When nearly seventeen I joined the First Presbyterian Church of Orange.

At church functions and later in high school I came to know Grace Livingston, a devout earnest girl who won a reputation in later years as a writer under the name of Grace Livingston Hill Luts. She urged on a half-formed aspiration I had for the ministry, and properly to fit myself I should go to college.

When I came to investigate I found that I could not pass the Yale entrance examinations. A classmate, George Gill, son of the mayor of Orange, went to Phillips-Exeter Academy in the fall of 1883 to make up a like deficiency, while I went to work. Gill wrote back urging me to come to Phillips-Exeter, and telling me of scholarships. When he came home for the Christmas holidays he was so persuasive that I decided to return with him.

Although I lived within sixteen miles of New York, I was that many years old before I first saw the city, and I never had slept away from home. My mother was a brood hen to her children and she wept at every meal from the day I decided to go back with Gill until I went. My father's backing, however, kept my spine erect.

Gill gave me one of his suits. It cost my stubborn pride a wrench to take it. Anyway, I would accept no more favors and I leaned backward in that determination. When I came to say good-by to Doctor Storrs, my minister, I saw that something was hidden in the hand he offered. I suspected, and rightly, that it was a bill, and I shook his other hand.

Out of odd jobs that summer and fall I had saved twenty-one dollars. That, less railroad fare, was the capital with which I arrived at Phillips-Exeter. Beneath Gill's suit I wore no underwear. I was hardy enough to survive a Jersey winter without underwear, but when I went back to Phillips-Exeter in August two years ago for the first time in forty years, I shivered at the memory of how that New Hampshire winter wind had cut me to ribbons between the railroad station and the school.

Following the Diet of Benjamin Franklin

GILL asked me to lunch with him at Gorham Hall, his dormitory, and I disgusted him by my refusal. An inferiority complex, it is called now, I believe. Instead I made my luncheon and supper on one pound of soda crackers that cost me five cents. Later I found that stale bread went further and tasted as well. That and milk at three cents a quart was the food on which I boned on Latin, Greek and mathematics for three months. It is good diet for ambition, having the indorsement of the founder of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My room was a garret. I might add, for effect, that it was unheated, but I should be cheating. There was nothing to gasp about in 1884 over an unheated room; we broke the ice in the water pitcher of mornings with no sense of hardship. I did not find work to replenish my little capital until the second month. Sweeping out the chapel at fifty cents a week was the first that offered. Later the German instructor, Professor Faulhaber, gave

Continued on Page 103

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF RICHARD H. DAVIS

A Line That Waited All Night at Princeton for Tickets for the 1890 Yale Game at Eastern Park, Brooklyn

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

I Have Never Seen Anything More Mournful Than a Man Dining in a Restaurant on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Eve

THE younger generation has small respect for decrepit institutions of the past. I don't blame them. I felt the same way myself when I was young. However, I can inform the Channel swimmers and handicap golfers of today that their fathers and mothers visited New York with two places of interest in view. One was Grant's Tomb and the other was Rector's. We had the liveliest institution then, but I think Grant has the edge on us now. I have no doubt that we served wedding breakfasts to these same fathers and mothers. Anyway, there were many shy young couples with brand-new shoes who walked bravely into Rector's around 1900 and sought to order chicken à la King with the metropolitan *savoir-faire*. Had they chosen any curried dish, we could easily have shaken the necessary rice from his lapels and her bonnet.

I want to say that no young married couple ever fooled me. We could spot them a mile away in a heavy fog. If we had any doubt about it, this was removed when our orchestra played the Wedding March from Lohengrin. The victims were the ones who blushed. We were extra nice to these young folks and tried to make them feel at home in a strange city. Of course, wedding marches meant nothing to old campaigners embarking on their fourth and fifth marriages. Whenever Nat Goodwin or DeWolf Hopper walked in with another bride, our musicians always played The Minstrel Boy to the War Has Gone.

Good Linen Dies Young

WE NEVER objected when the young bride shyly smuggled a monogrammed doily inside her waist as a souvenir of her wedding breakfast in our place. But we did protest when an experienced divorcee or a veteran debutante tried sleight-of-hand tricks with our silverware and expensive table linen. But in spite of our best efforts, our linen evaporated very rapidly. We started in 1899 with $30,000 worth of linen imported from the north of Ireland. Inside of a year we were forced to place another order with the same Belfast firm for another $10,000 worth of linen. Some of our first shipment was decorating tables in homes, but most of it had succumbed to the wear and tear of everyday use and repeated trips to the laundry.

Linen is an important accessory in a well-ordered café. There is a pleasant feel to good linen. It is cool to the touch. It adds richness to the appearance of the table and an additional luster to the silver and crystal service. Nondescript cotton and shoddy cloths should be avoided at all times. A guest rising from a dining table covered with cotton cloth looks as if he had been chased through an orchard of fuzzy confetti. His coat is smeared with clinging lint, which is very annoying. There are many tests of good linen, but the oldest and the best is the one used by our grandmothers. Wet the tip of the finger and apply it to the cloth. If the cloth wets all the way through, quickly, it is good linen. Cotton has a nap which acts as a blotter and absorbs the moisture before it reaches the cloth. Linen has no rough nap.

We lost our entire shipment of linen for many reasons. First, the napkins and doilies were easy to fold and carry away. Second, repeated visits to the laundry. Third, careless smokers placed their cigars on the table and burned holes through the cloth, the table top, the felt pad and right into the table itself. Fourth, the stains from red wine were impossible to remove unless attended to immediately. Fifth, the diners kept books on the cloth with pen and ink or indelible pencil. There are four pieces in the linen family. Doily, napkin, table top and tablecloth. Our first shipment included 6000 napkins, 4000 doilies, 1000 tablecloths and the same number of tops. A top is a square piece of linen placed over the cloth to freshen up the table. It saves changing the entire cloth, which is irritating to diners. Our napkins were full twenty-eight inches square. A man with one under his chin looked as if he were wearing an old-fashioned nightgown.

Very hot plates and chafing dishes also eliminated many fine cloths from the tournament. The little prairie fires on rum omelets often overran the silver platter and streaked a scorched detour across the linen. Our losses would be much greater today. We bought fine linen cloths for five dollars in 1900 which would cost fifteen dollars apiece at present prices.

The Rector griffin was embroidered on every piece of linen. It was also etched in every piece of glass in the crystal service and engraved on the silver. The silver service set us back about $40,000. It included many different shapes and sizes of spoons, forks and knives. I shall not bother you with details other than to say that there are few stores which carry a retail stock as complete and as large as Rector's table equipment. We tried to keep our establishment fresh and cheerful, and we succeeded all the year round, with the usual exceptions. These two exceptions were Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Eve.

The Lonesomest Day in the Year

I HAVE never seen anything more mournful than a man dining in a restaurant on these two great home holidays. He is the most forlorn individual in the world. He either has no home or he is far away from his family. Of course, there were many New Yorkers who considered Rector's their home, but it was a doleful substitute for a home on Christmas Eve. Thanksgiving Day was not so bad, but the Yuletide affected our entire organization. The waiters were dreaming of the far Alps, and the Russian orchestra played weird selections which should be strummed only under the light of the pale northern stars. We never had more than two or three parties on these nights. In one alcove there would be two or three men with their elbows on the tables and their heads in their hands. Over in the corner, a girl crying.

Never be envious of a man dining in an exclusive restaurant or club on Christmas Eve—provided your footprints in the snow are in the direction of a home. The only way we could cheer ourselves up on this night was to send a waiter out on Broadway with instructions to pick up a dozen hobos, the raggeder the better. We sat them at a big table and fed them turkey, cranberry sauce and plum pudding until we took the wrinkles out of their stomachs. A good cigar over black coffee would transform them into the jolliest guests of the year. The solemn regulars in the corner of the room would perk up and order a round of drinks for the tattered vagrants. The girl in the corner would stop crying and send over a box of candy. We started this custom in Chicago and kept it up until we closed in New York. We never lost a piece of silver to one of these stray guests.

It was different on New Year's Eve, when reservations were at a premium. Our receipts for this one night were always more than $10,000. Saturday nights and other holidays netted us around $5000. The average business for the rest of the year was about $2000 a day. These are enormous sums when you realize that we are speaking of twenty-five years ago, when a patron could dine well in Rector's for $1.25 à la carte. We served no table d'hôte. The same sum would also get you excellent food and service in Delmonico's and Sherry's. A man was a big citizen who spent twenty dollars an evening in entertaining four dinner guests in those days. Today this sum would hardly enable you to complete a cycle in a Cathay cafeteria.

Steak a la Fifteen Minutes

THE man who spent twenty dollars a night for a party of five would be able to include two bottles of champagne and a round of cigars. If he had taken his guests to the theater, he would have expended an additional seven dollars and fifty cents.

Contrast this almost Colonial evening with today. Say, the afternoon that Papyrus thought he was racing Zev. You started out for the track with your girl and found that the minimum price to see the English horse chase his rival around the curves was $5.50. That's eleven for two. The Follies had their *première* that same evening and orchestra seats were selling for twenty-two dollars, which is just a score of degrees above the boiling point, Fahrenheit.

After the show, your lady was eager to attend the opening of a new night club where table reservations were only eleven dollars a cover, which included food, but not liquids. Your total for two up to this minute was seventy-seven dollars. The longer you stayed in this establishment the larger grew your expense parchment—a slip of paper known to traveling salesmen as the swindle sheet. A bottle of ginger ale cost you nothing less than a dollar in this night club.

No wonder that Bert Kelmar, after an evening in there with his wife and seven relatives, beckoned to a waiter and said, "Hey, waiter, bring me the check and a fright wig."

To those not in the theatrical game, I will explain that a fright wig is a toupee on which the hair is made to stand on end by the yanking of a cord which runs down back of the neck and through the sleeve. The fright wig is funny on the stage, but not quite so humorous in a restaurant. My own hair has often stood up on its own merits after I have scanned the check in a New York night club. The difference between Rector's checks and the additions of today is that we actually stuck to simple adding, while all they know now is multiplication.

The $1.25 Rector meal would include any entrée you desired, although our clientele did not have that robust Rocky Mountain appetite which yelled for beef on the hoof. Our patrons went in for dainty dishes, such as sea food, poultry and game. We did not serve many beef sirloins, although Rector's was responsible for that very popular and well-known dish, the steak à la minute. After waiting an hour or so for this order to be served, you might naturally wonder how it ever got its maiden name of à la minute. It was the swiftest steak we served, because it was sliced thin as a wafer and cooked very quickly. If timed by reliable handicappers, I think the best we could have claimed for it was steak à la fifteen minutes.

Some guests pronounced minute with the accent on the last syllable, which made it mean very small or even infinitesimal. These guests were closer to the truth. But I refuse to validate that old story about the guest who asked his waiter to point out his steak and was informed that it was hiding under a pea. We were never fortunate enough to get peas of that size. That would be almost as bad as the café which served its food on cracked dishes, with the entire meal in the crack.

If we knew where to procure a pea like that we would have included it in our *carte du jour*, as we imported ripe figs from Arabia, winter peaches from Africa and the alligator pear from the tropics. Napoleon said that an army moves on its stomach, but we appealed to our army's palate. We fed about 1000 people a day for an average of two dollars a patron. Some 200 of these were luncheon customers who nibbled very tidily for thirty-five, forty and fifty cents. The other 800 were made of sterner stuff and consumed two barrels of oysters a day, four gallons of olives, 500 lobsters, ten dozen chickens, the same number of squabs, as much pastry as you could pack on a hay scales and a fair day's bag of canvasback, grouse, woodcock, pheasant and quail. Once again, I must deny that we sold enough oyster stew to float the United States Navy and that the Navy could sail around in that stew for a year without striking an oyster.

A Giant Bouquet of Greens

YOU can also add ten gallons of crab meat and about 400 fillets of sole. We did not buy the entire crab. It was shipped from Chesapeake Bay in gallon tins. After being caught, the crab was boiled and then tapped with a small hammer until two large flakes of crab meat dropped out of the shell. These flakes were consigned to Rector's without having been touched by a human hand. The rest of the crab was sold as seconds. The daily bouquet of greens averaged about 1000 heads of lettuce, endives, romaine and celery. This would have made a nice *boutonnière* for Og, King of Bashan, who tore up mountains by the roots.

I almost forgot that stream-line pearl of the farm, the egg. Starting in Lewiston on the Niagara in 1825 with a small order of ham and eggs served to a French-Canadian trapper, the Rectors gradually increased their egg power until we were breaking thousands a day to be utilized as the base of sauces and pastry. When we reached Broadway, we still continued to smile upon the egg, but we frowned upon its poor relation, the ham. Like many successful men who had climbed the ladder of success, we

(Continued on Page 98)

There Were Many Shy Young Couples With Brand-New Shoes Who Walked Bravely Into Rector's Around 1900 and Sought to Order Chicken à la King With the Metropolitan Jaunt-Faire

THE FAT NUN'S BLUE PARROT

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

IV

THEIR life together was happy. The bare chronicle, without those legends which confuse or adorn it, might pack a volume. Their wanderings took them far afield, to city and wilderness, plain, highland, wheel-worn canyons of yellow dust, wet fever swamps, mountain temples, murderous inns kept by broken hireling fighters, nunneries, fishermen's huts by a lake broad as the sky and terrible at night with historic phantoms walking the water. In all places, or on the road, Ching Wun let never a day go without instruction. Every weapon, its fair handling, its foul play; every trick in boxing and wrestling; what herbs to gather, how to decoct them; how to make salves, potions, liniments, and five-thousand-year drugs, like the horse sweat, ephedrine—these and more kinds of knowledge our fat nun taught her Blue Parrot.

"The time has gone like a day."

So with heavy hearts they agreed at the end. This came on a warm afternoon, as the pair halted in steep forest.

"I cannot bear to leave you, mother. Come up with me."

Ching Wun tried to smile, but made a queer mask of it, and wagged her head. The girl entreating her was now a young woman of seventeen, upright, slender, with dark yet clear beauty enhanced by thoughtful eyes.

"No, not now. Your true mother, who is waiting just above, has reckoned it to be more than one day, I'll warrant. We part here." Under the trees roundabout shone blue salvia. "On the very path where Melon-Candy stole you. A bad piece of work for his neck bone. Humph! Now that you're home again, don't forget me."

While talking or grumbling, the sister pulled from beneath her coat a long flat scabbard of brown leather, brass-mounted, with a hilt of polished hardwood and of brass gleaming at the upper end.

"My daughter in the spirit." Roughly, awkwardly, with eyes averted, she made her gift, drawing halfway a short sword, two-edged, brighter than silver, then running it home down the scabbard with a click. "Take this; an old hero's weapon, its name is the Last Word. I've had the thing all my life, but never used it, never killed a mouse. You've learned what little I know. You're very strong, quick as a lion dancer, and accurate; but you haven't got my weight. Ho, hardly! So in a fight, never you press, but yield, give ground, and time your return stroke, dear. . . . Enough. Perhaps we meet again, perhaps not, for I grow old. Be a good girl, a faithful champion, help the poor and the little people. Daughter of Ching Wun the childless, you will keep my name forever in this world."

She tried to laugh, but could not; then turned or wrenched herself away, and went down the mountainside, trotting like a black bear with a hamper on its back. Twice the girl called after her. She neither paused nor gave sign of hearing. The trees hid her, below.

"Must all good things vanish?"

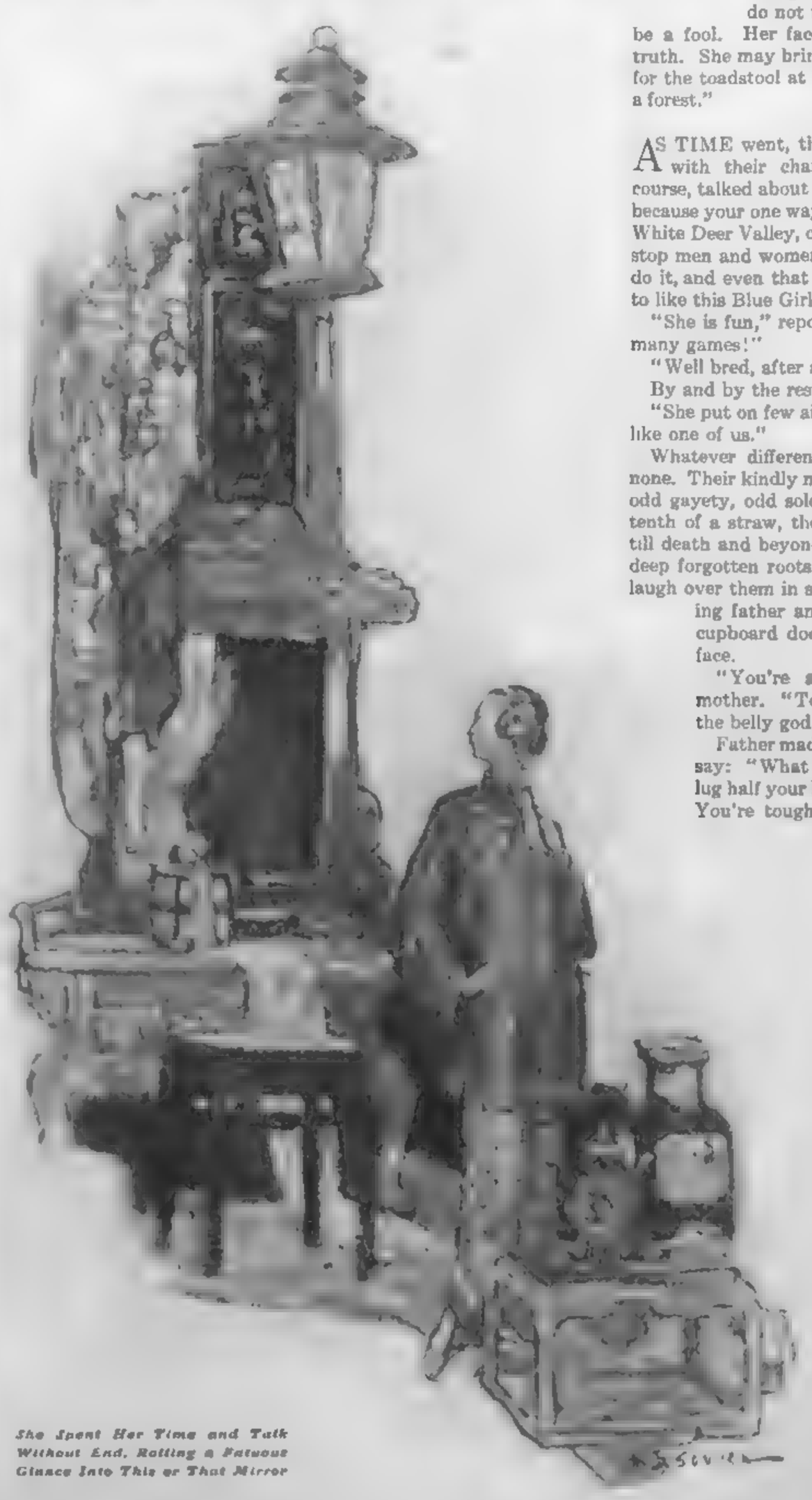
With sword tucked under arm, Blue Parrot, grieving, doubting the future, began to climb. Up the ravine of oak and chestnut, up the hot crooked path of broken stone, between her father's house and the neighbor's, into the village lane she mounted as into an age gone by. Except that the trees were higher and broader, nothing had changed. There was the door, open, where a moment ago she had sat longing to run and play.

"Inside benevolence?" No one came. Dizzy with the beating of her heart, she waited.

"Who ——"

Her mother was in the door, her father behind, both staring. How little they were, how shrunken; yet how strangely unaltered, but for a few gray hairs. Her mother put forth one hand, trembled, and gave a squeak.

"The color! The color of your dress!"



She Spent Her Time and Talk Without End, Rolling a Fatuous Glance Into This or That Mirror

They caught hold, clung, cried and laughed, while father edged round them, putting words in:

"What, what? Where have you been? A great girl you are!"

They had hardly remembered their manners, the decorum between age and youth, when every soul in the village crowded the room, rejoicing, wondering, bawling questions, conjobbling; and as all were kinsmen of one old family, all must remain till far into the night, keep up their friendly hubbub, and through its great noise try to gather what this young scandal of a cousin might be telling.

"Our generations," remarked the head of the clan, while they argued their way home under the stars —"our generations are not in vain. They have flowered."

The oldest and the quietest, he had a way of being heard.

"Travelers' tales? That girl, you mean, is a liar?" The chief pulled his mustaches down and gave a dry cough. "My dear nephew, do not take a running jump at the chance to be a fool. Her face, her voice, declare the modesty of truth. She may bring us renown. So be careful, my lad, for the toadstool at home need not scorn the wild rose in a forest."

AS TIME went, the villagers found not so much fault with their changeling. Everyone for months, of course, talked about her and spied on her least movement; because your one way—so wrote a master who lived in the White Deer Valley, or if not he, another—your one way to stop men and women from talking of your deed is not to do it, and even that may fail. Soon, however, they grew to like this Blue Girl runaway.

"She is fun," reported the children. "She knows how many games!"

"Well bred, after all," said old people. "Considerate."

By and by the rest agreed.

"She put on few airs. We saw little harm in her. Quite like one of us."

Whatever difference the Blue Girl felt, she spoke of none. Their kindly mountain life, bygone tricks of speech, odd gayety, odd solemnity, their quarrels picked on the tenth of a straw, their loyal patience toward a neighbor till death and beyond, moved not only her heart but the deep forgotten roots of childhood. To love them was to laugh over them in secret. While doing housework, tending father and mother, she often bent behind a cupboard door until she could lift out a straight face.

"You're a tidy cook enough," complained mother. "Too fine, taught by those who worship the belly god."

Father made less objection to that, though he did say: "What boy dare look at you now? I can't lug half your load. Proud muscle. You a woman? You're tough as a highway quarterstaff bravo."

It seemed a pity, but it was true, that Nature pricked them on to be jealous of her old fat nun. The foible might have saddened or vexed her had she not put all such things lightly away, and without effort, by good humor and affection, kept the tenor of home peaceful.

Then ill news, one morning, broke their peace. It came from down country, below. A cousin whom they had never seen, a bland little townsman with an air of polish like lacquer, humbled himself and filled the room with propitiation.

"If you forgive a bringer of sorrow," he concluded, "the household of Ngan Si may take comfort."

At this, mother turned pale, for Ngan Si was her favorite brother. "What, sir?" she cried. "Is he dead?"

Their cousin made a long polite speech amounting to yes. In time they got the facts from him.

A merchant of high repute, Ngan Si had gone by some lonely mountain road to collect a few debts and had never come home. His partner in the shop, waiting four days and growing alarmed, had sent out friends to hunt for him. They found in a path his body sprawling, thirsty hornets forming on his bosom a patch like rough brass; and lying along by his ankle, the knife which had been used. A pair of belt purses, full, not even unbuttoned, hung in place right and left.

"What?" exclaimed father. "You believe that? Robbers who kill but who take nothing?"

"It is all true," said the cousin, "and all we know as yet."

In a passion which was now grief, now fury, mother would hear no more.

"I go to see him," she raged. "What have they done, the liars and devils of your abomination below there? My brother is not dead. I will see! Girl, make ready. We go, you and I."

Downward among lower hills the day's journey brought them—a weary little woman, grasping her tall daughter's arm and crying—into the darkness of the town. Their cousin had not lied.

At the door of Ngan Si's house gleamed the two lanterns—white, inscribed with blue—of mourning; and when the travelers had entered, there by candlelight stood his coffin; there on the floor drooped widow and children, bundles of woe in sackcloth. This was no hour for questioning. Mother sat down to lament.

On the next day uncle's partner, a kindly shrewd old soul, gave them what knowledge he had.

"Our affair, madam," said he, "is not simple. That knife which we picked up bore a name—the trade-mark of the smith or cutler who fashioned it. His honor the judge took the knife back to him. The smith, examining his book, found that he had made the knife to a man's order half a year ago. The man's face he could not remember, but his book showed the name, Ow Jun Yuen. Extraordinary, madam, incredible; for Ow Jun Yuen is the most harmless fellow breathing, a school-teacher, mild as a babe. He lies now in prison, half dead with terror, but swears that he never heard of any knife. Meanwhile his honor the judge keeps an open mind and—deliberates."

Mother had wiped her eyes and grown quiet. She now spoke. Being mountain-bred, she let go a free tongue:

"So the old fool does nothing?" She whipped about, faced her daughter and began to scold. "You! Why don't you open your head? Mum as an image. If your bald-headed she vagabond taught you such wonders of magic, you might perform a trick or so here, to find out how your uncle was killed, you great stupid, strapping wench. But nobody cares. Oh, my poor brother, nobody!"

Stupid, thought uncle's partner, was a wild word to throw at this girl in blue. Her eyes, meeting his own, flashed a clear signal of pity, humor, intelligence.

"I'll try, mother, if you like." She made this offer prettily, modestly. The old man, whose wits many a year of trading had sharpened, felt, as it were, beneath her calm a touch and go of hidden delight. "Had anyone cause, do you know, sir, to hate my uncle?"

"No, child. On the contrary, he was beloved. Our whole town takes it as an outrage "

"Did the smith who made this knife see the prisoner?"

"Ah, yes, I forgot. Both men declared they had never set eyes on each other before."

The girl mused. "If your experience will grant a little more aid, sir," she ventured, "is it singular or not that an enemy so careful to take nothing away, not even a purse of money, should be so careless as to leave anything behind?"

The old merchant approved with a nod. "Charming," he thought, "charming." Aloud, he made answer: "You go very neatly, my dear, to the point."

In silence, with a bow, she thanked him.

"How sweet!" grumbled mother. "Talk, talk, compliments, chopping the wind. Why not act? Why not do?"

Uncle's partner smiled. "Leave this young woman here, madam," he advised. "My son will take you home when you go. Give her time. The catcher of the Green Snake does not run his arm down the first hole."

Thus recommending caution, he little knew how a fat nun taught her disciple.

With twilight that evening a river fog crept in to muffle the town; to perplex each crooked gallery of street; to blot out the sign tablets hanging overhead; to thicken, pour and rise in cold smoke. Gable ends came jutting at you like horned phantoms. The darkness pattered and whispered. The drip from the eaves made an obscure plashing behind, alongside and before, as of a thing with wet bare feet lurking past you against the wall. It was a good night for water fiends to crawl on shore. Indeed, a stranger, out late and bewildered, saw one take human shape, fly from the ground to a roof and there dissolve in mist. It was a good night for men, real men who had never been drowned, to lie snug in bed. So the warder of the prison had thought, drowsing by his lamp. He woke somewhere after midnight. An incubus had him by the throat, weighing him down helpless, choking him.

"Where is Ow Jun Yuen, the schoolmaster?"

The incubus let go his throat, but pinned his hands. It had the likeness of a man in black, a slender man—made of iron, by the feeling of it—with a blood-red mask over its face. Through holes in the mask a pair of eyes like black fire burned all his will to nothing.

"Up! Show me his room. The schoolmaster, where is he?"

Those eyes and the grip of those hands were supernatural. The warder could think of nothing but to do as he was bid. In silence and fear he tumbled out, got his keys and led the way. No doubt there was a charm laid, for he never knew the prison to be so still. Down the corridors floated mist. The waterlamp quaking in his hand wore a dim fungous halo.

"Here is the room, dread power."

"Unlock it." He obeyed. "That next room, with door open, is empty?"

"It is."

"Give me keys and lamp. No noise. Not a word."

(Continued on Page 116)

"A Master, Eh? Well, Master That!" His Blade Swept Down in a Curve Higher Than the Knees. Over it the Girl Danced as Over a Skipping Rope

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers By Subscription To the United States and Possessions Argentina Bolivia, Brazil Chile Colombia Costa Rica, Cuba Dominican Republic Ecuador Guatemala Haiti Isle of Pines Labrador Mexico Newfoundland Nicaragua Panama Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras Salvador Spain and Uruguay $2 00 the Year Remit by U S Money Order Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U S Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3 00 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U S Funds.

To Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $6 00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 2, 1926

The World Trade in Steel

AFTER much discussion, prearrangement and counter-arrangement, the steel companies of Germany, France, Belgium and Luxemburg have entered into an alliance, of which we may be sure the published provisions do not give a complete description. It may be some time before we learn exactly what the contracting parties have bound themselves to do and to what extent the governments are involved. But we know what the steel and coal industries desire to accomplish, and are therefore able in a general way to foresee probable developments.

It is safe to assume that each country in the alliance will protect the home market behind tariff walls or under direct arrangements to that effect. Included also, presumably, is some arrangement for allocation of raw materials, outside the provisions of the treaty of peace. In effect, this alliance may be believed to supersede certain clauses of the treaty of peace.

Some scheme for penetration of foreign markets will be set up and worked out. Existing foreign markets will be expanded, new ones opened up. A new era of steel will dawn in backward countries. We take it for granted that the members of the steel alliance will not be competitive in the foreign markets, at least not in the usual sense. The markets will be divided, the profits possibly pooled. One result of the agreement is to have France supplant Sweden in furnishing iron ore to Germany. Against the steel makers of other countries the members of the alliance may be expected to act as a unit.

Mutual arrangements for finance and transportation will be developed. These will be necessary both to reduce costs and to escape in part the burdensome taxes of the several countries involved. It is not outside of possibilities to expect the governments of the four countries to grant export freight rates, concessions and other forms of indirect subsidies.

Politically the alliance is of importance because it ought to result in a lessening of tension on the Rhine, replacing antagonism with conciliation. If the arrangement works, it ought to accelerate the rate of withdrawal of the occupation of Germany by French forces.

Great Britain remained outside the combination from choice. She sought to secure some understanding that the Dominions should be treated somewhat apart from other foreign markets, but this fell through. This is another illustration of her splendid isolation.

Therefore, we have the Continental alliance, Great Britain and the United States as the three outstanding units in world trade in steel. We may expect the British Government to protect its steel industries. Our laws contain provisions for the protection of our steel industries against such foreign combinations under governmental favor. Our market is one of the objectives of the new merger. It is the hope of the Franco-German industrialists to invade our market, drive our steel from neutral markets, drive British steel from neutral and American markets and to invade Dominion markets.

It is an ambitious program. If labor costs are low, fuel cheap and transportation subsidized, the combine ought to make a great stir in the world. Perhaps the chief doubt revolves about the internal harmony of the contracting parties. It is difficult to conceive of the Germans and French sticking together, even to exploit the world. It is an alliance originating in distress. Will it endure in prosperity, with reparation payments in the background?

Codes of Business Ethics

IT IS a wholesome sign of the times that business and professional men are engaged so frequently in discussing the ethics of their particular occupations. Many trade associations, service clubs and other organizations have committees on business standards and have published codes of ethics. Lecture courses on the subject have been given at several universities, books are being written along these lines, and there are organizations which exist for no other purpose than to promote higher standards of business conduct.

On the other hand, we fail to be overly impressed by mere organization or printed codes, standards and platforms. It has been said that the synonym for farmers' coöperation is perspiration. In the same way high standards of business conduct come only from everlasting education of the individual in his own personal morals, and not from writing down ten rules or appointing a committee. Drawing up codes has pretty nearly reached the stage of the ridiculous when clergymen talk of the necessity of having a set of moral rules for members of their profession.

Anyone can draw up a code of ethics, but only the millennium will so purify the hearts of men that wrong will vanish from their lives. In a recent book on the ethics of business the author confines himself to the standards of conduct set forth by trade associations. He says he cannot discuss the practices of individual firms because he "can't know three thousand separate industries."

As a practical matter of book writing it may be impossible to set forth the ethical practices of three thousand industries or concerns, but that is what the public is interested in. It does not buy goods from trade associations, but from individual concerns. What really matters is not the publicly announced and purposely high-sounding and sonorous code of an impersonal association, but the actual everyday conduct of the individual business man, firm and corporation.

We have all been led far astray in these matters, perhaps unconsciously, by the silly contention of the Socialists and their ilk that there is something inherently wrong in business conducted for profit. They say that the business system should be based on the motive of service instead of profit, as if the grocer who sells food or the tailor who makes a suit performs no service for humanity.

The real danger that threatens modern life is the desire to get something for nothing, of not toting fair. The individual business man knows in his heart whether he is giving value received, and whether the goods he sells are honestly advertised and of quality equivalent to the price. He is either honest or dishonest about it, and that is the only code of ethics which anyone needs.

Profits are a worthy, honorable goal, but if they are the entire, the only goal of business, then our social and industrial system is doomed. Only as more individuals think of the honest quality of the work they do will moral progress be made. If collecting the price rather than giving value received is the first consideration of the majority of people, then committees, clubs, organizations and codes are only whitewash to cover up the rottenness beneath.

The Abundant Life

SINGULARLY little attention has been paid to the important rôle which the institutions of higher education have played in creating the distinctive civilization known as American. Much is being said today, and much of it true, of the overemphasis or mistaken emphasis upon college education. Incredible swarms of boys and girls but little fitted for such training are demanding and securing it. Not a few observers question the advantages of such wholesale application of higher learning to the masses.

But whatever the defects of the system, it is of the very warp and woof of democracy. The people demand the universities and desire and expect much from them. The people feel that the university, especially the public or state institution, exists for their service and the training of their children; that it is theirs, their very own.

Few men, if any, at once led and typified this great democratic movement more unmistakably than Benjamin Ide Wheeler, who was president of the University of California from July 18, 1899, to July 15, 1919. Former students have recently published an extensive collection of his articles and addresses under the title of The Abundant Life, and nowhere are the ideals of higher education on the grand scale set forth more clearly or in fuller detail.

Doctor Wheeler's students feel that the one thing which he won worth more than all the rest was the affection of the sons and daughters of the university. But they agree also that he was a great interpreter of the university to the state as well as of the state to the university.

He was no blind partisan, wholly unaware of the dangers that lay in the huge enginery of which he was such a leading figure. He deprecated the "dust whirls of fad" which so often blow about the university, especially when supported by the state. He knew well the sodden and sluggish lower half of the student body that moves in and out of such institutions, particularly where no fees are charged.

Mr. Hoover places first among the causes of American prosperity the "fine initiative and intelligence of our people in the use of our resources." Surely that initiative and intelligence have been indissolubly linked with the democracy and opportunity which our peculiar institutions have afforded.

Doctor Wheeler's views are drawn to the attention of the wider audience of this page because, while recognizing the defects and weaknesses of widespread higher education, he connected it up so unerringly with the essence of American life:

"I repudiate the idea that the children of laboring men should be differently educated from other people's children. There is no reason why a child in this free country should inherit the occupation of his father. The manner and subjects of a child's education should be determined by its aptitudes, and not by the occupation of its parents.

"Democracy and the university were made for each other. Both are training schools of self-reliance and responsibility. The world will never be saved by the device of staying out of it. Free government with all its life demands the university."

The plain, unvarnished truth is that, despite all the crudities, absurdities and superficialities of our system of enormously widespread college and university education, its real service and function has been to prevent the caste system from developing in this country. It is the failure of caste to get a foothold which has really made possible the fine initiative and intelligence in the use of resources to which Mr. Hoover primarily ascribes our prosperity.

In finding fault with the overemphasis upon higher education let us not forget the blunt truth just stated. Our colleges and universities may not always fill the minds of all who attend them. Indeed, many do not want to be filled, and have no minds to fill. But untold thousands have had their eyes opened to truth and to a more abundant life by coming in contact in the universities with the lives of men who have stimulated and inspired them.

HAND-TO-MOUTH BUYING

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

THE lady buyer from the big Nebraska department store was in the office of the New York manufacturer of leather goods. On a long table were spread the hand bags she had selected—red ones, blue ones, black and mauve. The salesman in charge, order pad in hand, prepared to set down the wishes of his client. Picking up a creation in red, he said suggestively, "About fifty of this number, Miss Johnston?"

"No, not fifty," the lady buyer answered. "One dozen."

Disappointed, the salesman set down the figures on his pad and picked up another sample that he enthusiastically described as one of his firm's best sellers, an item that had gone like hot cakes wherever shown. He believed Miss Johnston's department could easily use 100 of the number. Again Miss Johnston said one dozen.

So it went with all the hand bags on the table, the salesman optimistic, persuasive, the lady buyer firmly conservative. At the end the order sheet showed a total of 140 pieces and the salesman made a last desperate effort to increase the number.

"Are you sure these are going to be enough, Miss Johnston?" he asked earnestly. "You know, the busy season is coming on. You'll sell more than this number of bags in a week."

"Maybe we shall," answered the lady buyer impassively; "if so, we can order duplicates. I guess the mails and the express companies aren't going to stop."

There was no gainsaying these observations, and the salesman handed his client a copy of her order without further argument.

"It's instructions from the management," she said at the doorway. "We're keeping the investment down in all departments. Hand to mouth is the motto from now on. I guess we're going to let you manufacturers carry the stock for us. Good-by, and don't forget that these goods have got to go out day after tomorrow at the latest."

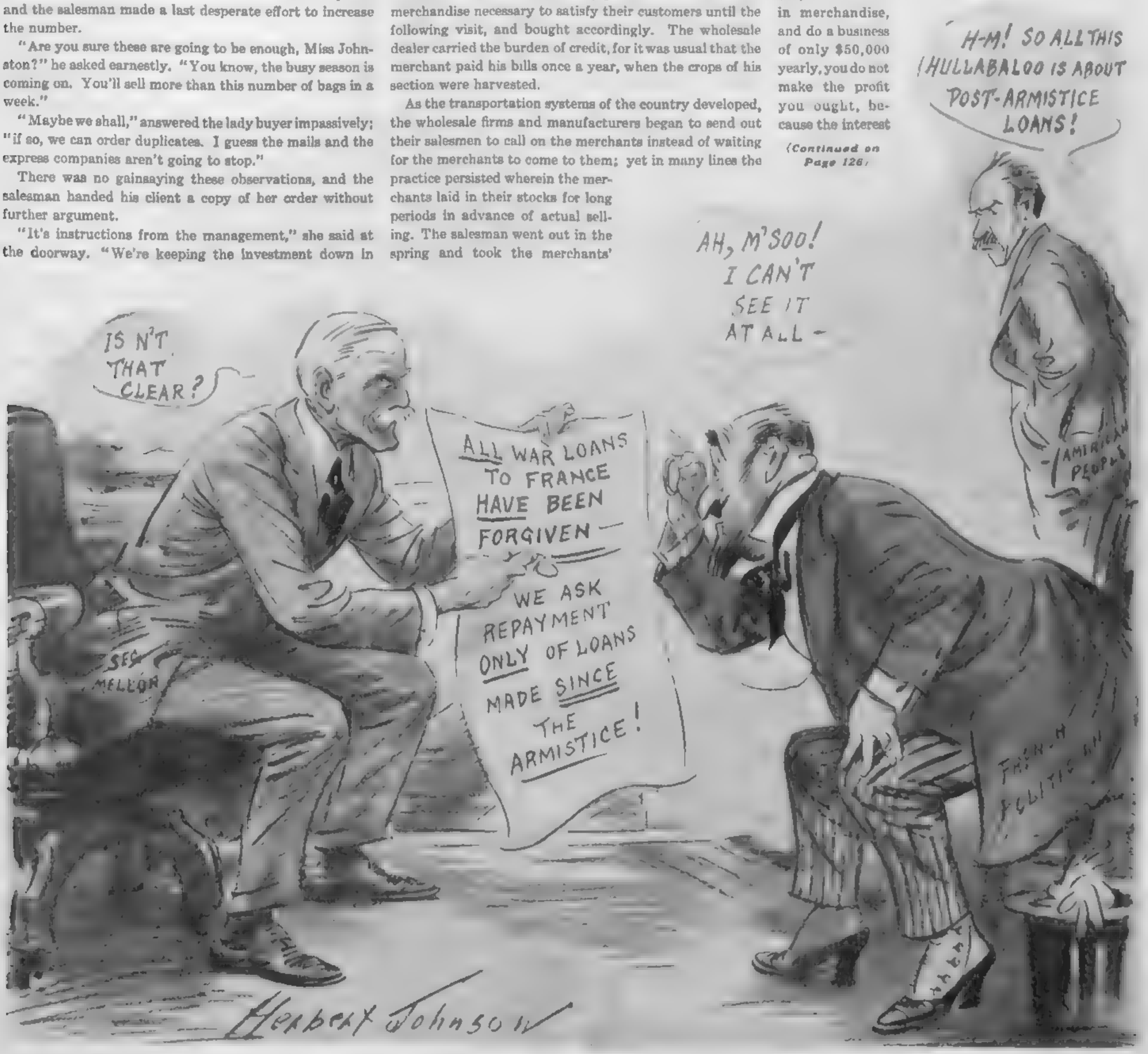
What the lady buyer called hand-to-mouth buying is one of the major problems of American business at the present time. In a way, it is a retailers' strike. Apparently it has come to stay, for it has been developing during several years and never has been more pronounced than now. Whole industries have to readjust themselves in consequence.

Hand-to-mouth buying has come about through thoroughly natural causes. In the early days of the country, retail merchants ordinarily went to market twice a year. In some cases, if located in remote sections, they went only once. On these buying trips they guessed at the amount of merchandise necessary to satisfy their customers until the following visit, and bought accordingly. The wholesale dealer carried the burden of credit, for it was usual that the merchant paid his bills once a year, when the crops of his section were harvested.

As the transportation systems of the country developed, the wholesale firms and manufacturers began to send out their salesmen to call on the merchants instead of waiting for the merchants to come to them; yet in many lines the practice persisted wherein the merchants laid in their stocks for long periods in advance of actual selling. The salesman went out in the spring and took the merchants' requirements for fall; in the fall he went out again and sold spring goods. The practice persisted, but constantly it grew more illogical. Fifty years ago, for instance, the merchant in Wichita, Kansas, had to wait anywhere from six weeks to two months for a shipment of merchandise from the Atlantic Seaboard. Twenty years ago he got his merchandise in approximately a month. Now he can depend on it within ten days.

Something like fifteen years ago students of economics began to point out that there was unjustifiable extravagance in huge quantities of merchandise lying for months on the dealers' shelves; writers in trade papers and speakers at trade conventions argued that merchants should buy oftener and in smaller quantities. Figures were produced to prove that the dealer could make money only by quick turnover. The usual argument was something like this: "If you have $50,000 invested in merchandise, and do a business of only $50,000 yearly, you do not make the profit you ought, because the interest

(Continued on Page 126)


IS N'T THAT CLEAR?
ALL WAR LOANS TO FRANCE HAVE BEEN FORGIVEN —
WE ASK REPAYMENT ONLY OF LOANS MADE SINCE THE ARMISTICE!
SEC MELLON
AH, M'SOO! I CAN'T SEE IT AT ALL —
H-M! SO ALL THIS HULLABALOO IS ABOUT POST-ARMISTICE LOANS!
AMERICAN PEOPLE
Herbert Johnson

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Acrobat and His Family Go for a Stroll

Me and the Universe

A TINY speck upon a paltry planet,
I watch your divagations, Universe.
Though I'm a minnow, prey of Fate, the Gannet,
A titmouse chirruping his puny verse,
My soul has grandeur if my form is small.
Say! Don't you ever see a chap at all?
Yes, you're enormous, practically boundless;
Yet I, an imperceptible residual,
Have intimations, not completely groundless,
That you're a Mess, while I'm an Individual
Whose merits, far too numerous to mention,
Defy your nonexistent comprehension.

What are you, analyzed? A churning welter
Of unimaginative raw material,
A mob of stars and things flung helter-skelter;
While I'm an Ego, splendidly ethereal.
Before you give ME any conversation,
Spin off and get yourself a reputation!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

He Left Town the Next Day

ONE of the features of the business men's picnic this year was the baseball game between the married men and their wives. The editor of the town's one newspaper had sent a reporter along to write up the doings of the day. The reporter kept the score for the game and turned it in with the other notes. The editor was in a hurry to go home that day and told his assistant, who was fond of playing practical jokes, to write the story and get it on the front page. The assistant noted the number of misplays made by the fair sex in the baseball game and headed the article Erring Wives.

Motto for a Bird House

APARTMENTS for a Bird;
Large families preferred.
For all the summer long,
The rent is but a song.

The Family Medicine Chest

IN THE course of domestic events, the moldings must occasionally be cleaned, the attic must be emptied, the carpet sweeper must be oiled and the medicine chest must be inventoried.

Yea, though years pass, there comes the day when the medicine chest must be reorganized, when from its dark recesses one will gingerly extract:

Two medicine droppers, one broken.

The rolled-up remains of what once were three robust tubes of oozing peppermint tooth paste.

Eleven discarded and hopelessly rusted razor blades.

An assortment of crooked hairpins, large and invisibles, torn hair nets, two side combs with most of the teeth missing, and some faded baby ribbon.

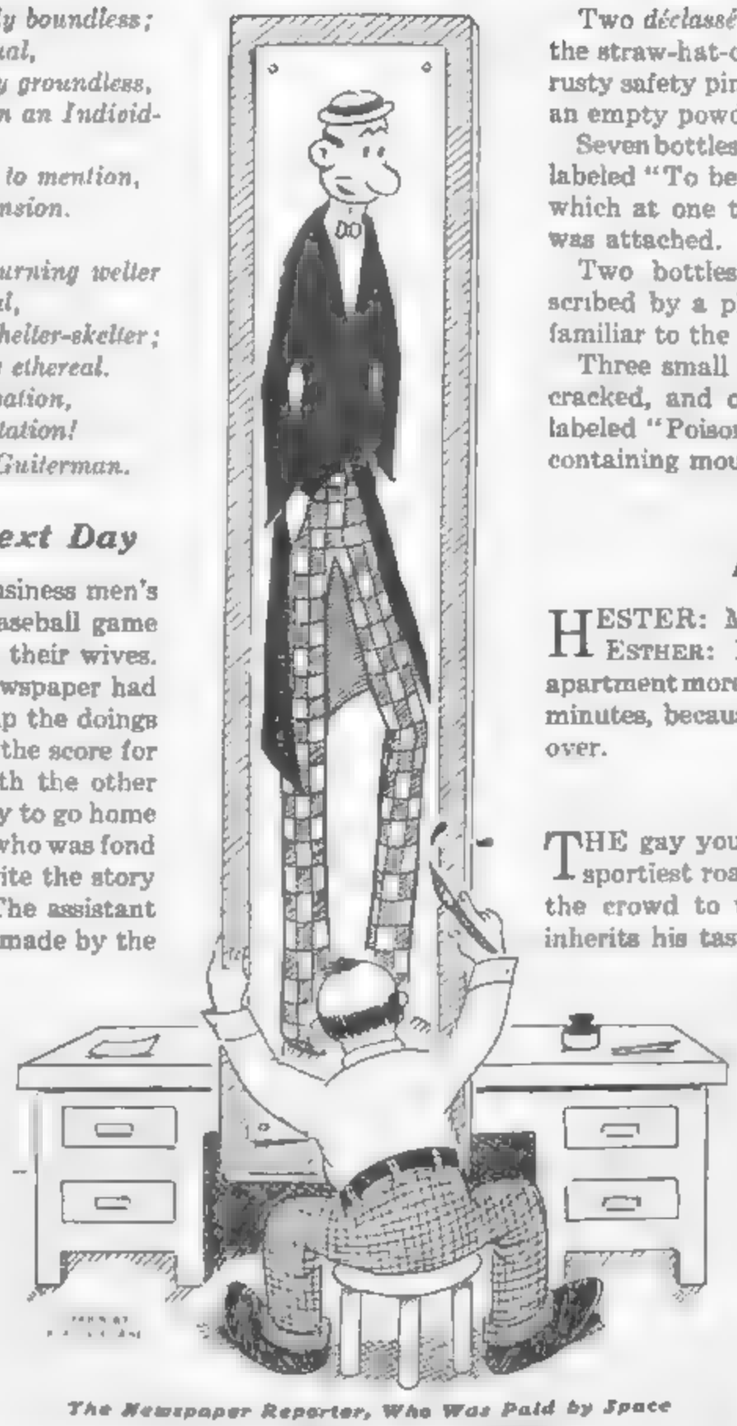
Two *déclassé* toothbrushes, transferred to the straw-hat-cleaning service, half a dozen rusty safety pins, a broken styptic stick and an empty powder box.

Seven bottles filled with nondescript liquids labeled "To be taken every three hours," to which at one time great therapeutic value was attached.

Two bottles, three-quarters filled, prescribed by a physician whose name is unfamiliar to the whole family.

Three small empty bottles, one of them cracked, and one large container carefully labeled "Poison," in large red letters, now containing mouth wash.

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN.



The Newspaper Reporter, Who Was Paid by Space Rates, Goes in for Cartooning

Efficiency

HESTER: Must you go so soon?

ESTHER: I can't stay away from the apartment more than four hours and eighteen minutes, because then the ice-box pan runs over.

Heredity

THE gay young blade who shows off the sportiest roadster in town, and who takes the crowd to the highest-priced cabarets, inherits his taste for high life, all right. It was his father who went to a county fair thirty-five years ago, spent a quarter and said nonchalantly, "Oh, well, I'll live only once!"

Long Suffering

LADY, working on one of the charity drives, "My dear sir, you know we must all give till it hurts."

"Yes," replied the man who had been asked to help buy silk stockings for the Hottentots once too often, "but I get a pain almost immediately."

We're Forty-'Leven

(With No Apologies to Mr. Wordsworth, Who, We are Sure, Would Feel Just as We Do About It)

I MET a simple little maid—
Democracy, so fair.
Methought her head seemed rather thick
Beneath her clustered hair.

"Your candidates, my little maid,
How many may they be?"

(Continued on Page 186)

Their Son Who Went to College

"What's the Matter With That Dumb Dora?"
"Her Ancestors Came Over on the Wait Flower"

Slow-cooked
Digestible

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

—with

Tomato Sauce

from Campbell's great blending kettles of solid nickel!

Rich, meaty, mellow beans! Flavored through and through with tempting and delicious tomato sauce! Can't you just taste them!

Thousands of people never think of buying any beans except Campbell's. It's the flavor that makes you eat them so eagerly and want them every time you eat beans. And the famous Campbell's kitchens are equipped with every device known to science for producing Quality.

Wholesome beans are slow-cooked. This renders them tender and digestible. It also brings out the full, fine bean taste you enjoy so much. Always think of Campbell's as the slow-cooked beans, because it aids you in selecting beans that give you the most nourishment and benefit.

You will notice that housewives buying beans for families with children prefer Campbell's.

BEAUTIFUL

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Not Long Ago I Shot a Gentleman for ——"

IV

AN UNCOMFORTABLE pause followed Winthrop Evans' answer to Jean's unseemly and extravagant remark—for Jean seemed plainly confused by his simple earnestness; and Barbara's insistent clamor came gratefully: "Please play, mother, please! I want him to hear how beau——"

"Very well, dear." Jean rose and spoke so suddenly that she cut the unwelcome word half off Barbara's lips. She unwrapped her left hand and left the blood-specked tea towel on the window seat beside me, crossing over to the piano with the utmost indifference and lifting Barbara into her own high castered chair. "My hand's still a bit messy, but I play so badly these days that it can't make any difference. Margo, if you'll wheel Barbara out I'll continue this entertainment. But I prefer to have my audience on the balcony."

Winthrop gave me a furtive, apprehensive, questioning glance which I had no way of answering. "Oh, but—but, Mrs. Mack, your hand is still bleeding. Why not—another time ——"

"What do you want me to play, Barbara?" she interrupted him, sitting down and running soft chords under her fingers as we settled ourselves on the balcony.

Barbara wanted, as she always did, "Clementine first, and then Ye'll Take the High Wode, and then The Last Wose of Summer." Jean began even before Barbara had finished naming them:

"In a cavern,
In a canyon ——"

All the many absurd verses—Jean sang every one of them; while Winthrop Evans watched Barbara's radiant lovely little face as if he were hypnotized by the beauty of her, which seemed, even to me, to be a visible part of the beauty of Jean's voice. Finishing the rollicking melody, Jean swung without pause into the soft burring dialect of the old Scotch song; and then, after one abrupt separating chord, into The Last Rose of Summer.

Of course Winthrop Evans, though he'd probably been told of Jean's musical talent, was entirely unexpectant of the transcending gift that was hers. He seemed bewildered, overwhelmed. Although she was plainly making a mere business of getting through the songs, with no effort of artistry, her singing was beautiful beyond describing.

"Curtain! Any encores desired?" she called in an overly merry voice immediately the last note was sung.

Winthrop Evans cleared his throat. "Do you sing Mandalay?"

She ran the opening bars rapidly, but broke them off with a sharp chord. "I used to sing the thing," she said; "it was a favorite of my husband's. I detest it." We heard her shove back the piano chair. "If you decide to go home this afternoon, Mr. Evans, Jerusalem and the boat are at your disposal. Ring for me at five, Margo, please. I'll be at the far end of the grove." Swift footsteps—and she was gone.

"An extremely unfortunate choice," he said ruefully.

Barbara was a nest of imperious questions: "Did she mean my father liked the song, Margo? But why does she detest it? Did it make her sad to speak about my father? Why did she then?"

It took us ten minutes to divert Barbara's attention to reports about Talky, the parrot, and the new words Talky was learning.

Winthrop was anxious, nervous to be gone. Barbara let him go unwillingly. When he went through the big room he glanced over to where Jean had been sitting. Then he stopped and went to the piano. And I knew as surely then as I did after the months proved it that what Doctor Holmquist had optimistically and Bruce MacIntyre had pessimistically prophesied would surely happen. This man would fall in love with Jean. The strangest look went over his face—half pity, half horror; an expression out of all proportion to the incident. There were a few stains of blood on the keys. He whipped out his handkerchief, moistened it at his lips and wiped the red spots away. For the moment he forgot me completely. Then he gave a strained, conscious laugh and strode past me to the stair landing, where I joined him.

"Mrs. Douglas, what do you think about it? . . . I'd—I'd no notion—I couldn't have—of—of what this would be like. Why, she's past belief! I never saw or heard of a woman like her! Her eyes suffering and her voice laughing and her heart hating! Why, her hands clench when she looks at me! I ——"

"Sh-h! You must talk quietly. I thought it a very encouraging sign that she consented to sing for you; in a way, she must even have wanted to please you and ——"

"Oh, never! We've got her cornered. It's despicable. She sang because of Barbara. She's terrorized of the child's interest in me. I told my uncle and Doctor Merea, told them again and again, I was afraid that forcing me on her this way was bad—bad! But they were so sure. I didn't suppose women could be hurt so horribly. Nothing was too bad for Bannister! He deserved hell!"

His voice grew so loud I feared Barbara would hear. I touched his arm, pressed it. "Sh-h! Be careful, Mr. Evans, be careful! Remember, you are here to consider Jean only as your uncle's patient, and her present condition, not what happened in the past. It isn't our part to judge the dead."

"Yes, yes. I know." His pale face slowly reddened to the color of his sunburned nose and cheek bones. "But tell me, Mrs. Douglas, what do you think about it all—now, since she's seen me?" He told me quickly about their meeting in Jim Hatton's office. "What do you think?" he repeated.

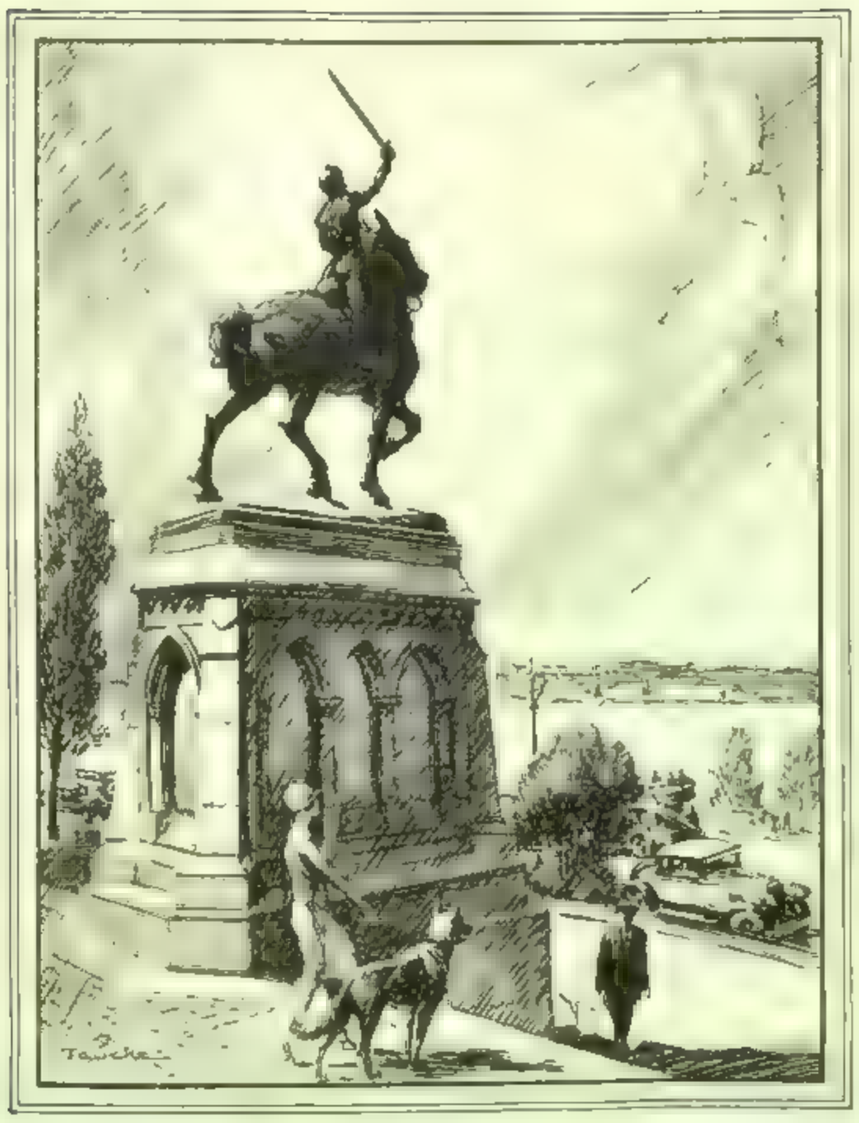
"I'm not able to think anything yet. I was terribly frightened for a while after she came home this morning. How did she act with you? Did she mention her husband?"

"Not by name. She was amazingly frank; said she thought best to tell me at the outset that she didn't want ever to see me again; said circumstances that she couldn't explain to me made me extremely distasteful to her—all that sort of thing. Said she'd rather have her daughter dead than damned by a taste for my type of man. But she said everything quietly—too quietly, I guess. But—but the thing is, Mrs. Douglas, shall we go on with it? Shall I stay? Can she stand it? God knows, I don't care if she shoots me. But we might better do anything than make a murderess of her. . . . Oh, the devil! There's that Bethlehem, always watching like a witch."

"Do go now, do!" I urged him. "We shouldn't ever speak of these things here." I held out my hand, but I had to tell him to take it so that we might shake hands stiffly, for Bethlehem's benefit. "Now make some ordinary remark to Bethlehem, and talk to Jerusalem on the way home—about possums. You'll give us away, surely, if you look like a criminal." He went hastily, and Barbara waved to him until he landed.

(Continued on Page 32)

Five-hundred color and upholstery combinations • • fifty body styles and types



Due to its performance supremacy, Cadillac has long been distinctively individual—in a class apart as The Standard of The World.

Now Cadillac records a great new success in the personalization of the motor car, by presenting the new, 90-degree, Cadillac in 50 Body Styles and Types, in 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations.

Thus each Cadillac, while one with all Cadillacs in precision and fineness of manufacture, is a triumph of distinctive individuality, affording unequaled opportunity for personal selection in style and color.

• •

The confident trust of an ever growing public

The remembrance of what Cadillac always has been upsets in the average buyer's mind the most ardent competitive claims of equality. The proof of what it is, as exemplified in the soul-satisfying performance of the new 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac, brings all argument or discussion to an abrupt close.

Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 30)

Jean did not wait until five o'clock for me to ring for her. Jerusalem had no sooner returned with the boat and gone to the grove than she called to me softly, so as not to waken Barbara from her nap. I put on my wide straw hat and garden gloves and took a big basket, as if I thought she merely wanted my help in gathering some vegetables for market.

She watched me come down the stairs, every step, her forehead wrinkled, seeming to speculate on my inmost thoughts. There seemed nothing irrational about her. Instead, an air of reckless resolution gave her a quixotic pose as she stood waiting for me in the shade of a shining live oak, her booted foot set on a shovel she had brought from the field with her. She took my basket and flung it aside with the shovel.

"My dear, we will a-rowing go," she said lightly. "To hang with the old vegetables! Cousin Kate's going to be very generous and insist we go traveling." My heart sank. It felt like a rock in my chest. What mood was I going to have to combat now, and with what weapon? I said nothing, and we went silently to the little wharf, got in the boat and she rowed downstream. "I'm seeing to it that you won't have any Bethlehem to call on this time to help you spank me," she told me as gravely as if she were in earnest; and then, swiftly, doggedly—"Margo, I've got to go away! I thought this morning I should have to. I know it now!"

"Jean, you can't go away from yourself; that's what you'd be trying to do."

"I can go away from the self that that man makes me. And I have to, Margo, I have to!"

"You can't really mean, Jean, that you'd risk Barbara's very life just at this time, when Doctor Merea's so sure these next six months do mean life or death to her."

She kept on rowing, easily, rhythmically, her eyes looking over my right shoulder in an unseeing stare. All that I said to her came from no previous determination whatever.

Words came to my mouth, and I heard them as objectively as Jean herself.

"I'd as soon Barbara'd die, Margo," she said, "as to have her grow any more attached to this Evans person than she already is. I can't explain it to you now. Some day—I think I can after I'm far enough away."

"But where, Jean—where would you go?"

She had her plans firmly formulated: "First to Chicago—tomorrow. We won't take anything except our bags; I'll buy tickets only to Tampa, from here. We can get everything we need in Chicago. Then San Francisco, or Portland if I decide it seems wiser; then through the canal—and France."

"But, Jean, my dear, my dear! France is full of dark-eyed men. If you're determined to let this obsession control your life, why not hide in Norway or Sweden?" She gave me a swift incredulous glance.

"Margo, are—are you making fun of me?"

"No, Jean, I'm very much in earnest. And I have every sympathy with you. But I'm not going to allow your highly emotional moods to lead me into an irrational, abnormal view of the tragedy in your life. I'm positive—absolutely positive, that you're entirely capable of overcoming this hatred instead of letting it conquer you. And you've got to do it, Jean!"

"Oh, Margo, you so little, little realize what—what you're saying. I can never overcome it—never, if I'm constantly thinking of it, as I should be with that man about. It will be interesting to travel, Margo. Oh, you will come with me! Surely you meant what you said this morning about—about there being nothing else more important to you."

She suddenly looked directly into my eyes with an imploring little smile. It is impossible to describe how dear she had become to me in her need of me. My heart went out to her as helplessly and maternally as it had used to do when my own child came blindly and believingly to me for the healing of hurts he could confide to no one else. But she must be kept here!

"You are so very dear to me, Jean, and I meant what I said, so sincerely that I cannot think of permitting you to go away."

"Permitting me to, Margo?" she repeated with the faintest touch of ironical insolence.

"Exactly that, Jean." Again, as in the morning, when I had heard my own voice challenging her mood and defying my own fear of the situation, I felt the controlling power of self-confidence. "Your mother's money gave you a very dangerous independence. But when you lost control of yourself to the extent of shooting a man—with the intent of killing him, as you yourself admitted to me—you legally forfeited that independence. Your father, whom you are so bitter against, wants to save you. That is why I am here. His pride would never have let him send for me except for you."

"Save me from what, Margo?"

My throat seemed to tighten against my words, but I forced them out, slowly and firmly: "From being legally pronounced insane and restrained forcibly from doing just such wild things as you're talking about."

Her feathering oars whispered over the water. She flushed and then grew very pale. I could feel little hot prickings all over me, but I sat still and waited for her eyes to meet mine. It seemed a very long time before she said, in a low, unsteady, but convincing voice, "I can thwart that pretty plan very simply—by merely killing myself."

Again my quick words hurt my own ears: "You might better kill yourself, Jean, than be free to kill others. But you'll do neither. If I weren't so absolutely certain of it I wouldn't want you to stay here." She rowed more swiftly, saying nothing, and I hurried on with any words that came to me, trying to get all said that I could before my courage waned: "We can't flee from trouble that lies within ourselves, Jean; we've got to fight it. This young man is entirely innocent of every ridiculous motive you imagine in him, and ——"

"Margo, don't you know—can't you realize that that man didn't just happen along this isolated creek? His type of man isn't passionately fond of pups and parrots and pets and sick children. Oh, Margo, he's here for money—money! It wouldn't be six weeks before even you'd be able to see his program begin to betray itself. You've lived a life where his kind of man probably doesn't exist. He's an adventurer, a—a ——"

"Jean, he's nothing of the kind! Living in a small town all my life hasn't blighted my common sense and intuition. Perhaps he will fall in love with you, if that's ——"

"Pretend to fall in love with me, Margo! Yes, that's exactly what he would do! And I tell you I can't bear even the thought of it! The horrible, horrible humiliation

(Continued on Page 89)

She Put Her Foot Cautiously to the Floor, Stood an Instant Actually Shimmering in Beauty

What CHRYSLER Standardized Quality *Means*

By J. E. Fields

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods.

Chrysler Standardized Quality is a fixed and inflexible quality standard which enforces the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80".

Thus "purchaser's risk" is eliminated. The purchaser is assured of absolute safety. He knows that every Chrysler—from the lowest-priced to the highest-priced—is the supreme value in its class. That the value of each is unquestionable.

BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

CHRYSLER

"50 – 60 – 70 – 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

Loose Islands and Lax Courts

By Walton Green

Chief Prohibition Investigator

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

TWO of the greatest obstacles to prohibition enforcement in America today are the foreign sellers at the beginning of the traffic and some of the American courts at the end of it.

All our immediate foreign neighbors, continental as well as insular, have been acting as receiving stations and advanced bases for the huge volume of European liquor which is still smuggled into the country. These lands and these islands are the true Rum Rows of today, far safer, far cheaper and far more convenient for the American bootie than the old floating Rum Row which they have displaced.

Now the amateur demand for imported liquor is not what it used to be. The American tummy is becoming cynically hardened to cut liquor. Still and all, the big rings and the big cutting plants and the big chain-store speak-easy systems must have their imported essence—if for nothing more than to prime the pump which furnishes the flood of domestic denatured. The professional demand is still great, and the professional supply is still near at hand.

"The law of supply and demand operates with smuggled liquor precisely as it does with any lawful commodity," said a celebrated importer—a British subject who resides and does business in a certain West Indian island.

Five years ago this gentleman was a postwar supernumerary, jobless, broke and hopeless. Today he lives in a great white tropical palace. He has a hundred blacks to do his bidding. His liquor warehouses straggle around the palm-fringed shores of the lagoonlike harbor. He is reputed to have tucked away something in the neighborhood of £500,000.

"Yes," continues the importer, shifting comfortably in his deck chair, "I can sit here and flood your bally country with spirits. I break no laws. I only make it easy for you hypocrites in the States to break your own laws. Supply and demand, that's all. You demand in spite of your laws, and I supply; and you pay through the nose. All this bribery and corruption you're grousing about is added to the cost. But I don't add it. You add it with your crooked police and your prohibition johnnies, and the ultimate consumer pays it."

This particular importer, as it happens, actually is within the law. He imports from Europe by steamer, pays a stiff tax to the local government and sells his liquor from his own warehouses. But he owns no schooners and engages in no smuggling. He is only a hundred-odd miles off the American coast, but technically he is as innocent as though he did business from the countingroom of a Scottish distillery.

Enforcement by Prosecution is Too Often a Farce

International Taxes for Americans

THIS man is an exception. Most of the hovering foreigners who ring the continental United States with their liquor-supply dumps sooner or later become involved in direct smuggling. They can't resist the lure of the two-way profit. They commence by sending in a few boatloads of their own, or by having their own supercargoes ride American-owned hovering schooners with credit whisky which is not to be paid for until it has been safely landed. Pretty soon they are bootleggers in the biggest and worst sense of the word. Liquor, like narcotics, knows no distinction of race or country. The international rings are really international, racially as well as geographically.

How much American booze money has gone into the pockets of this international parasite class it is impossible even to estimate. It's all sheer guesswork founded on rumor. But quite aside from the profits of individuals, very substantial profits have accrued to some of the smaller governments through the levying of import taxes on liquor in transit for America.

Take first the Bahamas. Here is a 600-mile long archipelago of some 3000 coral islands and keys, paralleling the Florida coast and scarcely more than a hundred miles offshore at the nearest point. Only thirty of the keys are inhabited. The principal island is New Providence, with a very real little harbor and the equally real town of Nassau.

In the year 1918 Nassau was a dull, straggling, unkempt town. The streets were unpaved and without electric lights. There was no ice plant and very little modern sanitation. The principal industries were pulling sponges off the rocks and waiting for the few American tourists who turned up each winter. The Bahama budget always showed a deficit.

Five years has changed all this. The government has paid off its debt and has real money in the bank. Nassau boasts paved streets, electric lights, ice plants, harbor dredges and all the fixings of the modern community. There are hotels and golf courses, cafés and tea rooms and curio shops. The people are prosperous, and the liquor dealers are prosperous and have built themselves great flamboyant castles on the low hills back of the town.

As usual, it is impossible to estimate private profits. But the profit to the Bahaman Government is a matter of record. In 1918, the Bahamas received 20,654 gallons of liquor from Great Britain alone. Since prohibition this reached 518,164 gallons in 1923—a twenty-five-fold increase from this source alone, to say nothing of the German and French importations.

All whisky smuggled into the United States has paid a duty to the Bahaman Government of $5.84 a case of a dozen quarts. Before prohibition this import tax amounted to about $90,000 a year. Now it totals around $3,500,000, which represents an increase of nearly forty times. This, mind you, is merely the tax, not the total value of the liquor.

What it amounts to arithmetically and economically is that the Bahaman Government is shaking down its resident bootleggers to the tune of more than $3,000,000 a year. Not bad pickings for a scattered fringe of coral reefs with a population of 53,000, more than 80 per cent of which is black.

The American drinker is paying this tax; all told his Bahaman liquor costs him over $30,000,000 a year by the time he has paid taxes, handling and bribery charges all along the line—starting with a legitimate first cost of six or eight dollars a case in Europe and winding up at sixty and over in an American speak-easy.

Profitable Imports

NOW it's not fair to pick on the Bahamas alone. They have a better chance, that is all. They enjoy an incomparable geographic opportunity to fatten off a trade that is unlawful for us, but quite legal for them. The Bahamans were pirates 400 years ago because they had hundreds of bays and islands to hide in. They were blockade runners in the Civil War because of their nearness to Southern ports. Today they are rum runners for both of these most excellent and somewhat condonable reasons.

As a matter of fact, all the islands in the Antilles do all the liquor smuggling they can. The volume of the business is determined only by opportunity and proximity to our coasts.

The Barbadoes, Haiti, Trinidad, Dutch Curaçao, and the French islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe—all small fry to be sure, but each and every one is doing its bit to help the hated Americano break his own laws.

The many-hued polyglots beneath the Southern Cross have a moral edge on us at last. Can one blame them if they play it to a fare thee well?

Cuba, like the Bahamas, is in a class by herself. Her harbors teem with American-armed, foreign-flagged rum schooners. Her underworld is dominated by American bootleggers, dope runners, and alien smugglers. She is the one greatest alcohol ammunition dump and advanced base for all the Southeastern and Gulf ports of the United States.

Cuba has always sent us a lot of Marti and Bacardi, but since prohibition the amount has increased tenfold. And when that tenfold reaches this country it is cut and expanded until it is well-nigh a hundredfold. But the most significant figures are her imports of British whisky. In 1918, Cuba took in 3529 gallons of British liquor. Nowadays she imports about 167,000 gallons a year. The difference between these two figures, translated into bottles and dollars at American bootleg prices, represents what our arid classes have to pay just for British spirits alone—to say nothing of the innumerable other liquors—which come to them through Havana.

Mexico is in like case with the others so far as her British whisky imports are concerned. In 1918 she was importing 2955 gallons. Five years later she was taking in 120,866 gallons a year. This was a fortyfold increase, most of it finally smuggled through to us.

But there is this to say for Mexico: Most of the liquor coming from there is smuggled across the international border, and relatively little goes by water. Now unless a country imposes a punitive export duty, which is rare, she lacks the actual mechanism for preventing outgoing border smuggling. But in sea smuggling the country of origin

(Continued on Page 37)

S W I F T

Now already measured for you

—*this* lard so *long the favorite*

NO LONGER do you need to bother packing and leveling measuring cups or spoons when you bake or fry—no longer are there unnecessary soiled utensils to wash. Now this favorite lard comes in a new convenient form—already measured. All that you need to do is to mark the print as shown on the flap of the carton and cut off just the amount you need.

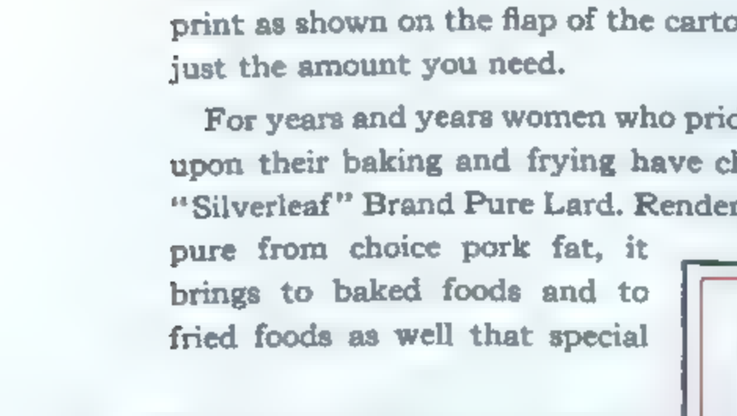
For years and years women who pride themselves upon their baking and frying have chosen Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered sweet and pure from choice pork fat, it brings to baked foods and to fried foods as well that special delicacy of flavor which makes them taste extra good. Always creamy smooth, it mixes easily with other ingredients, giving exceptional lightness and tenderness. Then, too, it heats quickly and evenly, frying foods thoroughly and browning them just right.

To make sure of having just the delicate flavor you want in baked or fried foods, use "Silverleaf." Ask for it already measured in the new carton as shown below. Your dealer has it in this convenient form as well as in pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds. Remember to look for the Swift name and the silver leaves on the label to make sure you are really getting "Silverleaf."

Swift & Company

When you open the carton, simply mark the amount you require by following the diagram on the flap

Now by following your own mark, you can quickly and accurately cut off the exact amount you need



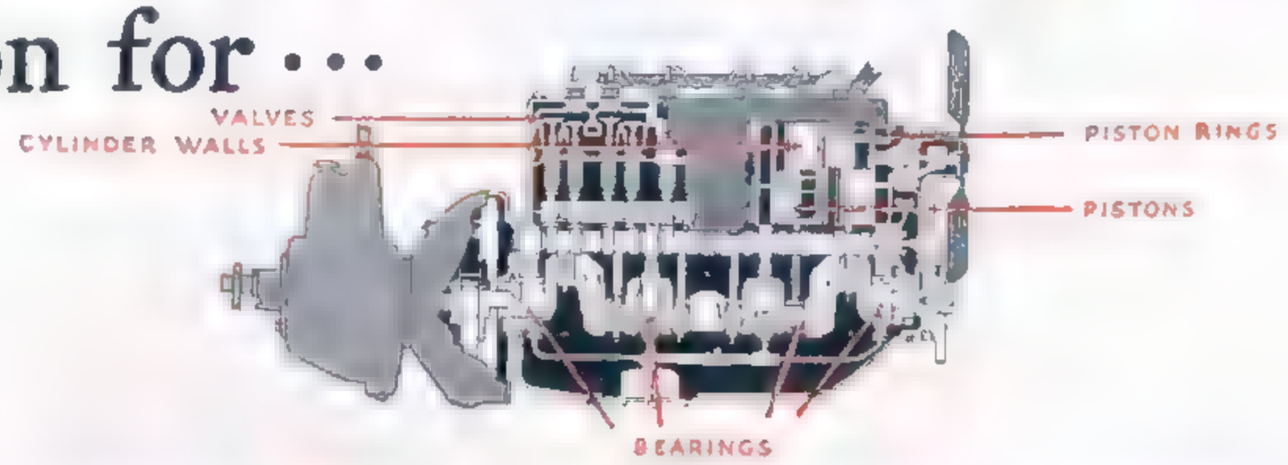
This exclusive new "Silverleaf" carton saves you all the old bother of packing measuring cups and spoons. You just score the top of the lard as shown on the flap of the carton and cut the EXACT amount you need

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

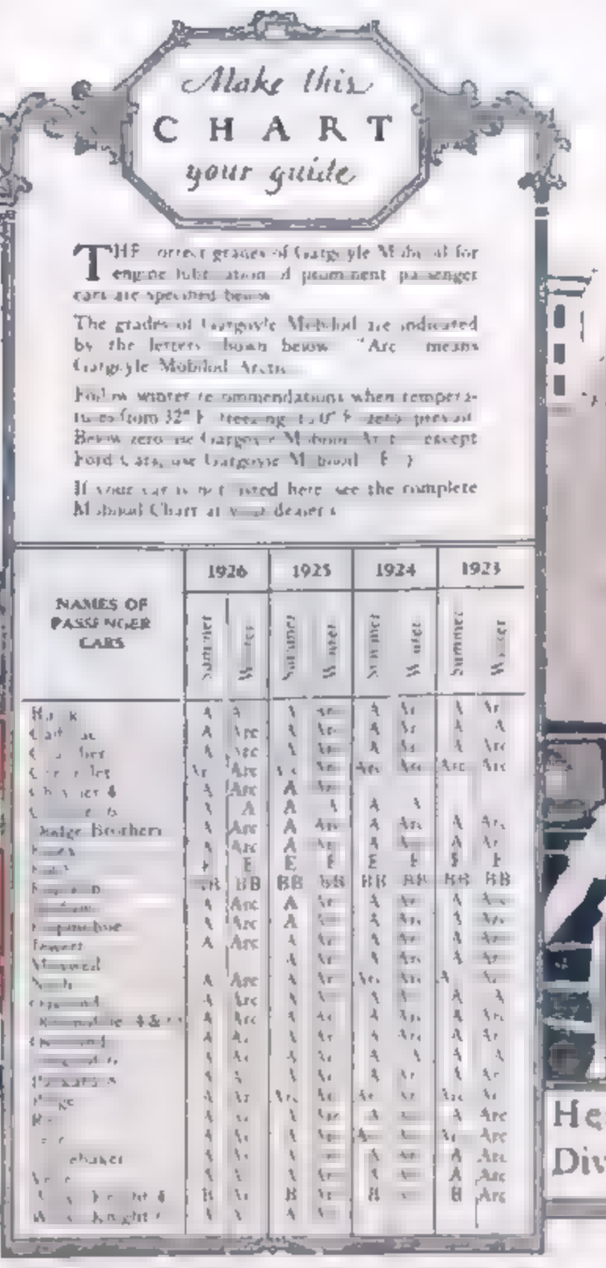
"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

How big does 5¢ look to you? Big enough to risk the good service you get from your car?

Mobiloil costs you only 5¢ more per quart than ordinary oil. But this extra 5¢ buys Mobiloil protection for ···



3 out of every 4 motorists who ask for oil by name, ask for Mobiloil, because ···


Make this
CHART
your guide
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below
The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. freezing to 0° F. zero prevail Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil E
If your car is not listed here see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's
NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS
1926
1925
1924
1923
Summer
Winter

Mobiloil has kept down their repair bills. Mobiloil has cut down their carbon. Mobiloil has given them more power and greater quiet.

60 years' experience in lubrication is behind every quart of Mobiloil. And 42 Mobiloil engineers specify the grade that is correct for your car in the Mobiloil Chart. This Chart has the approval of 609 automotive manufacturers.

The Mobiloil dealer has the complete Chart. Through it he will guide you to the lowest-priced lubrication.

30¢ a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Vacuum Oil Company

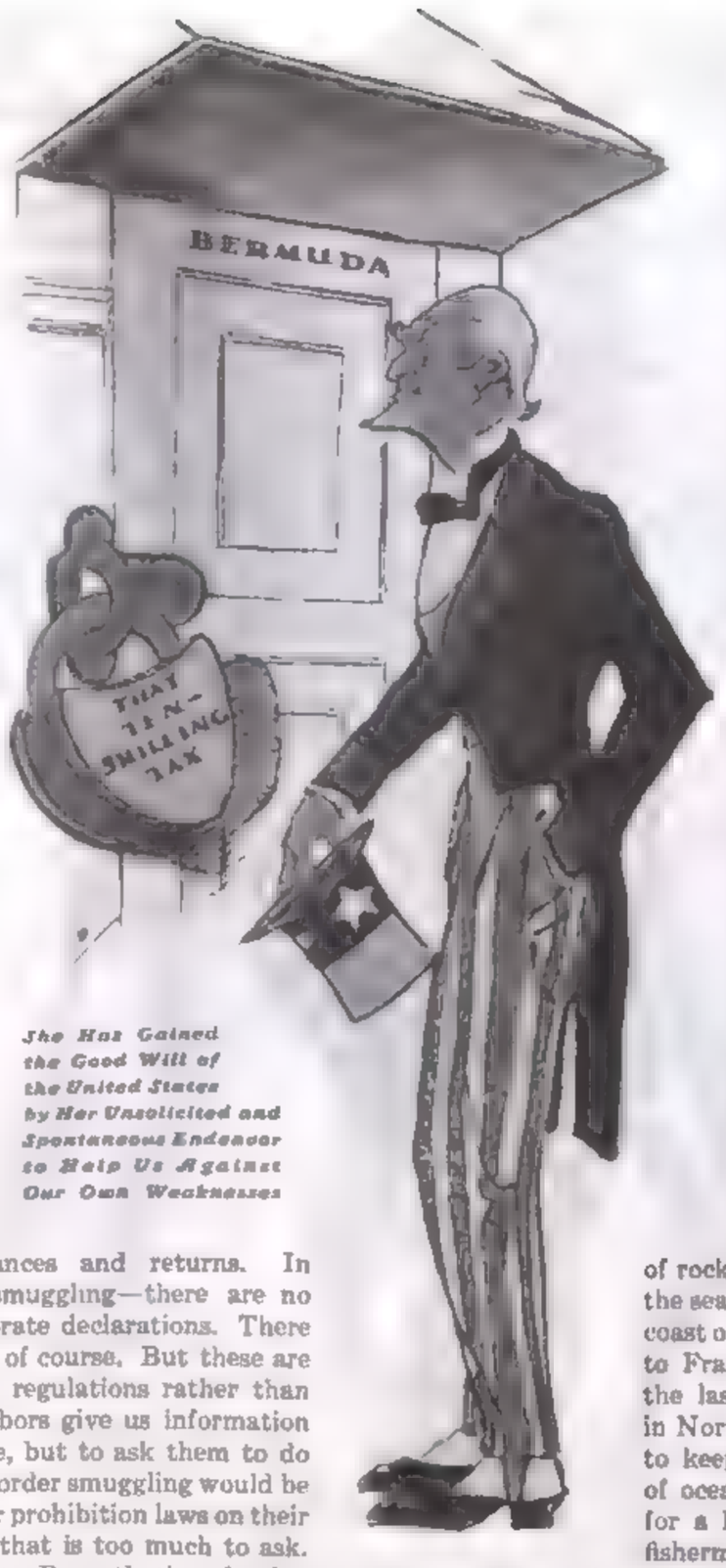
Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

(Continued from Page 34)

cannot help but know the true destination of all the rum-laden schooners which so blandly sail for far-distant and fictitious ports and then return empty in a few days. It's a question of degree of responsibility and connivance, of course. But it's fair to say that while it would be an easy matter for any responsible government to stop at the source the present wholesale frauds against their own maritime laws, it would be almost impossible for the best-intentioned neighboring government to end the outwardbound land smuggling.

Foreign Aid

IN THE first case—the case of sea smuggling—our neighbors can, if they really wish, prevent their ports being used as smuggling bases by merely enforcing their own maritime laws against false registration, clearances and returns. In the second case—land smuggling—there are no masters' oaths and elaborate declarations. There are shipping regulations, of course. But these are commercial and railroad regulations rather than criminal law. Our neighbors give us information and assistance, to be sure, but to ask them to do much more than this in border smuggling would be to ask them to enforce our prohibition laws on their side of the border. And that is too much to ask.



She Has Gained the Good Will of the United States by Her Unsolicited and Spontaneous Endeavor to Help Us Against Our Own Weaknesses

Canada is a case in point. Recently there has been much talk of investigating, and a ministry has actually fallen on the issue of border rum smuggling. But the real scandal, as we see it, is the wholesale winking at fraudulent clearances from the maritime provinces, and not the retail graft which the Canadian press is charging in connection with the border.

Canada is not a simple arithmetical problem like the Bahamas. She makes a lot of liquor and imports a lot of liquor. But the Canadian Government has no import tax as such on liquor which is obviously in transit for smuggling. Canada has her own liquor troubles with different laws in the several provinces, which makes the whole thing very complex. But the government makes no profit out of illicit liquor exports, great though the volume of this traffic is.

The Canadian Government's figures for the past fiscal year show $17,995,758 worth of liquor officially exported to the United States. All this is theoretically and officially in bonded transit through the United States for other destinations. But in these days we may safely defy any bottle of liquor to get out of the United States once it is in. This nearly $18,000,000 worth is Canadian prices. Translate that into retail bootleg prices, and the sum we finally pay our booties for the essence from this source alone will run into three or four times as many millions as it costs in Canada.

There are official and admitted exports—most of them by rail or across the Great Lakes. But Canada today is a vast reservoir of stored-up liquor which has been brought from Europe, and which only waits on ships and opportunity to find its way out of the maritime ports and down our coasts. Halifax, Lunenburg, St. John—their harbors are full of the same types of coasting vessels, oftentimes the selfsame schooners, that one sees in the harbors of the West Indies.

But where the liquor lightning struck hardest and richest was on the French islands of St.-Pierre and Miquelon. Here are a couple of rocky, barren islands jutting up out of the sea in Fortune Bay, on the southwest coast of Newfoundland. They were ceded to France in 1814, and they represent the last vestige of French sovereignty in North America. She has been allowed to keep them these 112 years as a sort of ocean squatting place for a handful of French fishermen who still cling to their rocks and seaweed while they drag a meager livelihood from the shoals of the Grand Banks. The islands were worthless for anything but a fishing base—until prohibition.

But nowadays the gaunt rocks are laced with lines of warehouses, and the tramp steamers converge upon the islands from England and France and Canada and Scotland and Italy. And the sturdy fishermen have forsaken their tubs and trawls and have gone to work on the schooners and in the warehouses. The place is a beehive of bottling and cutting and sacking and shipping.

But there is one island—Bermuda—which really deserves credit. For several years she served as a sea base like the rest of them, neither better nor worse. Then the Bermudians decided that the profits were not worth the company they had to keep and that they would cease pandering to the appetites of America. They proceeded to lift themselves by their own bootleg straps, so to speak. They clapped an export tax of ten shillings on each case of liquor that left the islands—this, of course, in addition to the import duty.

Rum Row on Dry Land

THE extra tax was just enough to knock some of the profit out of deep-water smuggling and to drive the booties to those nearer and less fastidious islands of which we have spoken. There are those who are unkind enough to suggest that because of her great distance offshore Bermuda made something of a virtue of necessity. However that may be, Bermuda got rid of her riffraff element of bootleggers and hijackers and began to attract an increasing number of all-year-round tourists. Furthermore, she has gained the good will of the United States by her unsolicited and spontaneous endeavor to help us against our own weaknesses.

The United States is contiguous to a parasitic fringe of islands which has taken the place of the old Rum Row. It is cheaper to build storage sheds on dry land

Continued on Page 109

Criminal Technic Has Improved Much Faster Than Enforcement Technic

SKEETS LOSES A BET

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

HE WALKED into it—that's what he did, and I couldn't see why I should stay off handing him a jolt or two. They always did give me a big ache, these birds that play themselves as true Southern gents and let on to be so much better'n anybody else. It's the bunk. But somehow I never had a chance to show one up before; not when it was safe, anyhow.

So when I spots who he is, this old boy with the curly gray hair, the heavy shoulders and the shiny frock coat, I starts trailing him down toward the public pier. Not that I needed a close-up to make sure it was him. Say, I bet there ain't another head like that in the whole country. Kinda like a lion's, you know; big and set on a short neck, and he carries it bold and high. A chesty old party always; even now, in a shabby suit, with a bamboo fish pole over his shoulder, tramping down on a hot April morning to catch flounders and sailor's-choice off the pier end.

Some comedown for the judge, when you remember how he used to do it. Then it was nothing less than a yacht and a party of friends when he got word that the kingfish and Spanish mackerel was running in the Gulf.

"All right, Ben," he'd tell the stable boss, "I'm off for Florida. Take good care of those bay fillies and keep the cribbing strap on Sir Totten until he stops his foolishness. Don't wire any offers for Buford Belle either. She's my Derby entry and isn't for sale at any price."

"I Saw More Than That," Says He. "Take Off Those Colors and Get Out of My Sight"

At that, he'd make a final round of the stalls, climb into a big red touring car and go tearing into Lexington to catch the Dixie Flyer, while us stable boys would pull our goose-neck sweaters up around our chins and think what a lucky stiff he was.

Them was the days when all Bonnie Mead, from stud to pasture, was supposed to belong to Judge Buford McQuillan; and if he didn't act the part nobody ever did. 'Course, there was plenty other stock farms there in the heart of the blue-grass district that was bigger and better run, but no boss that I ever met who made more of a splash; especially when we sent our string around to different meets—palace box cars with trainers' quarters, padded motor vans to take 'em from the siding to the track, and a suite at the best hotel for the judge.

Now look at him! Toting a fish pole and wearing a rusty black coat! No farm, no stables, not much of anything left, so far as I can hear. Let it all slip away from him, they tell me. Mighty poor head for business, the judge had. A run of sour luck too. He did know a horse though. Twice while I was with him I saw one of our three-year-olds ridden in for the big money at Churchill Downs, but not with our colors up. He'd have 'em all picked beforehand, too, trained and conditioned to a hair, and then the next thing you'd know he'd sold the pride of the stable. Got hard pushed for cash, I expect, and turned loose his best just at the wrong time. Even so, he might have got something back by placing a few big bets. But would he? Not a dollar on any but his own entries. No wonder he went broke.

I wasn't there for the crash, didn't even know it was coming, for I must have left Bonnie Mead five or six years before. And I got through in sort of a hurry. You see, we had a little difference, the judge and me. It was the second season I wore the silk, Ben Cooley having talked the boss into giving me a mount and my bringing in Miss Dee for a first in the maidens at Charleston. That should have made me ace high with the judge, but somehow it didn't. He never trusted me, not out and out, as he did some of his other jockeys. Told Ben I had a shifty eye and too many tricks up my sleeve.

As though you could live around stables and tracks all your life without getting wise to a few things! But Ben knew I could get more speed out of Miss Dee than anybody else in the outfit, so he puts me up on her at the Lexington meet. She had a walk-away for the third too. I don't deny that, even if she did stand 5 to 1 on the board. But I wasn't to blame, was I, if someone slips me a couple of fifties and a few instructions? Besides, I didn't know the judge was in the stand that day. Thought he'd gone to Louisville. He hadn't, though, and when I finished a bad fourth he met me at the gate, them blue-gray eyes of his as cold as two lumps of ice.

"What happened in the back stretch?" he demands.

"Didn't you see?" says I. "I was trying to take the rail and got pocketed."

"I saw more than that," says he. "Take off those colors and get out of my sight."

It was on his orders, too, that I got kicked out of the stable and was put on the black list. Yes, he did all he could to break me, and he came mighty near making a job of it, I'll say.

Two years I was on the rocks—two ragged, hungry years before I could sneak back, flagging under another name and always with my neck stretched for someone that might give me away.

Here I am, though, riding the world, all dolled up like a sporty real estater—check suit, silk shirt, white buck shoes, fancy band on my straw hat—and with a robin's-egg blue speedster parked in front of the San Miro. Also here's the judge, looking like a tin-can tourist who's got to catch a mess of fish for dinner or go hungry. Was I going to pass an opening like that? Not me!

Having located about where he had hung up on the pier and seen him unlimber the fish pole, I walks back to the San Miro, lights a panetela maduro, jumps into the car and drives down until my front fender almost touches his elbow. "Well, how they biting today, judge?" I calls out.

He turns in the slow, dignified way of his, gives me a casual glance, and says, "I really can't say, sir. I have just come, sir."

Not that I expected he would know me. "Don't remember me—eh, judge?" says I.

With that he gives me another look, shakes his big head slow and says, "I'm afraid you have the advantage of me, sir. My memory is not quite what it used to be."

"Well," says I, "it's been ten or a dozen years, judge, but I expect you haven't altogether wiped me off the slate. See if this helps you out any—Skeets Garvey."

"Garvey?" says he, letting the name sink in. "Ah, yes! Skeets Garvey. You're the one I caught pulling a horse in the back stretch."

"You don't think I was the only jock ever slowed a winner, do you, judge?" says I.

He stares out at one of those foolish pelicans squinting down his bill from the top of a spile, then he hunches his shoulders, turns to me and says, "I presume you're right, Garvey. There was a lot of that going on—still is, I've no doubt. And you may have been no worse than some of the other boys. It was my policy, however, to deal promptly with any that I caught at it. I believe I did so in your case."

"You sure did, judge," says I. "That was a long time ago, though, and I don't lay it up against you. Always claimed you was a square boss."

"Thank you, Garvey," says he. "I did have certain principles which I tried to live up to. I have them yet—and that's about all."

"Yes," says I, "I heard you'd sort of lost out."

He nods. "And you, Garvey? You seem prosperous."

"I can't complain," says I, leaning back against the striped upholstery and patting the steering wheel.

He looks me over, takes in my new regalia and the shiny car and says, "May I ask what line you're in now, Garvey?"

"Oh," says I, "I'm still at the racing game."

"Races?" says he. "Yes, I did hear they had something of the kind, but I understood that the season was over."

"Not ours," says I. "We got two more weeks yet. . . . Say, judge, how long since you been to a race?"

He shakes his head kind of sad. "It has been five—no, nearer six years," says he. "There have been—ah—circumstances which did not permit."

"I get you," says I. "But listen, how about letting me run you out to one tonight?"

"Races at night! I never heard of such a thing, sir."

"Oh, we pull a lot of new stunts in Florida," says I. "Got to amuse the tourists somehow, you know. So we have a track all lit up; a good one too. Better let me show you—as my guest, you understand. Eh?"

It's plain enough he's tempted, but something holds him back. Maybe he's too stiff-necked to take that much from an ex-jockey—one he's fired. Anyhow, he thanks me polite and says perhaps he'd better not. But by that time

(Continued on Page 40)

Princely Beauty Adorns a Mechanical Masterpiece

The style and charm of Buick's new models have won America.

These new cars are most striking in their rich dress of Coronation Duco. Whether your taste calls for a spirited sport model, or one of the graceful Fisher Body closed cars, the Buick you choose will win your warm approval by its princely beauty.

All models, open and closed, are smarter in line, lower in profile and furnished in luxurious new patterns of upholsteries and interiorware.

And this beauty identifies and adorns performance to thrill your heart—performance that startled the motor car industry.

People who have driven Buicks for years —people who have owned much more expensive cars—are amazed by the fluid-smoothness of travel in this new Buick.

Vital improvements and refinements in the famous Valve-in-Head Engine have made it literally *vibrationless beyond belief, at every speed.*

A prince's ransom could buy no more princely car. It is the Greatest Buick Ever Built. If you haven't driven it, do it today!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · · · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 38)

I'd got it all framed up how I could hand another jolt to the judge. "Ah, come ahead!" says I. "There'll be somebody else there that maybe you'll remember."

"Yes?" says he, careless.

"Delphine," says I.

And, say, that got him jerking his chin up. "You—you don't mean Delphine Dorr, do you?" says he.

"Nobody else," says I, watching him close.

Honest, I didn't know it would work so well. They never get too old, do they? Of course, I couldn't say how much there ever was between him and Delphine, but they certainly was chummy when I was at Bonnie Mead. The Dorrs had the next place to ours, although it wasn't much of a stock farm. But Pat Dorr, when he was sober and not too lazy, did turn out a few likely yearlings every spring, and now and then one that got in the money.

There was nothing second-rate about Delphine though. She was sound in wind and limb, she had good action, she was —— Well, you know what I mean. One of your Kentucky beauties, Delphine was. A little on the plump, maybe; and full chested, well thighed, high colored. What you might call an odds-on favorite, especially with the men, from stable hands to owners. Not a dressy drawing-room belle, understand. Tailored riding togs was what she generally wore, with sometimes a soft felt hat on her black hair, but oftener not. But as she swung through the stands or out to the paddock she had many a head turned. Never seemed to know it, though, or let on if she did. What she was interested in was horses—always horses. Oh, she was friendly enough with all of us, and she seemed as much at home among us as if she'd been our kind. Also, if she found you in bad shape from too much bourbon, or in the dumps, or off your feed, she'd stop and dose you up, or give you a chirky word or some good advice. So we was all strong for Delphine.

Not excepting Judge McQuillan. He was a widower at the time, and maybe forty to Delphine's twenty-five. But he was a husky, vigorous old boy, and with his grayish curly hair and pink cheeks he was still a good deal of a man. Handsome, I expect you'd call him. And while he wasn't any lady killer, he knew a good looker when he saw one. So it was natural that him and Delphine, being neighbors and all that, should be more or less thick.

Later on it was more. Pat Dorr had cashed in, after one too many big sprees, and Delphine was trying to run Sandy Bottom Farm by herself. 'Course, the judge helped her all he could, which wasn't so much. Anyway, they was together a lot, him riding over there about every morning and her up at the big house for dinner nearly every night. We had it all fixed that they'd make a match of it, for once you'd seen the way the judge looked at her you could tell how he felt about it. And he certainly did spruce up mighty slick those days—a posy in his buttonhole, riding boots polished until you could see your face in 'em, and shaved as smooth as a baby. He had a bad case of it. And Delphine appeared to be mighty fond of him.

Then this Dan Collins party crashed in. Buyer for some New York plute who ran a string at Saratoga, he was, and about as dashing a young sport as ever hit Lexington. He noticed Delphine right off, and for once Delphine seemed to fall for that sort of thing. He took her out in his car, gave champagne parties for her at the hotel, sent for jewelry to give her, made a big fuss over her. And the next we heard there'd been a hurry-up wedding and she'd sold out and gone North with him.

Must have hit the judge hard, but he never let out a whimper or gave a sign. Only he stopped keeping so slicked up and for a spell there he got liquored pretty regular. Worked out of that after a month or two, though, and went around as usual, except that he didn't stop so often to yarn and joke with the boys, and had sort of a sag to his shoulders. Some of that might have been on account of the money troubles he was getting into about then. I can't say. It was that next spring him and me had our little misunderstanding and I quit.

Well, we all have our ups and downs. No need going into the next few years. I rode for three more seasons after I staged my comeback, and then I got laid off for good. I'd put on too much weight for one thing, and I was getting too old. All they want is boys in the saddle. 'Course, I stuck around the tracks, doing one thing and another—gateman, trainer, programs, almost anything that turned up.

And finally, down here in Florida, I ran across Delphine once more. She was on her own again. I never got the whole story, but I gather that she and that Collins bird didn't hook up at all well. I expect he was a good deal of a four-flusher. Anyhow, they'd split after a short tryout.

Delphine remembered me, and as she was just starting in on something that I could be useful at, she signed me on. I been with her ever since. I didn't tell the judge, but it was Delphine's blue speedster I was sitting in when I trailed him down on the pier.

Black Hawk

"Delphine!" says he, sort of to himself. "With the wild roses in her cheeks and a laugh like a mockingbird's trill." Then he seems to remember, and adds, "I suppose he is with her—that Collins fellow."

"No," says I. "Didn't you hear? They didn't make a go of it. She took her own name back and she's still Delphine Dorr. I bet she'll want to see you, judge, when she finds out you're in these parts."

You should have seen his eyes light up at that, and his heavy shoulders go square. He hauls in the fish pole. "And I," says he, "should like very much to —— Where can I find her, Garvey?"

"Your best chance of catching her," says I, "would be at the track. I could pick you up about seven."

"I should be greatly obliged if you would, Garvey," says he. "We were good friends at one time, if you remember, Delphine and I—quite good friends."

"Yes," says I. "She'll be surprised too. And I expect you'll like being together again at the races. It'll seem like old times, eh?"

"It will, God bless you," he says, kind of choky, and shakes me hearty by the hand.

So I had him write down the number of his boarding house and drove off chuckling. Oh, yes, I'd show him his fair Delphine once more; and I'd take him to races—of a sort. Maybe you've guessed. Well, we was running the dogs, Delphine and me—greyhounds. I'd never got into it if it hadn't been for her. 'Course, I'd heard about this game that seemed to be making such a hit with the winter tourists, but I'd never been near a track. You know, after following the ponies so long, it struck me as kind of cheap, low-down sport. Dog racing! Sounds that way, don't it? And even when Delphine made her proposition, I was on the point of turning it down. Guess I would if I could have connected with any other job just then. (Continued on Page 85)

"Head Him, Black Hawk! You Can Do It, Sir! Head Him, Hawk!"

"THAT THE AMERICAN FAMILY MAY HAVE, AT A MODERATE INVESTMENT, A CAR THAT GRATIFIES THEIR FINER TASTES AS WELL AS SATISFIES THEIR EVERY NEED"

From Oldsmobile's declaration of purpose, "Something is Happening in the Automotive World"

Oldsmobile Six now embodies features of known value and improvements of demonstrated worth such as . . . Larger L-Head Engine . . . Crankcase Ventilation . . . Dual Air Cleaning . . . Oil Filter . . . Harmonic Balancer . . . Three-Way Pressure Lubrication . . . Two-Way Cooling . . . Full Automatic Spark Control . . . Twin-Beam Headlights, Controlled from Steering Wheel . . . Thermostatic Charging Control . . . Tapered, Dome-Shaped Combustion Chambers . . . High Velocity, Hot Section Manifold . . . Special Design, Light Cast-Iron Pistons . . . Honed Cylinders . . . Silent Timing Chain . . . Balloon Tires . . . Exclusive Chromium Plating . . . Duco Finish . . . New beauty of line and quality in Fisher Bodies and many other features of known value.

THE added features and improvements in this imposing array, not only assure you thoroughly dependable and brilliant performance . . not only provide for even still greater operating economy and longer life . . not only typify a policy pledged to constant progress . . they verify in full measure the Oldsmobile declaration of purpose as published some weeks ago . .

". . . that the American family may have, at a moderate investment, a car that gratifies their finer tastes as well as satisfies their every need!"

OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

HIGHWAY ROBBERS

By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

JOHN B. DOE was a skillful trapper and on a certain Tuesday he entered —— Park in a Western city to stalk the only game in which he was interested—the rich. John B. Doe trapped rich men and women with the same kind of devotion that some hunters give to the search for silver fox or whales or ovis poli.

Doe carried no other weapons than a walking stick and one good witness. For him the witness was as important as an elephant hunter's express rifle. He had hunted without them, but for big game he regarded it as essential to carry an amiable witness.

Near the equestrian statue of General ——, John B. Doe found satisfactory cover on a bench that enabled him to scan the stream of automobiles flowing along the oil-blackened driveway. Later in the afternoon they would roll past more often, but for John B. Doe's purpose it was desirable to hunt when there would be less confusion.

A syringa bush that sprayed its slender rods of white blossoms out over the roadway served to conceal the hunter without seriously obstructing his own view. He wanted to catch his quarry with, as you might say, one shot.

"Yep, the Springs are Broken; It's Been Used for Hacking; Those Fenders Have Been Crumpled Again and Again; You Can Bet the Cylinders are Out of Round; But She Will Run if You Feed Her Gas, Oil, Air and Water

In a few words, what John B. Doe was hunting was some rich person against whom he could establish a claim for damages on the charge of negligence. Worthwhile victims, he knew, would be riding in almost any of the $8000—or better—automobiles that passed at the rate of about one to the hundred. For the passengers in lesser cars he had only contempt.

Good Support for a Bad Actor

AFTER about an hour on that bench Doe nudged his witness, a rather frowzy man concerning whom the hunter knew two or three facts sufficiently compromising to endow him with a satisfactory substitute for loyalty toward his patron, Mr. Doe. A car of the proper make and design was approaching.

As an actor might stand in the wings of a stage awaiting his cue, so John B. Doe stood behind his syringa bush that overhung the edge of the driveway, and his confidence might have come from a conviction that he was well rehearsed in his part. Nearer and nearer hummed the big maroon limousine, its plate glass as flawless as a jeweler's window.

The tread of the heavy tires kissing the roadway made the only perceptible sound that came from the thousands of pounds of expensive mechanism. Doe tugged gently at his cravat and then adjusted again his clutch on his walking stick.

He allowed the long hood, housing the perfect engine, and the front seat, where rode the forward-gazing chauffeur, to pass before he struck, and when he did his manner was almost negligent. He poked the ferrule end of his walking stick beneath the running board of the car so that inevitably it was crushed beneath the back wheel; but Loomis clung to the handle, so that there was a slight jar transmitted to the chauffeur and the solitary passenger in the machine and at the same time a nerve-startling splintering of wood. That was Doe's cue.

Screaming, he flung himself down on the roadway and closed his eyes. When he heard the squealing of brakes he knew that all he had to do was wait. Within a few seconds the chauffeur of the big automobile was trying to lift him to his feet; a white-mustached old gentleman, the owner of the car, was exclaiming with sincere regret; and the witness in a loud voice was berating the criminal rich that spent their days grinding the faces of the poor. It had worked like a charm, and John B. Doe would have sighed happily but for the fact that he knew it was time to moan.

"Please, please, my back!" Doe spoke through clenched teeth. His legs dangled as uselessly as if they were suspended from a scarecrow instead of from the well-dressed person of John B. Doe.

Another car had stopped and the occupants joined the three persons clustered about the form of the pseudo victim that had been tenderly lowered to the roadway, the head pillowed on the chauffeur's coat; and then there sounded the clatter of hoofs. A mounted policeman had struck off from the bridle path and was galloping up the hard-surfaced road. It was he who suggested that Doe be rushed to the hospital in the same car that had struck his walking stick.

"I was sitting right on this here bench, officer," volunteered the witness. "Here's my card." He proffered a white rectangle on which was printed a name and an address, and then solemnly and ostentatiously inserted another in the limp hand of Mr. Doe.

Rewarded

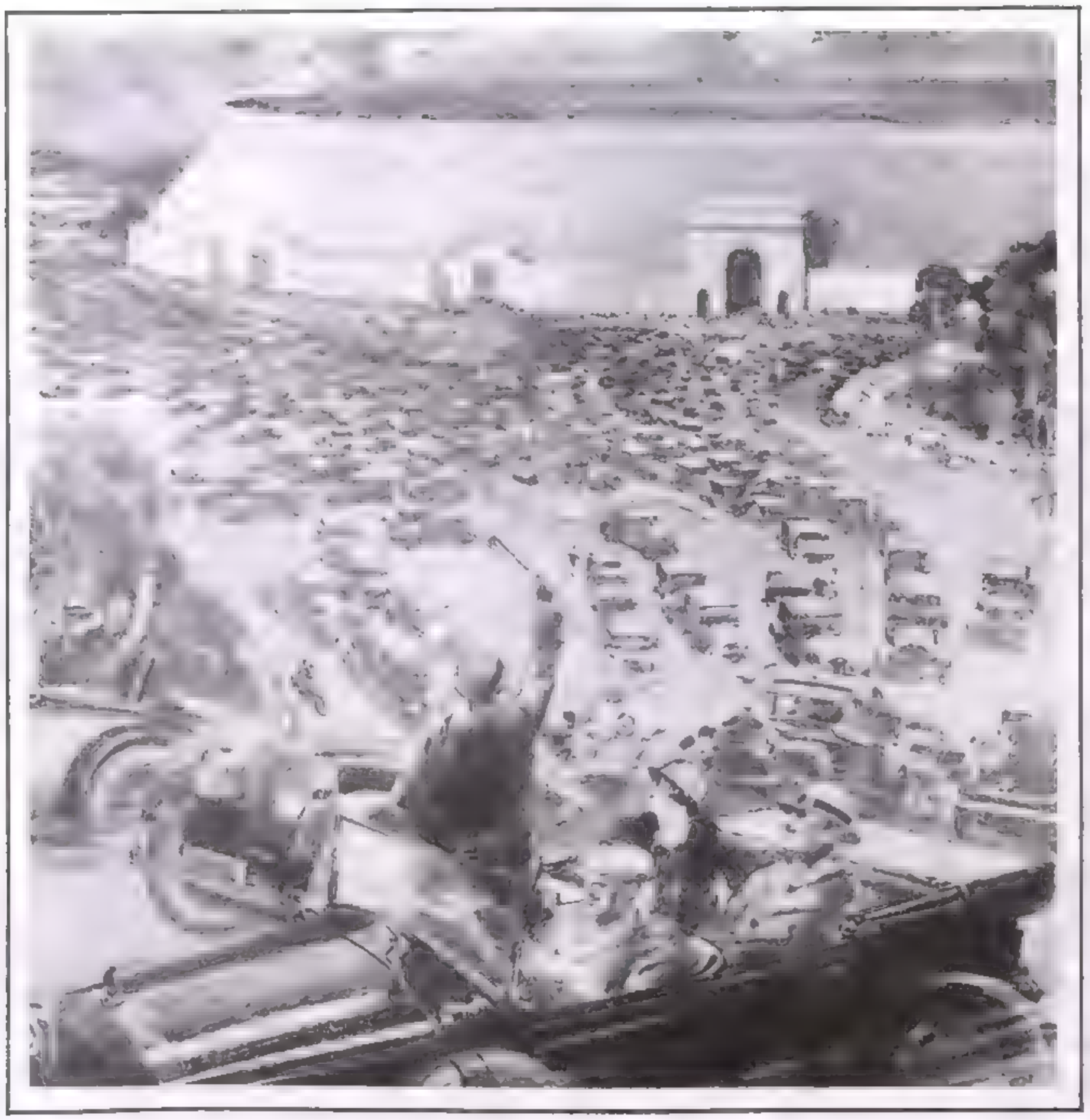
ANOTHER policeman arrived, red of face, perspiring and blowing from the effort of running up the grade. As he was unencumbered with a horse, it was decided he should go to the hospital, serve the chauffeur and the owner of the offending automobile each with a summons sometime on the journey, and at the same time see that their progress was not interfered with by other traffic policemen.

He was a warm-hearted soul, that policeman, and during the ride he clucked again and again at the pathetic efforts made by the case to detect, with pinching fingers, some feeling in those curiously unfeeling legs. But his pity was not half so rich in volume as the pity of the gentle old man who owned the automobile. He was, himself, almost in need of medical attention by the time the car reached the hospital.

Some time elapsed before John B. Doe emerged from that institution, to be propelled in a wheel chair to the court room, where his suit for $50,000 damages against the automobile owner was being tried. A jury, no more or less mawkish than most of these selections of emotional humanity, awarded a verdict of $30,000 to John B. Doe, who agreed, through his attorneys, to accept $22,000 rather than gamble for the full sum before a higher court.

Now how, you may ask, is it possible for anyone to know that John B. Doe deliberately plotted that affair in the park? For one thing, some of the doctors who had examined him became convinced that his paralysis was a form that was subject to the will; and for another, in four successive years John B. Doe brought four damage actions against four individuals or corporations for injuries which resulted in paralysis. One time when he sued for $50,000 he settled for $500. Another time he offered to settle with the persons he contended were responsible for his injuries for a mere $2500, and on yet another occasion he sued for $15,000. His legs were as effective in exciting the tender emotions of juries or the fears of claim agents as the legs of Charlie Chaplin in arousing mirth.

(Continued on Page 44)

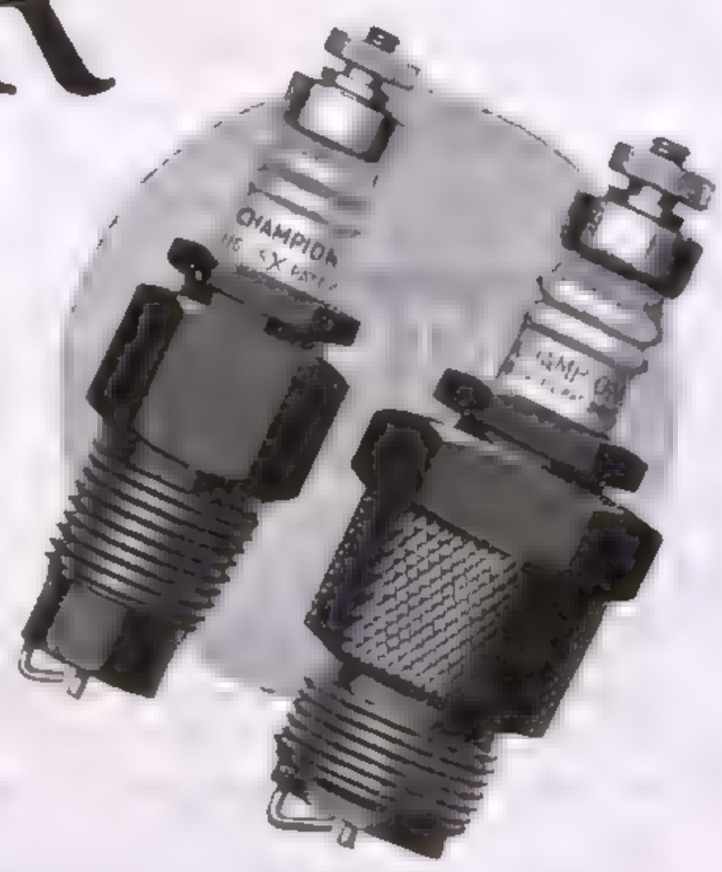


Champion Spark Plugs were equipment on the Wills Sainte Claire car which recently established a new record from San Francisco to New York City.

Champion— for cars other than Fords— packed in the Blue Box—
75 cents each.
Set of Four @ $3.00
Set of Six @ $4.50

Champion X— exclusively for Ford cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors - packed in the Red Box—
60 cents each.
Set of Four @ $2.40

BETTER



Wherever you see hundreds of motor cars gathered, you will know that two out of three of them are equipped with dependable Champions. This is because Champion is the better spark plug and is outselling throughout the world two to one.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs render better service for a longer time. But even Champions should be replaced after 10,000 miles service. Power, speed and acceleration will be restored and their cost saved many times over in less gas and oil used

(Continued from Page 42)

Sometime in his career Doe undoubtedly had suffered an injury that gave him the disposition of a rogue elephant. Possibly long weeks in a hospital enabled him to think out the details of what is now his business enterprise and gave him the time to perfect a technic in simulating almost fatal accidents, invariably in situations where some reservoir of capital would be obligated to pay any and all judgments. Either John B. Doe has been the victim of an extraordinary series of coincidences or else he is one of the masters of a shabby profession the fake-accident swindlers. He no longer dares to operate, but his fraternity is a large one.

As a general thing the pattern is cut slightly different from that of the Doe case, with some unscrupulous practitioner of the negligence bar acting in the rôle of stage manager, directing victims, witnesses and other performers with a skill acquired in long days of malpractice; and more and more these rascals are directing their energies and their plots against the owners of automobiles, until today they constitute a major element among highway robbers.

The exposure of one such group of four or five men and women operating in a large city disclosed that in the space of a year they had collected $150,000 from individual owners of cars, from insurance companies writing accident policies and from the claim departments of various public utilities; but their favorite game was and is the automobile. After the arrest of the chief executive of this business, of which the raw material was perjury, one of three girls that had been in his employ was induced to tell how this man had trained her. A stenographic transcript of her revelations was made.

She was a pretty creature, an important circumstance in such cases as had to be carried before a jury; but her mentality was barely strong enough to sustain her in a position as clerk in a retail food shop. She recounted many conversations in which her counselor had instructed her how to behave in order to establish a strong case of negligence against the owner of an automobile, and those instructions were absurdly simple.

"What you got to do," he told her, "is to stand close to the curb and then fall down and holler when a good one passes close to you. Holler loud and take the number of the machine." That was the gist of it, and when he had repeated it a few times his pupil was regarded as ready for graduation; and accordingly, with two associates, she started out one rainy night to hunt her first victim. In accordance with his parting injunction that it was best to select an automobile out of the traffic streams of the more fashionable streets, she made her way to a busy avenue.

She stood on the curbing for too long a period to suit the witnesses who had been sent with her, so that finally one of them urged her to action, saying, "There goes a peach. Get busy!"

With no more than this suggestion as a basis for her claim, the girl allowed her knees to sag and toppled over onto the greasy wet pavement. There she proved herself an honor pupil of her school by the degree of hysteria which she managed to integrate in the fabric of her shrill demands for relief.

Accidents Made to Order

THE avenue where she fell on a wet night is like a river rapid, and the glistening tops of the cars which move along it suggest the cakes of an ice floe. The reflection of myriads of lamps on the cars is caught by the distorted mirror of the wet asphalt and twisted into snaky streaks of light that make it difficult for the most honest witness to say precisely what he has seen at a given moment; but there was no doubt permitted to tinge the despairing voices that this girl's planted witnesses raised in her behalf. For nearly half an hour traffic was in a tangle at that point, while an assortment of policemen struggled to get all the cars flowing north and south once more by their truly superhuman powers of invective.

The wailing girl refused to wait for an ambulance, but crawled instead, with the tender assistance of three or four sympathetic bystanders, into a taxicab and went straight to the apartment-house rendezvous where her lawyer waited.

"Hah!" he exclaimed. "All nice and dirty. Do you feel bad inside?"

"Terrible."

"That's grand," he said cheerfully; but it was not until the witnesses arrived at the meeting place that his enthusiasm reached its highest pitch.

"I just called —— at headquarters," said the male witness, naming a minor clerk of the police department. "That was a fine —— limousine and it belongs to the ——." He mentioned a family the name of which is a synonym for wealth.

In the meanwhile the car in question had been driven to its destination farther up the avenue, the passengers had got out and the chauffeur in turn had driven it into the squat brick structure that was until fifteen years ago a well-appointed stable.

None in that household suspected until two days later that their car was being held responsible for the alleged fact that a sweetly pretty, if somewhat stupid, young woman had been "injured internally, externally and permanently about the head, body and limbs, so that she became sick, sore, lame and disabled." The words quoted are from the summons and complaint in an action for damages in the sum of $25,000 that was served, forty-eight hours after the girl had fallen in the street, upon the head of the great family in whose name the car was licensed; and though they were unable to recall any sort of accident, they did know their car had passed the spot where it was said to have occurred at the time alleged in the complaint.

Too Many Aliases Spoil the Witness

BEFORE that case was disposed of the girl victim had been used by her counselor in several other accidents, both in the rôle of victim and also as a witness in other fabricated accidents. But the assortment of names assigned to her by the stock company in which she was an actress put too great a load on the girl's mind. In all instances where she was called on to remain in bed and utter dolorous moans for the benefit of claim adjusters, she proved herself to be a satisfactory emotional actress; but when she was placed on the witness stand she betrayed a distressing lack of ability to concentrate. She was unable to remember all her aliases and got them sadly mixed on the witness stand.

In New York City, as in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and some other large cities, there are bureaus maintained by those companies which are most often the victims of accident frauds, and the purpose of these bureaus is to correlate the mass of information about personal-injury claims in those cities. In the bureau maintained for this purpose in the city where this girl staged her "accident," there is card-indexed the name of almost every person who has ever sought to recover for damages, real or imaginary, suffered either as a passenger or as a pedestrian.

By means of cross references and other magic of the capable filing technician, information may be drawn from that file concerning suspected persons with a good deal of celerity when, as in this case, the investigator comes armed with names. In this instance it was found that subsequent to the date of her supposed accident by night the complainant had been concerned in a succession of blood-curdling disasters in traffic such as rarely fall to the lot of the boldest of soldiers in time of war. A credulous review of her career would have indicated that a malignant fate was dogging her short-skirted legs. It was almost as though she could not appear on the street without being run down by an automobile or else having her nerves frayed by the sight of some friend falling beneath the wheels of somebody's fine car.

The district attorney took an interest in the adventures of this girl finally, when all the damning facts had been placed in his possession by the Alliance Against Accident Frauds, with the result that her lawyer left town.

One of his runners had on several occasions taken the girl to call on doctors whose certificates were necessary for the development of some case. She had been taken to a doctor after that first accident that she had faked.

"What side was hurt?" this doctor asked her, according to the girl's story to those who questioned her in the interests of justice.

"My left side," she told him.

"All right," he said, and then proceeded to fill out a paper, explaining somewhat apologetically that it was necessary for him to be able to say that he had seen her in person. And then—"There you are, girly; and any time you have a cold, or anything, you know where to come."

It is an unhealthy alliance that exists between the scalawag doctors who write such certificates so carelessly and the lawyers who require them, but it is an alliance that exists in many of the large cities of the country. A doctor who can be relied on is an essential factor in the plans of the ambulance chasers who create cases with as little regard to facts as though they were playwrights; but there are some accident fakers specializing in automobile frauds who manage their affairs skillfully without ever going near a doctor or a lawyer. When they do go to a lawyer it is because they are in the serious fix that befell an imaginative purchaser of an automobile who took out an owner's license in a New England town some months ago.

At intervals along the Boston Post Road battered old wrecks posing as automotive vehicles are to be seen lined up in the open air with signs chalked on their windshields to advertise the fact they are for sale at foolishly low prices. For as little as twenty-five dollars sometimes it is possible to find a car in those bazaars that will run for at least a few of the miles promised by the dealer. A man whom we will call Abe paid seventy-five dollars for the vehicle his son drove away from one of those lines. To all the indictments that the buyer had returned against it after one look at its rust-streaked body the shrewd dealer had pleaded guilty:

"Yep, the springs are broken; it's been used for hacking; those fenders have been crumpled again and again; you can bet the cylinders are out of round; but she will run if you feed her gas, oil, air and water. I don't say she'll run far—maybe 200 miles or so—but she will run."

At Bridgeport, Abe, giving another name, which he had used when buying his license plates, rented a furnished room; and then in such a simple fashion having become a resident of Bridgeport, he set forth to buy some insurance. His son went with him to pose as his father's chauffeur.

Don't think he was silly enough to worry about theft insurance or fire protection. He knew that the most he could hope for in that line was $100 or so, but liability insurance is another matter. A $5000 limit for injuries to one person or $10,000 for a catastrophe involving more than one person is the minimum of protection sold by the company to which he appealed for a liability policy, and he got it almost as easily as he might have bought a package of cigarettes, his son having met all the meager tests supplied to him in his rôle of hired chauffeur.

Ten days after that policy had been issued an accident was reported to the New York office of the insurance company that had written it. The report was made by the chauffeur, and at the request of the company employe with whom he dealt he signed a detailed statement of the occurrence.

The Difficulty of Dual Roles

IT SEEMED that while he was driving, the car had got out of control and leaped over the curb onto the pavement. The chauffeur suspected, according to his signed statement, that the steering mechanism must have been defective. Anyway, the car had struck and injured a pedestrian, a young man named—at this point the chauffeur fumbled in his breast pocket for a penciled memorandum. It was feared by the chauffeur that the young man had been injured internally. Expressing a feeling of contrition and a quavering hope that he would not lose his chauffeur's license, he left, and the insurance company set to work to fulfill its obligations to its policyholder.

As the first step in the performance of this duty the company sent an adjuster to the address of the injured man, as given to them. If honest claimants for indemnity under insurance policies find the questions of insurance adjusters irksome, even offensive, some of the fault lies with that type of which Abe is an outstanding example.

The adjuster found one who he was informed was the injured one groaning in bed. Over him hovered a middle-aged person who expressed sympathy as he sucked in his breath and roared for vengeance as he blew it forth.

"Ha, who am I?" he echoed. "I'm this poor boy's uncle, and unless my nephew gets $2500 before the sun sets —— Such recklessness, such a world that a good talented boy cannot walk on the city sidewalks without an automobile comes chasing him to a deathbed!"

Any claim adjuster's first duty is to his employers, but this one's pity for the tragic end of the high hopes of this young man almost suggested that he was not a faithful employe. He agreed that it was an outrage and that there ought to be a law. Then, after reading the doctor's certificate of a "probably fractured skull" and a "probably injured spine," which was treasured by the young man in bed as if it were a newly granted diploma, he invited the injured youth and his uncle to sign a written statement of the accident, of the injuries, and a demand for $2500. That adjuster was not so guileless as he seemed.

After his return to his office the company sent for the owner and informed him that if he expected protection from them he would have to give them a report of the accident in writing.

That demand was only momentarily embarrassing to Abe. True, he had abandoned the rôle of automobile owner in order to become the uncle. But he had an acquaintance, who would oblige him for a small fee, to the extent of signing the name of the owner to a statement concerning the contents of which he, Abe, was quite able to rehearse him. And accordingly this man now entered the melodrama as understudy for the rôle of the liability-insured owner.

When all the statements were signed the insurance company set in motion some forces that resulted in the arrest of four individuals, only one of whom was using his right name. That one was dragged from his bed without serious

(Continued on Page 62)

MARMON SERIES 75

new experiences await you

MARMON

a versatility of performance never before experienced in a large, luxurious motor car

Series 75

George H. Jay and the Leech

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

The Portly Old Agent's Glower of Black Animosity and Contempt Seemed to Be, in Its Way, a Very Perfect Bit of Acting. The Countess Sat Rigid, White, Cold and Lovely as Some Old Greek Marble

EXCEPT for the slightly increased vitrescence of his normally rather glassy eyes, and an intensified asperity in his address to his clerk, Gus Golding, there were apparent, in his outward aspect, no marked signs that Mr. George Henry Jay, Agent to the Aristocracy—and others—5 Finch Court; Telegraphic Address, Privacy, London, had been urgently summoned to attend instantly at the residence of one of England's richer baronets.

It is true that his silk hat hung on the back of his head by a single hair; that the telegram cramped up in his gloved hand was crumpled into a species of shapeless rag; that his cigar was practically bitten through and that George was using speech with the uncanny and peculiar precision of the semi-intoxicated. But these were normal symptoms and signs that the gentle one was closely approaching his quarry—business.

"Now, Gus, come in and shut the door. . . . Good! Listen to me," he declaimed. "I am called on urgent business to Falconhaugh Castle—pronounced Fanshaw—get that, Golding—Fanshaw, spelled Falconhaugh—I don't want any display of ignorance on your part, pronouncing things the way they're spelled, understand. Very well then. I have a special request from Sir Richard Hawkingall—pronounced Hawell, Golding, mind that. Say it. . . . Nun-no, not Hay-well! Use your brains Gus! Haw-haw—like a jackass, see?—Haugh—hell! That's it! Haugh-hell! So to express it. Sir Richard Hawkingall. Rumored to be an astonishingly rich man, Gus; so rich that I daren't attend him without at least one secretary following in my train. That's you—you're the secretary, Gus. And see to it that you use your talents and act as such. Means a s'bstantial rise in salary for you, all being well. What I mean—don't let Sir Richard get wise to the fact that you're just an ordinary little cockney clerk, same as I'm an ordinary old high-class well-known cockney agent, y' understand? Hey, now?"

Mr. Golding swore by several obscure deities that he would do nothing of that foolish kind whatsoever.

"Good! That's good, Gus," approved George H., and continued: "For I'll confide in you, my boy, that we are now evidently getting right close to the real article—the big people. And with the exception of the Right Honorable the Earl of Fasterton, we've got very few of those on our books. Now Sir Richard has sent for me, and he doesn't say why. It may be to buy him something or it may be to sell something for him. It may be for any one of fifty reasons. So understand, Gus, I want you to pull yourself together and take what comes without as much as a blink of the eyelids. If he says, 'Buy me half a million Wah-Wah rubber shares, Jay,' and I turn to you and say, 'Note to buy Sir Richard half a million Wah-Wahs,' book it coolly and calmly. Don't gape and stare as if buying a few rubber shares was something out of the ordinary day's work. That clear?"

Gus claimed that it was.

"And if it's a more personal thing—if he says, for example, 'Oh, Mr. Jay, Lady Hawkingall murdered the handsome butler last night in a fit of pardonable rage, and I desire you arrange for her not to be mixed up in it,' don't start and stagger as if you were reading the blood page of the Sunday paper when I say, 'Memo, Golding, arrange re Lady Hawell's late butler.' Is that perfectly plain?"

Gus indicated that it was about the plainest bit of work he had recently come across, and Mr. Jay was satisfied.

"Good, Gus! That's good!" he said, evidently relieved. He waved a large white hand. "All a bit exaggerated, my boy; but we are going into a—a rarefied atmosphere and it's as well to know what's what. We'll catch the 12:30 at Waterloo. Pack what you need in a smart attaché case and call a taxi in time for us to get across. And you'll look all the better for a haircut too. You've got plenty of time."

Gus guaranteed the attaché case, the taxi and the haircut, and quit the private office of his gentle owner-driver, looking considerably less excited than George H.

But the careful preparations were not wasted, for it was a very imposing and extremely businesslike couple which, at about two o'clock that afternoon, stepped out of the smart motor which had been sent to meet them at the railway station and had luxuriously cradled them back to the castle.

It was not a huge castle, as George H., when surveying it from the car, had noted, but it was attractive and well-built.

"Little, but good," the gentle one had decided.

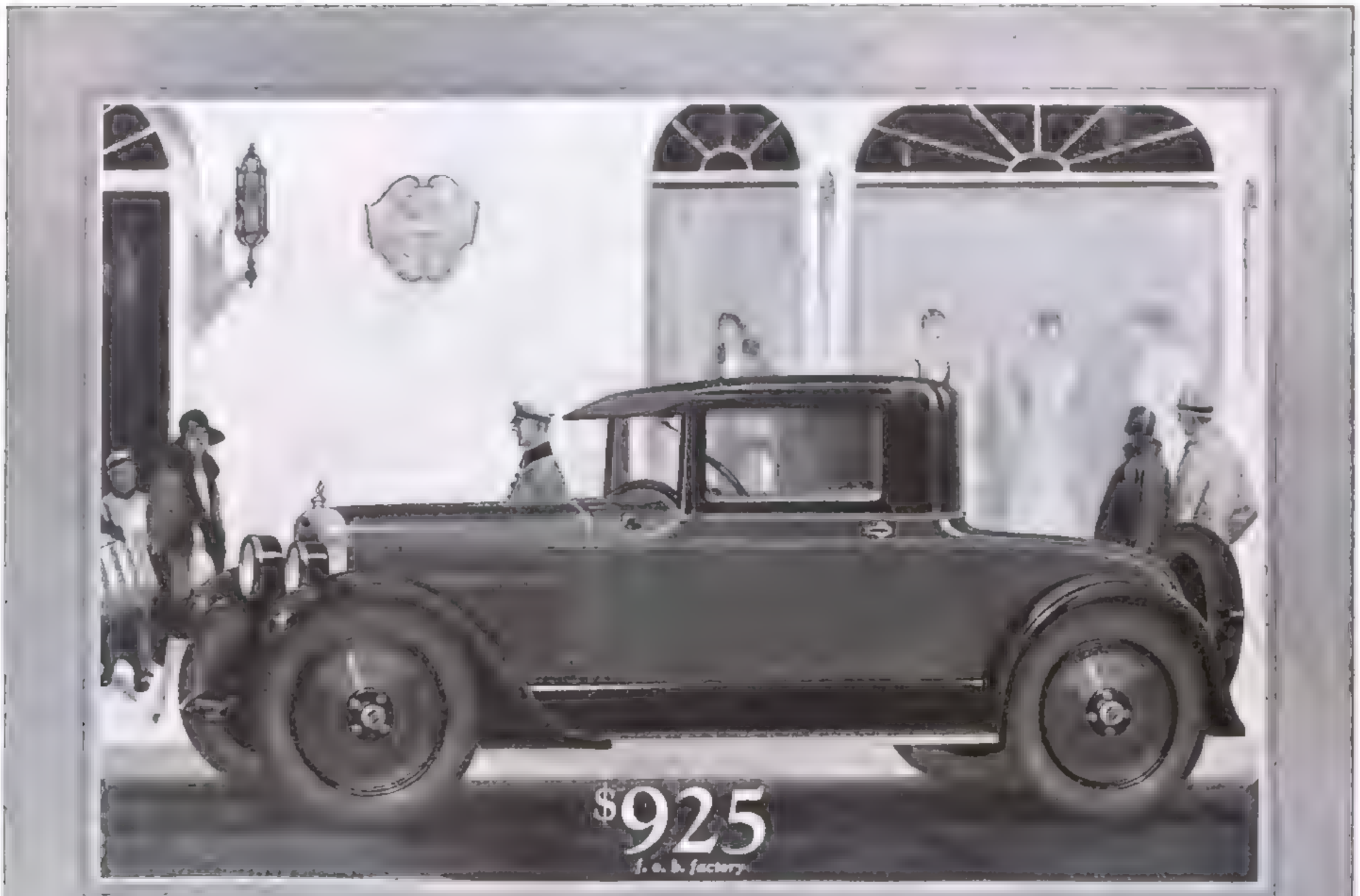
Within five minutes George was sitting in a comfortable library with Sir Richard, leaving Gus in the hall or somewhere thereabouts, within easy reach in the event of his services being needed to memo as much of the expected big business as Mr. Jay felt himself unlikely to remember with entire exactitude.

Sir Richard, who proved, rather surprisingly, to be a tall, thin, middle-aged, pale, poetic-looking person, with poetic hair, a scholarly, refined face and eyes so very nearly black that it was not easy to see much expression in them, received him with grave courtesy.

"I am indebted to you for your extreme promptitude in attending to my request, Mr. Jay," he said.

"Not at all, Sir Richard," replied George H. "Promptitude is the staff of life of a business so complex and comprehensive as mine—promptitude and privacy."

(Continued on Page 48)



NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Announcing—the New Light Six Coupé

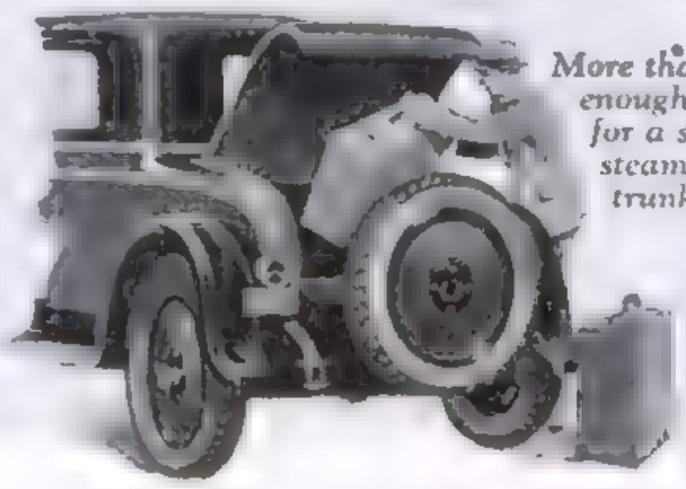
7-Bearing Crankshaft Motor

Pictured above is an entirely new model just added to the Nash Light Six series—a superbly smart new Coupé.

It is a perfect utility car—appealing to the woman as a socially appropriate car for personal usage and equally suitable for economical employment in commercial pursuits or for the requirements of men in the professions.

It is powered with the very latest and most modern type of six-cylinder motor—*with 7-bearing crankshaft*—engineered by Nash to deliver performance that is magically smooth and vibrationless thruout the entire range of speed and power.

An especially attractive feature is the extra large luggage compartment—more than 10 cubic feet—beneath the sloping rear deck.



More than enough space for a small steamer trunk

World's Smoothest Type

And the deck door is designed as illustrated below to lift up easily and to make it a simple matter to stow away large packages or lift them out with minimum exertion. Another package chamber is located at the rear of the seat.

Like the very finest cars both here and abroad the Coupé body, with rounded roof design at the rear, is of the genuine wood-frame construction that immediately indexes the high quality of this car.

There is a skillfully arranged instrument board with a speedometer, oil gauge, ammeter, and gas gauge; new double filament headlights; new winged radiator cap; new oil purifier; new air cleaner; full force-feed lubrication; 4-wheel brakes; and 5 disc wheels—all included without any extra charge. (4152)

(Continued from Page 46)

"Quite so—oh, quite so. One realizes that," said Sir Richard a little dreamily. "You are an agent ——"

"The agent," corrected George with gentle firmness.

"Oh, yes, naturally," Sir Richard agreed with courteous haste; "and I have been informed of your quickness—which, in itself, is not of the greatest importance to me your integrity, your keen sense of values and your extremely strict rule of privacy. The last three are points of very great moment to me, and are—or will be—essential in the conduct of the business with which I am disposed to intrust you, Mr. Jay. But before we touch upon that"—he stretched a long, white, slender, poetic kind of hand for a writing pad and picked up a long, slender, solid gold, non-poetic pencil—"give me, please, the present address of Lady Fasterton."

George Henry smiled upon him with the benign and parental interest of an old nurse smiling upon the new baby.

"I am sure you will appreciate the inflexible necessity of my extending to Lady Fasterton's affairs the privacy which I shall inexorably extend to yours, Sir Richard," he said with dignity.

Sir Richard nodded, smiling. "Thank you, Mr. Jay. It was, of course, a test. I apologize for doing that. But I have met so many business people whose first—and last—desire is to agree almost slavishly with their more wealthy clients that a test is often of very real value. I appreciate your—er—inflexibility more than perhaps you may guess."

The inflexible one bowed—as flexibly as his natural portliness would permit.

"That being over, we can get to work," said Sir Richard with a sound like a short sigh of relief, and rose.

He opened the door of an adjoining room and smilingly invited Mr. Jay to precede him into that apartment, talking with more animation as he followed him.

"You will not need more than a glance about this room to realize that I am an enthusiastic collector," he explained; "so enthusiastic that you will readily understand that the enlargement and enrichment of this, my private collection, is my chief pursuit in life."

George H. looked about him. It was a very big room—a hall, indeed—and a child could have seen that it contained a large number of extremely valuable articles—porcelain, pictures, old ivories, silver, carvings, ancient furniture, armor. Truly, Mr. Jay needed no more than a glance. He was not, strictly speaking, much of a judge of collectors' pieces, though he certainly was a judge of collectors. He eyed a suit of gold-inlaid steel armor facing him with an intentness so severe that it seemed to cause the said suit to take on a guilty and extremely uncomfortable expression around about the dark hole where its face should have been.

"It is, of course, quite obvious, at first glance, that to inspect, to appreciate the beauties and, I may say, the great value of the contents of this room is not a matter of an hour's brief look round, but of weeks, even months, Sir Richard," said gentle George in a voice that boomed through the big hall most enthusiastically.

Sir Richard smiled. "I perceive that I selected wisely when I wrote to you, Mr. Jay," he said.

"One would have to be blind or imbecile to visit this hall even for a space of minutes without realizing that one is in the presence of many masterpieces," said George; and it sounded so good to him that he repeated it, with a full-bodied sigh. "Yes, many masterpieces," he said, thinking swiftly. He knew enough about these things—and about himself—to understand that he could never hope to keep his end up in a little ten-minute chat with their owner about their finer points, and he judged it highly expedient to tell Sir Richard so before Sir Richard had a chance to tell him so.

"I have to say at once," he began sonorously and seriously, "that I do not regard myself—that I have no pretension to being sufficiently expert to value these things, Sir Richard. There are few experts who are capable of doing so single-handed. An armor man for your armor, a porcelain man for your porcelain, and so forth, with maybe a general supervision from the strictly business, the—er—severely commercial viewpoint by myself. But ——"

Sir Richard Hawkingall smiled. "No, no, Mr. Jay. You misunderstand—that is to say, I have not explained clearly. I have not approached you in order to have the collection valued. The proposal that I wish to make to you has to do with the purchase of further specimens for this collection. Come, let us return to the library and talk the matter over."

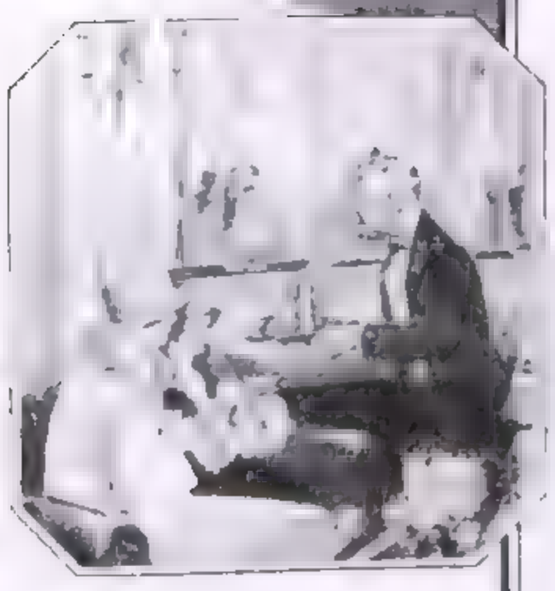
George H. was glad to do so. He did not like the look of that faceless person in the steel-and-gold suit, for he hadn't the haziest notion whether his metal costume belonged to the William-the-Conqueror period, to that of the Black Prince—whoever he may have been—or to Charles I's. And he didn't particularly care. What he very particularly did care about was to conceal from Sir Richard how appallingly little he did know about the old iron.

In the library, with the door comfortably closed on the collection, Sir Richard explained:

"I mix very little in society nowadays, Mr. Jay. But when, not so long ago, I took my part in the social round, I did so thoroughly. I think I may say that I have been in every house, mansion and castle of any importance in England. And naturally I know of many wonderful treasures in those places. Moreover, I know a great deal about the people who own them. I know, for example, which of those people would be willing to sell some of these possessions, for sake of the money. But I am busily engaged in writing a book on this collection and I cannot any longer be bothered with the details of purchasing or negotiating for the purchase of examples. And that is why I need a reliable agent"—George H. bowed, acknowledging the compliment—"who is fully alive to the value of privacy. There are many people in this country who would gladly, even gratefully, part with some of their rare pieces of furniture, famous pictures or what not, provided that the strictest, the most absolute privacy were maintained about the transaction, Mr. Jay."

(Continued on Page 50)

"I Can Promise, I Think, to Scotch—Nay, Even to Irish—This Snake in the Grass, Lady Sandestre," He Declared Most Confidently



Your home on the highway

After all, the interior of your car is your home on the road. All of the fittings, the appointments and the upholstery should reflect the same taste and beauty that are found in your own living room.

If the car you buy is upholstered in CA-VEL you will not only enjoy the same enduring beauty and color that are found in your living room at home, but, in addition, you will receive a higher price for your car when you trade it in. You will find CA-VEL beautiful, durable and comfortable to ride upon.

There are more yards of CA-VEL sold for closed car upholstery than any other velvets made

COLLINS & AIKMAN COMPANY
Established 1845
New York, N. Y.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 48

"Yes, that is unquestionably the case," agreed George, and added, "Appropriately enough, Sir Richard, my registered telegraphic address is Privacy, London."

"That is an omen if ever there was one!" said Sir Richard very seriously, and took up a small book, rather expensively bound in tooled leather. "I wish you—to begin with—to act as my agent in the matter of purchasing certain of these collectors' pieces for me, Mr. Jay. I shall name to you the price I am prepared to give for a certain article which I desire—and hope—to buy from a certain person of my acquaintance. I shall probably write a personal note to the said person, but beyond that I do not desire to be bothered with the details of the purchase. That will be for you to see to. I suggest that you receive a fee equivalent to 20 per cent of the price I state that I am willing to pay for any article; at least, to begin with. Later, as we get better acquainted, and our transactions begin to run into larger, even, possibly, very large sums, we may find it expedient to rearrange the matter of your remuneration. Is that satisfactory?"

Remuneration was always satisfactory to George H. Jay. It was his favorite word in the dictionary when it worked out at 20 per cent. When it figured out at about 10 per cent he called it commission, and that was his second favorite word. Like a respectable author, George had a nice sense of the value of words.

He stated briefly that the offer was entirely acceptable, and Sir Richard proceeded to give him instructions concerning the first deal. It was not a big thing, and neither did it appear likely to be a difficult deal. Hung in a comparatively inconspicuous corner of the boudoir of the still beautiful Dowager Countess of Sandacre there was a small Chinese cloisonné plate belonging to the period of the late monarch Süen-tê, who passed over in 1436 A.D. Sir Richard Hawkingall described it in perfect detail. It was quite a small thing, about seven inches in diameter, and the craftsmanship was pretty early Chinese, explained the collector.

"Quite—oh, quite," said gentle George indulgently. "But even the Chinese had to make a start somewhere."

"Exactly, Mr. Jay. Still, I like the little thing. And I fancy the countess is not much interested in it. I will pay fifty pounds for it. You will offer her this sum for it, stating that you are acting on my behalf. I have already written her a friendly note about it. If you can secure it at that figure, Mr. Jay, I shall be charmed. If you cannot, notify me and I will reconsider the matter." Sir Richard shut up his little book, returned it to its drawer and rose, smiling. "That will be the A of our alphabet, Mr. Jay," he said.

"Yes, yes, exactly so, Sir Richard," agreed George. "I shall endeavor to make it A1."

"I hope that you will succeed," smiled Sir Richard.

"I am not a man who is commonly content to fail," declared George, and got out on that fairly high note.

"Not what I expected, Gus, my boy," he said on the way back to the train. "It's small—for a start. But it takes only a mighty small lever to tilt over a mighty big lump, be it rock or money, and we shall see what we shall see."

Gus agreed politely but unexpansively. He had figured as the guest of a wine-loving butler for the past hour, and he was not quite sure that he was not seeing not merely what he could see but much that was normally invisible. A little intricate, but Gus was feeling a little intricate himself. But gentle Mr. Jay, lost in gilt-edge dreams, did not notice. He liked Sir Richard Hawkingall—nay, more, he admired him. He was rich, he was a connoisseur, and he was a pretty good man of business; and if a plain, honest, high-class agent cannot admire a client of that caliber, what kind of client is there that he can admire?

"I'm going to get that little Süen-tê dish for him, Gus, if I have to burgle the countess' boudoir to get it," declared George as the train slowed into London.

"Certainly, sir," said Gus.

"For it's the little things that lead to the big ones. Yes, sir, my boy. America paid an awful lot of good dollars for Gainsborough's Blue-eyed Boy or something, wasn't it? That's big business in the arts and crafts line, and that's the kind of business that, thanks to Providence and Sir Richard, George H. Jay hopes to get all mixed up in before long—hey? Ha-ha!"

Gus Golding was understood to agree, somewhat winily, but not sufficiently so to irritate Mr. Jay.

II

THAT evening gentle George wrote to the dowager lady a highly civil offer to buy the little bit of Süen-tê cloisonné at fifty pounds, and a day later he received the following response:

"George H. Jay, representing Sir Richard Hawkingall, has the permission of the Dowager Countess of Sandacre to call for the cloisonné plate to which he refers and to pay to the Central London Children's Hospital the sum of fifty pounds, the amount offered to the countess for the plate. The formal receipt for the contribution to the hospital is to be sent to the secretary of the countess."

Mr. Jay, looking very smart and businesslike in a back-slung silk hat and a high-angle cigar, read the foregoing and grinned a little wryly.

"Well, I've done it," he observed. "But I've had friendlier notes from the aristocracy than that."

He sent a check to the hospital, got his receipt, and on presentation of it, Gus Golding, a day later, duly collected the specimen of Chinese enameling as understood in the days of good Süen-tê.

George took it personally to Sir Richard and received thanks, congratulations, 20 per cent, and instructions to buy from the same lady an antique diamond necklace which, said the collector, was said to have belonged to that lethal-minded lady, Lucrezia Borgia. The diamonds were small but extraordinarily brilliant, and Sir Richard's idea of the price for which he figured to secure it was four hundred pounds.

Mr. Jay, adopting the easy method which had been so successful in the case of the cloisonné plate, wrote at once about the bauble and duly received the consent of the countess, conveyed in a letter so icy that George could have hung it in his office on a hot day and switched off his electric fan.

Still, success is success and remuneration is decidedly remuneration. Gentle George collected eighty pounds of the latter, together with hearty congratulations, from Sir Richard and an instruction similarly to negotiate for a Greek vase from a gentleman in Leicester.

"After that, should you be successful, Mr. Jay, I shall wish you to try for the last of the things I expect to be able to buy from the Countess of Sandacre—a more difficult transaction, but after your brilliant work in connection with the other things, one which I hope and believe you will pilot to a successful conclusion."

George Henry, confident and happy, was entirely successful in buying the Greek vase from the Leicester gentleman, who seemed in such a hurry to sell that he conducted his side of the deal entirely by telegram, thus causing the genial old Finch Court sword swallower to suspect that the vase was not quite so Greek as Sir Richard thought it was. A week later he received instructions to offer for a painting which Sir Richard secretly believed to have been painted by Gainsborough—known as the Lady in Gray, then hanging in a darkish corridor of the Countess of Sandacre's house—the sum of one hundred pounds.

Although Sir Richard had written his usual friendly little note to the countess, he told Mr. Jay quite frankly that he had very little hope of buying the picture.

"It is almost certain that the lady knows the true value of the picture, Jay," he admitted. "But it is just possible that she does not. And I know that she does not care for the picture, for, in the old days, she has often told me so. We may get it. At any rate it is worth the effort. Do your best, Jay, and in the event of success, your fee—your well-deserved fee—shall be increased to 50 per cent."

The Squire of Finch Court thanked him and hung up the telephone. "Fifty per cent! Fifty pounds! Yes, and you can afford it, friend Richard," he mused. "That picture must be worth thousands; and if you get it, you wouldn't be bursting the seams of my profits wallet if you paid me 1000 per cent. Still, you saw it first; you're entitled to buy it if you can."

For a brief second or two gentle George wrestled bravely with a fierce temptation to step in and buy the picture himself. But for several reasons he decided against that.

"No," he told himself. "No. That would be too raw; it would be unagent-like. Sir Richard is going to prove a notable client unless I'm much mistaken, and it would not be fair to him or to me. It looks as if I am due for a nice steady little inflow, gradually increasing, from him, and that sounds good enough—at present. Besides, probably she wouldn't sell to me, for she's got the chilliest way with an agent I ever met." So he sent in the usual note in the usual way.

He had become so accustomed to success that he was a little shocked to find that next morning's mail included no frigid acceptance from the lady. But he was not shocked long, for just as he finished reading his mail Gus Golding brought in the card of an old client of the gentle one—none other, indeed, than Sir Clovis Jackson. It had been by the aid of George that Sir Clovis had been transformed from what Gus Golding had described as a needy, smart-set, work-shy, over thirty-five, over six feet, overdrawn at the bank, into the happy husband of that well-to-do lady who had formerly been Mrs. Raymond Touchwood. Mr. Jay had liked both Sir Clovis and Mrs. Touchwood and he had worked hard on their case, conducting it so adeptly and with such perfect finish that Mrs. T. was now very much Lady Jackson and Sir Clovis was quite successfully paying off the debt he had incurred for Mr. Jay's services. George H. liked Sir Clovis rather better than most of his clients, and it was with something of a shock that he observed Sir Clovis' eye to be cold and stern behind its monocle and Sir Clovis' hand to be withheld from the shake which George proffered.

"Sorry, Jay, dashed sorry, but I positively can't shake hands yet. Not narrow-minded, what? But, dash it, Jay, there are limits!" He drew a letter from his pocket. "If you were a bit—er—short, why didn't you come to me, Jay? Short myself, of course, but I can always raise a trifle in a case of desperation. Why put your head in the lion's jaws—at least, what I mean to say, why qualify for the jolly old treadmill and chain gang and the penal servitude—er—push, what? Convict—ten years—terrible!"

He was obviously seriously upset, though he had a queer way of putting it. A trickle of pure ice water went down the substantial spine of the squire, his eyes went hard and flinty and protrusive, and his cigar went out.

"What d'ye mean, Sir Clovis?"

Sir Clovis eyed him. "It was not like you, Jay—no. Not your form at all, what? You were bound to be arrested soon or late and ten years is the least you can expect. Very down on this sort of thing, they are—very severe old johnnies these judges are in these cases. It hurts me very much to hear that you—you, of all the men in the city should ——"

George H., so startled and alarmed that almost anyone watching him would have diagnosed a bad case of guilty conscience, broke in almost violently. He had recognized the letter in Sir Clovis' hand as the last he had written to Lady Sandacre.

"Listen to me, Sir Clovis!" he demanded. "I don't know what you're talking about. But I care. I don't like your conversation this morning, so far. Just tell me, like a good fellow and an old friend, why you're here and what, if anything, is wrong."

Sir Clovis nodded. "I am here as a personal friend of the Dowager Countess of Sandacre, what? At her request, don't you see? She consulted me late last night, in despair. She told me she was being bitterly blackmailed and confided in me that the blackmailers were two, one being Richard Hawkingall, of Falconhaugh Castle, the other, presumably his partner, being George Henry Jay, of 5 Finch Court! Clever, cunning, dangerous men, she called them, what? When I recovered myself—and that required an effort—I told her that there was a mistake; that you, Jay, were my own personal agent, and my wife's, and Lord and Lady Fasterton's, and Miss Winnie O'Wynn's, and hosts of other people's."

"Agent to half the aristocracy in fact," murmured George mechanically but rather deflatedly.

"Quite, quite. But she showed me this letter of yours and said she had quite made up her mind to have you both arrested, fight the thing, and see you both sent to ja—cast in the dungeon deep, what I mean to say, at all costs. She was on the point of going personally to Scotland Yard. The assistant commissioner—that's the johnny who does the damage there—is by way of being a distant relative of hers."

Mr. Jay's face was white and hard and he no longer looked scared. He saw too clearly what he was up against, and he realized, even more clearly, that it was time to shed his coat and get to work. Ever since that proposal to buy the Gainsborough at the truly comic figure of a hundred pounds, he had been a trifle uneasy somewhere deep down inside—too deep down to allow it to worry him. After all, it is the inalienable right of everyone to buy a bargain if he can, and a colossal bargain if people were foolish enough to allow themselves to be caught at the thin end of said bargain. But even so, that impalpable doubt, banked down though it had been by the 50 per cent commission, had smoldered. Now Sir Clovis had stirred it up a little and gentle George gasped at the abyss opening at the very toe tips of his patent-leather shoes. He went over and locked the door—if ever privacy was needed by Privacy, London, he needed it this morning.

"You used the word 'blackmail,' Sir Clovis. But as I understand it, Hawkingall was trying to buy bargains cheaply, engaging me to negotiate for him. For everything he bought from the Countess of Sandacre he paid money. I know that, because I paid it to her myself. How is that to be described as blackmail?"

But now he guessed even as he asked. The joker was concealed in that friendly little note which Sir Richard Hawkingall usually wrote to the folk upon whom he was operating. No doubt each one of those contained some vague, veiled, scoundrelly menace which would bring the victim quickly enought to the point of parting at an absurd price with the treasure required. By the employment of Mr. Jay and the payment of a small figure a

(Continued on Page 56)

"The trouble with your advertising is . ."

THE other day we met a rotund gentleman who was brimful of enthusiasm. He was one of those quick, energetic plump gentlemen who sweep everything before them. He started in almost without preliminaries.

"Now the trouble with Postum advertising is this," he said. "You don't tell people how good it is. You don't make 'em see and feel how good it is. That's what's the matter. You tell them it's good for their health. Of course it is, but they are more interested in the flavor.

"I tried Postum for the first time about six months ago. Say, it was wonderful. It's got a great flavor. It's the best drink I ever tasted. I drink it three times a day. I don't want anything else. I feel better than I ever did—sleep better, get up feeling fine. But that isn't why I drink it. I drink it because I like it. I don't know anything else that quite touches the spot like it does. Sometimes I drink two or three cups at a meal. That's the way I feel about it.

"Tell people that. Get them to try Postum. Most of them will feel the same way I do. They won't want anything else."

Perhaps this gentleman was right. Perhaps you are one of many people who don't realize what a rich, full-bodied drink Postum is. Perhaps you have had a notion that because it is good for you, it is lacking in some other respect.

Listen! Postum is made of roasted wheat and bran—whole wheat, with some more bran added. Wheat is the best-liked food in the world, and that's where Postum gets its flavor. It just *has* to be delicious—and it is!

We'd like you to try Postum for thirty days—long enough for you to appreciate *all* the benefits—flavor and everything else. We're pretty sure you'll order Postum with your meals forever after. Carrie Blanchard, who prepares the best Postum in the world, will start you on the thirty-day test.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want to send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my directions for preparing it—to help you get started on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would like to start today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1926, P. C. Co.

P—S E P—10-2-26

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ *Check which*
Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling) . . . . ☐ *you prefer*

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

OUT-OF-DOORS

PHOTO BY KATE STUDIOS, PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

An Arizona Sunset

Feathered Foragers

I WAS, in a measure, aware of the variety of ways in which insectivorous birds secured their food, a vast army of them busily engaged in foraging for insects. I had watched robins listening intently for the sound of a worm beneath the grass roots and watched them race to the spot, swiftly excavating to the depth of an inch or more and extracting a worm. Dozens of other varieties scoured the surface of the earth; foraging through the grass of the meadows, among growing crops, winging low across the surface of the prairies and consuming quantities of grasshoppers, ants, and so on. Still others followed behind plow and lister, inspecting the fresh-turned earth for grubs and beetles. Similar feathered hosts were scouring the shrubbery and brush of farmyard, orchard and forest for whatever slugs or insects lurked there

Additional varieties of feathered huntsmen were ceaselessly on the prowl among the higher branches of the trees; the creepers searching the trunks of trees for whatever insects or larvæ might be concealed in crevices or the bark; the kingbirds and flycatchers poised on the tip of a limb, perhaps upon a post or some other point of vantage, ready to dart out and collect any unwary insect that might fly past, thus emulating the example of the swifts and swallows that were ever awing, scouring the air for flying prey by day, their places filled in the evening and early hours of the night by battalions of nighthawks that took to the air in search of food, tacking and dipping in dizzy lurches as their hoarse cries descended from above. Then there were the woodpeckers that extricated a portion of their prey from within the trunks or limbs of trees. A correspondent informed me of a habit of woodpeckers with which I was not familiar—that of giving the tree a few smart raps with the bill, then turning its head sidewise, ear against the tree as the bird listens for the sound of an alarmed grub within, repeating the experiment until hearing the desired sound, whereupon the bird drills swiftly into the wood, inserts its long pointed tongue and extracts the prize. Some time thereafter, I had an opportunity to witness this listening process while watching a pair of red-headed woodpeckers.

I knew, of course, that woodpeckers drilled into wood for a part of their menu, but I had never before known of the tapping-and-listening phase that preceded it.

A Few Ways to Catch Fish

THE operations of this feathered army and its ceaseless following of the meat trail on the surface of the earth and beneath it—under the bark, high in the trees and within them, even in the air above them—all this was known to me to a certain extent, but of those other feathered hosts that subsist upon a submarine diet I knew but little.

They were lumped in my mind as fish eaters, and as the operation of but few of them had come under my observation it had not occurred to me that perhaps there was as great a variety of methods whereby different fishing birds secured their prey as was evidenced in the pursuit of insects by the land birds with which I was more familiar. A few incidents roused my curiosity and since that time I have observed or inquired about the relative methods of several varieties of fish-eating birds.

A sojourn in a cabin on the shore of the Snake River in Jackson Hole afforded a daily spectacle of the fishing operations of a few species. Several great blue herons congregated just below the Jackson Dam every evening, and one of them resorted regularly to a riffle within a few yards of the shore.

He would stand gravely, his eye trained steadily upon the water, occasionally taking a cautious step as if in search of a better viewpoint. Whenever a fish sought to navigate the shallows the heron watched until the strategic moment and speared it. Sometimes he was forced to take a few hurried steps, his wings half spread to balance him. After securing his prize, he would stand erect and swallow his wriggling prey head foremost, his long neck stretched up to its fullest extent. At times he would maintain this upright attitude of the neck for a considerable space, as if the lively descent of a six-inch fish had tickled his palate and he was desirous of enjoying the sensation to the fullest extent.

A dozen years ago there was a sure-fire hit on the vaudeville stage. The comedian was surprised by a lady of his acquaintance just after he had taken on a generous portion of cut plug and was desirous of concealing the fact from her. His compressed lips and bulging glance conveyed his plight to the audience. Eventually he stretched his neck to the fullest extent, moved his Adam's apple with some violence, held the pose for a moment and smiled in relief. This pantomime never failed to draw a good laugh. On every occasion that I watched the big heron stretch his neck and swallow a six-inch live fish, I was forcibly reminded, both by pose and expression, of that old stage wheeze.

Several pelicans resorted to the spot, dipping about beneath the water with their tremendous bills and apparently storing their catch in the capacious pouch that graces the lower mandible.

Two kingfishers made the vicinity their daily fishing ground. Each kingfisher posted himself upon a snag or rock a few feet above the water and darted headlong, striking the water with a smack and disappearing for an instant beneath it as he seized a fish in his bill. His operations were accompanied by a strident chattering in very good imitation of a riveting machine—cries denoting amazed disappointment upon missing his prey, and a clatter of outraged protest upon making a catch; for the second kingfisher invariably set out in swift pursuit as the captor sought some point for the convenient consumption of his meal. Every catch was the signal for one or two minutes of vociferous debate.

Mergansers congregated there. In the shallows they pursued minnows, skittering swiftly with the aid of both feet and wings, usually moving against the current, catching the fish in their slender, saw-toothed bills. I have watched them fishing in deeper water, when they appeared to be but headless bodies floating on the surface, the heads submerged as they scanned the depths for prey, then a sudden uptilting of a tail as some one of them dived swiftly.

The osprey, overlord of the feathered fishing fraternity, was by all odds the most interesting one of the group. Ospreys nested in some numbers about Jackson Lake, usually placing the nest, a bulky affair made of heavy sticks, upon the top of a dead snag protruding high above the waters of the lake. The osprey circles slowly above the water. Then he drops from the air in a magnificent plunge, thrusts his legs beneath the surface and seizes the fish with his talons, not with his beak as do most fishing birds. An osprey rarely consumes his prey on the spot, but instead flaps away to some favorite point. This habit has developed an accompanying custom. As the heron always adjusts sizable fish to a pose of head foremost before swallowing it, so does the osprey invariably arrange his catch before making his long flight. The fish is gripped by the back somewhat forward of the middle, so that the head is to the fore, the tail slightly drooping; thus giving the proper balance and the least resistance to the air.

Birds With Sea-Food Diets

THE male osprey is a good provider, making frequent trips to the nest with fish for his mate and young. In the Yellowstone Park I managed to secure several pictures; one showing the male osprey in a side view as he hovered above the nest with a fish held in the manner described; another picture showing the female bird reaching up to take a fish from her lord, but the male osprey and his catch were unfortunately outside the picture.

While floating on my back off Waikiki Beach, in Honolulu, a striking bird soared overhead, and a native of whom I inquired informed me that it was a frigate bird or man-of-war bird. The following day, I made inquiry regarding its habits from a man who had made a journey to some remote bird-inhabited rocks of the Pacific. He explained that the frigate bird was incapable of catching its own fish and that it preyed upon the albatross and other more successful fishermen, waiting until the bird selected for a subject was sailing at a considerable altitude, then swooping down from above; whereupon the victim, accustomed to such attacks and the remedy, would regurgitate a portion of fish which the diving frigate bird caught before it reached the water.

In recent months I have had some little opportunity to watch the fishing methods of several species of salt-water birds. Gulls of several varieties scour the surface in search of herring and other small fish. On two separate occasions

(Continued on Page 141)

Two RUTHLESS ASSASSINS

—that lurk in your *MOTOR*

· · · HEAT *and* FRICTION · · ·

A VICIOUS pair, those two assassins! No motor is safe from them. There is no victim they prefer to an innocent, month-old motor—unless it be an elderly motor on the shady side of fifty thousand miles. Pampered limousines, mud-freckled roadsters, giant trucks—all are fair prey for those two. And they work so quietly, so slyly, car-owners are often lulled into a false sense of security.

Every minute you drive, Heat and Friction lurk there in your motor, waiting ceaselessly for a chance to maim a cylinder, cripple a bearing, or hasten your motor to an untimely end. And only your motor-oil prevents those two assassins from doing damage.

Why many oils fail

When a motor-oil goes into action it is no longer the cool, gleaming liquid that you see poured into your crankcase. Only a thin *film* of the oil actually holds the fighting line. This film covers all the vital parts of the motor and comes between all the whirling, flying metal surfaces. As long as that protective film remains unbroken, the motor is safeguarded from destructive heat and friction.

But the *oil film itself* is subjected to terrific punishment. It must withstand searing, scorching heat—and tearing, grinding friction.

Far too often, ordinary motor-oil fails. The film, under that two-fold punishment, breaks and burns, leaving vital motor parts exposed. Hot, unprotected surfaces chafe against each other. Withering heat attacks the raw metal. Insidious friction begins its work of destruction.

The FILM *of* PROTECTION

Then, before you even know your motor-oil has failed, you have a seized piston, a scored cylinder or a burned-out bearing. And you pay big repair bills.

The "film of protection" that does not fail

Tide Water technologists spent years in studying not oils alone, but oil-*films*. Finally they perfected, in Veedol, an oil that offers the utmost resistance to deadly heat and friction. An oil which gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

In fast increasing thousands, car owners are learning that the Veedol "film of protection" is a motor's most steadfast defender. Stop, today, at the first orange and black Veedol sign and have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your particular motor.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

Pleasing Color Harmonies with Valspar Brushing Lacquer

Why endure mis-matched furniture, scarred floors and "discordant" woodwork? With Valspar Brushing Lacquer you can bring them into harmony—quickly and easily!

Valspar Brushing Lacquer dries hard in a few minutes. You can lacquer the kitchen floor after dinner, go to the movies, come home and walk across it to get something from the ice-box!

Two coats of Valspar Brushing Lacquer can be applied and ready for use in an hour. Its lustre is like a hand-rubbed, satin finish enamel.

Anyone can use Valspar Brushing Lacquer! And what joy in beautiful color combinations! Imagine how gay a book rack would look lacquered in Chinese Red with Black trimmings. Wouldn't any kitchen be the perfection of neatness in Holland Blue and India Ivory? How charming French Gray and Persian Lilac would make your bedroom!

Valspar Brushing Lacquer can be used on new or old woodwork or metal—indoors or out. Frequent washings will not harm its marble-like finish, for it stands the famous Valspar Boiling Water Test.

Our new book on home decoration with lacquer, "How to Keep Your House Young," gives the fundamental principles of interior decoration and the proper use of color. This valuable book will be sent you for the asking.

The Valspar Lacquer Colors are: Carmine Red, Nile Green, Imperial Yellow, Persian Lilac, Palm Green, French Gray, Java Brown, Holland Blue, India Ivory, Oriental Green, Hawaiian Blue, Coral Sand, Argentine Orange, Peacock Blue, Chinese Red, Black and White.

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each 40c sample can of colors specified below. (Only three samples of Valspar Brushing Lacquer supplied per person at this special price.)

Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name. . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Your Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . City . . . . . .

Send me these Valspar Lacquer Colors

1. . . . . .

2 . . . . . .

3 . . . . . .

Send Free Book ☐

S E P 10-2-26

VALSPAR BRUSHING LACQUER

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Self-Expression

MY OWN impression is that what, fundamentally, has caused any successful man to take up writing as a career is his necessity for breathing out. That is what causes any successful man to take up any career beyond the immediate necessity of economic survival. He may at first have different ideas on the subject. He may think he is after fame or money or prestige, or what not. These are the baits that attract his early attention. But in the last analysis he will find that, if he succeeds even moderately in satisfying himself, his satisfaction is genuine just to the extent that he has succeeded in comfortably breathing out.

For it is a truism of Nature that breathing in implies breathing out. And every man is perforce always breathing in; he is breathing in through all his contacts with Nature, with experience, with environment, with his fellow beings, with life. He is continually taking in; he must give out in some form or another, and since he is by the composition of his being a creative creature, what he gives out must be shaped by his individual interpretation. That interpretation may take the form of pictures, music, cathedrals, books; it may equally well take the form of bridges, farming, mergers, mechanics or foreign finance.

It does not matter, just as long as the man gives out as comfortably and completely as possible his own individual fashioning of what he has taken in. Some call this the instinct of self-expression. I do not believe it is quite that. It is rather the expression through self of a man's contacts.

I suppose I first took up writing instead of something else because instinctively I felt writing to be, for me, the easiest way to give out what I was taking in from life. My early contacts with life in the North and West were sufficiently colorful, possessed sufficient body, to leave behind them an embarrassing residue. This seemed to have little use or significance unless I did something with it. And since life as manifested in these contacts interested me intensely, it appeared probable that it might interest others as well. But these others could not possibly know about all this unless they were told. And the way to tell them was by the printed page. So I began to write. That happened to be my way of breathing out. I might quite as well have become a lumberman or an engineer or have utilized my residues from experience in any one of a dozen other ways. Only, it happened, those were not my natural lines of least resistance.

Personal Value a Unit of Life

OF COURSE I very soon discovered that telling people about things is an art. The conveying of ideas in any form requires art. This is true universally. Building form into a bridge idea is an art as well as a craft. Art is the fashioning of raw material into the best conveyable form. The very best conveyable form of any idea takes much skillful modeling, and is always beautiful. The artist, fundamentally, does not aim directly at abstract beauty. Rather he strives, adequately and completely and honestly, and as simply as the idea permits, to get across his individual conversion of what has come to him. To do this he must employ the technic of art.

So always, from the beginning of my writing days, I have stoutly maintained that the man who goes out consciously seeking material can never attain the same results as he who heartily lives life, and perhaps finds within himself something to say.

It naturally follows that as one lives and experiences and, to a greater or less extent, grows, his produced work should change in character. He comes into new contacts, into a different sort of contact. If he loses sight of this fact; if, led aside by the desire for surface successes, he contents himself with repetitions of old phrases—if he imitates himself—then he becomes barren and futile and not worth while. Indeed, it seems to me that his one and whole and only hope of literary salvation depends on his keeping steadily before him this one principle: To express as simply, as clearly and as honestly as he can that distillation of life which he finds the chemistry of his individuality has made from his contacts. If he has any value at all it must be a personal value. And a personal value is significant only if it is honestly set forth.

I speak of values. By that term I do not necessarily mean the extent of a writer's appeal to the public. That may be wide or narrow, shallow or deep, depending on the need his particular type of thing happens to answer. It takes care of itself by its own natural laws, just as water finds its own level. Rather, in this connection, I mean his value as a fairly satisfactory unit of life, as a satisfied equation in the scheme of things. He may be dissatisfied with his technical success at bodying forth his inner vision, he may be disappointed—perhaps bitterly—at finding his interpretations appeal to fewer people than he had hoped. But if he has done his best, in the terms laid down in the first part of this dissertation, the value of his effort to himself cannot be abated in satisfaction. Only if he has allowed smaller considerations to deflect him can he feel that he has fundamentally failed. However fully and sadly he may be aware of the discrepancy between the desire and the performance, if that discrepancy is due only to technical disability and not to obliqueness of purpose it cannot leave him despairing of a function unfulfilled.

From this it must be evident that no man can evaluate his own work except from the one standpoint. He must be only too painfully aware—in spite of his rare splendid moments—how far actual performance has fallen short of the intention. He, less than any other human being, is qualified to judge of its impact on other consciousnesses. But if he will search his heart and will truthfully tell, he, better than any other, may say whether he has held his direction or swerved from his aim. He only knows whether he has to the best of his sincerity attempted to set forth the conversion of life his own chemistry has distilled.

—STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

I Studied My Job and the Raises Came

"WHENEVER there was a promotion to be given out, I got it! That was not because I was any smarter than others nor because I had any better start, but because I was the lad with the information." So said Martin Barnaby Madden, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives. He outlined his philosophy of getting ahead:

"I believe that the plan which I followed from the very beginning is the surest way to success. I studied the job I was on, read books that told about the particular thing, went to night school and took the courses that showed me how to master the thing at which I was working.

"Anyone can do the same. If he is sweeping out the shoe store he can learn in books or in school how to keep stock properly on the shelves. If he is washing automobiles in a garage the door of the great industry is open to him if he begins to study machines. If he is hoeing cotton he can master the scientific principles back of cultivation and become a better man at it than the fellow who merely hoes cotton.

"Wherever he is working he has but to study the thing he is doing, and his employer will find out that he knows more about it than his fellows and the opportunities for advancement will be offered him. There will be so few other boys doing the same thing that he will have little competition."

Martin B. Madden grew up in Chicago. His father and mother were both born in England; on his father's side he was equipped with a strain of pure Irish. Coming of a family of eight children and settling in the rocky Lamont Valley it was natural that he should find his first work in the stone quarries all about.

"I was but ten years old when I went over to a quarry," he recalled. "I got a job carrying a tin bucket of crystal water from a near-by spring from one gang of workmen to another. I got fifty cents a day for this work, which money I carried home on Saturday night and turned into the family hoard."

Looking for New Fields

"THE first practical thing in behalf of my employers that I ever attempted was in regard to this same job of water carrying. I showed how a pipe could be run from the spring to the quarry, thus doing away with the necessity of hiring boys to carry the buckets back and forth all that distance. My suggestion was followed and thus a saving was made.

"A little later on I called the attention of the boss to the fact that whenever the men finished a day's work they left their tools uncared for and exposed to the weather and the danger of loss. These tools represented a considerable investment, and the effectiveness of the work depended very much upon their being kept in good condition. I showed how they could be gathered up and properly cared for. My first promotion came at the end of a year at the quarry, when I was given the job of tending the tools, and my wages were raised to one dollar a day.

"Encouraged by this success, I began to look for new fields to conquer. Here were these great bodies of stone to be taken out of the hillsides and to be put into proper shapes and sizes for use in construction. While tending tools I had seen the foreman and the superintendent figuring on the methods of cutting out this rock and the amounts of salable material into which the product could be divided. There were mathematical problems, and I wanted to understand how they could be worked out. So I began to study mathematics, particularly as applied to cutting stone out of a hillside. I took a course at night school and my mother, who was a well-educated woman, helped me at home. There was hardly a night during my early teens that I did not work over my mathematics until

ten o'clock. As a consequence, before long I was helping the foreman figure out his problems.

"In addition to the mathematics of quarrying, there was another problem, that of drafting. It was necessary to work out on paper the problem of cutting stone from the mountain, which task required mathematical knowledge, of course, and also mechanical drawing. Realizing this, I added to my study of figures a course in mechanical drawing and soon became quite efficient in the practical problems of the quarry.

"I was fourteen years old when I heard the men in authority at the quarry discussing a building which they intended erecting to house certain new machinery that was to be installed. They had decided to call in an architect to design this building, which was more complicated than an ordinary structure, because it had to take care of the strain which was incident to the operation of heavy machinery.

"I spoke up, however, and told the boss that it was unnecessary to hire an architect—that I would draw up the plans for his building. This I did, and the structure was afterward put up according to my plans and was in every way satisfactory. Thus it came about that at that time and when I was fourteen years old I was drawing fifty dollars a month, which in those days was very good pay indeed, and was coming to know a good deal about the business of quarrying. By the time I was sixteen I was the draftsman for the quarry. Continuing my study for another two years, I was a very thorough master of this business of getting building rock out of those hillsides. So when I was eighteen years old my employer found that the selection of a new superintendent of work was necessary and that, of all the thousand men in the quarry, I was the individual who knew the job better than anybody else. I became superintendent. The office of superintendent controlled a thousand men. I drew one hundred and fifty dollars a month at the age of eighteen, a position to which I had climbed step by step, because of the fact that I had studied each job I was on."

This white-haired statesman glowed as he talked of the accomplishments of his youth. He is today a good picture of a man who has succeeded—a big, pleasant-faced, grizzled, hard and healthy individual. His face is ruddy and his eyes are blue and kindly.

"Running this quarry," he continued, "was easy for me because I knew the job so well. Appreciating the fact that my success had been due to study I had given my work in each of its successive phases, I looked about as superintendent for the problem which I would have to face in advancing in this organization. Here my job was to produce stone, but for the next higher post which could come to me, I realized that I would have to know not only how to produce stone but how to market it. I therefore began to go to business college at night and study accounting, sales, contracts, all the business elements that confronted the quarry from the standpoint of its general management. So I was ready for the bigger job when it opened up.

"Throughout all this progress from post to post I had held to another plan that I had worked out early in my youth and which contemplated putting away certain proportions of the money which I had earned.

"When I came to make fifty dollars a month I said to my mother that I would pay her for my board, buy my own clothes and pay my own tuition at school. I found that I could do this on twenty-five dollars a month and have twenty-five dollars to put away. Later when I earned seventy-five dollars a month, I spent thirty dollars and put away forty-five dollars; when I earned $100 a month, I spent forty dollars and put away sixty dollars, and when I earned $150 a month, I spent fifty dollars and put away $100. The part of money that I did not spend for education I invested in bonds.

"At the age of twenty-seven I was vice president of the quarrying company, drawing $3500 a year. At this time we secured a contract to build the Chicago terminals of the Northern Pacific Railway, and in the course of performing this work I came to know Henry Villard, president of that railroad, quite well.

"He saw me much, and in the end offered me the vice presidency of the railroad at $10,000 a year. This offer I declined, because I hoped soon to become a partner in this quarrying business, and because I felt that the seventeen years that I had devoted to studying quarries would be largely wasted if I left that line of work and took to railroading.

"I still believe that my judgment was good, for it was not long after this that I was given a partnership, was allowed to reorganize and expand the company and develop it into a very productive property which soon made me independent."

Mr. Madden, because of his engineering ability, was able to assist in the construction of the Panama Canal. That was after he had been elected to Congress, his political rise coming through his interest in his home city.

"As a quarry engineer I knew much about the problems that confronted Colonel Goethals when he began his work on the great Culebra Cut. Through all the years that the Panama Canal was being dug, I made frequent trips to the Zone, became very intimately associated with Colonel Goethals, talked with him time and again about the various problems that came up during the development of the work. I took much satisfaction in the fact that a number of my suggestions were accepted by the canal builder and resulted in increased expedition and economy."

Operating the Government is not so different from running a quarry or digging a great canal, for Mr. Madden concluded: "Operating the United States Government is like carrying on any other large enterprise. The very heart of it is study, a good understanding of the problems and right financing." —UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX.

GEORGE H. JAY AND THE LEECH

(Continued from Page 50)

strictly businesslike appearance was given to the deal. Yes, George H. saw that, even before Sir Clovis began to explain it.

"I'm in a hole—or what might prove to be a serious hole, Sir Clovis. I'm not a blackmailer—what, me? Nun-no! On the contrary, I'm a blackmailer hunter. I'll prove that later. Now just take this cigar, sit comfortable and quietly tell me everything you know about this. I won't interrupt you."

A quarter of an hour later Mr. Jay rose from his desk, his eyes glassy with relief. He was going right along with Sir Clovis to the countess. He paused only to send an urgent telegram to the man in Leicester who had parted with the Greek vase. In the taxi en route to Grosvenor Square, George recapitulated Sir Clovis' description of the man Hawkingall for fear he forgot any of it:

"A cold and crafty blackguard from the day he was fired—er—sent down from his university, but capable of concealing it when he wished. Ten years ago he inherited Falconhaugh Castle, mortgaged up to the button on the top of the flagpole on its roof, and nothing else, and ever since then has lived on his wits. Had a long spell circulating around in society, tolerated for his manners and good looks. It was during this time that he must have picked up the secrets he is now trading on. Gradually he grew shadier and shadier, and finally was turned down by more or less everybody who was anybody. But he got some money together and retired to his castle, where he evidently has been pushing his blackmail business pretty hard. Hey, Sir Clovis? So hard that he felt he needed an assistant—and picked on me. Me! George H. Jay! Right, Sir Clovis! We'll see about that. Yes, must see what can be done about that."

There was a remotely ugly undernote in the disillusioned Mr. Jay's voice. He thought hard for a moment. He had to. It was not merely the comparatively small gains he had made from the man Hawkingall that were at stake—anybody could have those—it was practically the whole of his connection and clientele, past, present and future, that had been jeopardized by the highly deceptive Sir Richard Hawkingall.

Fortunately, George's brains, roweled by sheer necessity, responded nobly to the call and were running as sweetly as if they had just been decarbonized, fitted with new piston rings and had their valves, if any, newly and most thoroughly ground in.

"I shall have him, mark me, Sir Clovis! I shall get him where the crocodile got the goat. I see it coming. He's a good-natured, easy-going old fellow, is old George H. Jay; but there are limits, and this is one of them." He leaned forward. "Just tell me, Sir Clovis, d'ye think this secret of Lady Sandacre that Hawkingall has been trading on is much? What I mean—anything specially awful? Something that she simply couldn't have made public?"

Sir Clovis reflected for only a second. "I should not think so. No, dash it! Certainly not awful. She's a charming woman and a good sort. Younger than you'd expect—probably not quite forty, looks much less. I can't conceive why she submitted to it. Of course she has many friends—important personages, some of them, what I mean to say. And a breath of scandal would—er ——"

"—— dim her luster and theirs, maybe," said George understandingly.

"Probably it was some youthful indiscretion, don't you know."

"Yes, that's the term," George nodded. "Do you think she could confide in me—Privacy, London—what it was? It might help."

But that Sir Clovis did not know at all. "She might, what? Or she mightn't. She hasn't had much encouragement to tell anybody else, I rather fancy, Jay."

"No ha-ha'" barked George.

"Still, you might ask her," suggested Sir Clovis, with an air of one who wouldn't much care for the task himself.

The taxi slowed. "Yes, I will," said Mr. Jay, and meant it.

And a quarter of an hour later he had done so, though it required all his nerve, for the Dowager Countess of Sandacre was about one of the most distinguished ladies George had ever had the pleasure of meeting. Tall, slim, dark as a misty midnight, graceful as the floating silver sickle of a new moon—pretty graceful, that would be—silent and sweet and somehow sad, she found, as it were, a nestling place in the heart of the all-bebadgered Squire of Finch Court at first sight. He liked her, admired her; and if he had been calling on a less serious matter, he might even have told her so, for she was most markedly exceptional.

But this was no time for the squandering of either words or emotion. Gentle Mr. Jay was fighting for his business. Tigresses fighting for their young were more prone to valueless vocal utterance and sentimentality than George Henry, thus threatened. He was fighting for his soul, for, being an unmarried man, he had put said soul into his business. If Lady Sandacre had been Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Semiramis, Boadicea, Thaïs and Salome rolled into one tolerably formidable party, she would not have fazed the jolly miller of the Finch Court mill engaged in the task of defending his business.

In this condition Mr. Jay was always impressive and convincing. She needed no more than the merest glance at the honest perspiration bediamonding his honest brow, after ten minutes of earnest explanation, to know he was genuinely innocent of any witting complicity in the blackmail, and, moreover, was bloodthirstily desirous of lopping off every tentacle of the Falconhaugh Castle octopus.

She warmed to him—strange how even the most lilylike of ladykind can warm to plain and plump old perspirers laboring in their causes. So, naturally, the conversation grew frank; and Sir Clovis, warned by his natural perfect instinct, somehow, like an old soldier, faded away.

Alone, George spoke bluntly and to the point. "Lady Sandacre," he said, "permit me to be brief and businesslike. It is my intention to land Sir Richard Hawkingall in a stone compartment where he can do no more harm for many years. You can help me. I have demonstrated my personal innocence to you; you have accepted my demonstration. That, as the saying goes, is that. And now I am after this tarantula at Falconhaugh. I wish to ask you one question. Your answer may be of great value to—to us both. The man Hawkingall extracted valuable articles from you by means of a veiled threat to reveal—to make public, to your detriment—some incident of the past which you did not desire to be made public. Do you feel that you can bring yourself to tell me exactly what that incident was?"

For a long time the lady sat watching him with great eyes, full of memories, of regrets, of pain and, strangely, of far-off but unforgotten happiness, before she spoke. Then, presently, she slowly shook her lovely head with a sad little smile.

"No, I don't think I could. I—couldn't. Oh, for all sorts of very complex reasons I couldn't."

"Very well." George H. dismissed it briskly, allowing no sign of his disappointment to show in his hard and glassy eyes. He thought for a moment before he said, "I am a man of business, Lady Sandacre, and I am going to put another question in a business way." She nodded permission. "Assuming that the very worst thing a lady could do—and I am not excluding even murder—to be equivalent to 100 per cent, and the least little, tiniest little deviation from the very best to be equivalent to 1 per cent, about where would you place—per cent—the incident for which you have been blackmailed?"

She understood. "I see what you mean, Mr. Jay," she said. "It is an ingenious method of—of assessment." She smiled. "Naturally, I have thought a great deal about the seriousness of that incident, and I have had much experience of life to help me. I can answer your question in your terms. In permitting myself to be the—shall we say heroine?—of that incident I was indiscreet. But I was not evil. In the days of the incident it would have been assessed, in your measure, at about 52 per cent. Nowadays, Mr. Jay, it would be rated at 19 per cent."

She laughed softly in spite of her troubles, for she was a witty and courageous woman. "There is a conundrum for you, Mr. Jay. What did I do?"

But George H. had risen, beaming like a wholesale sunset. "Nineteen per cent!" he boomed, discreetly but with real excitement. "Why why, that gives me the other 81 per cent to play with!" He was really and obviously delighted, though Lady Sandacre was palpably puzzled to see why. "I can promise, I think, to scotch—nay, even to Irish—this snake in

(Continued on Page 58)

LIKE every Hupmobile for eighteen years, the Six is built to Hupmobile's rigidly high standards—and not to a price. It is, literally, a fine car, with latest, most complete equipment. Expect from it the utmost a fine car can give in dependability, in every phase of performance, in low costs and in long life.

Sedan, five-passenger, four-door, $1385. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $1385. Touring, five-passenger, $1325. Equipment includes 30 x 5.25 balloon tires, four-wheel brakes. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

HUPMOBILE
Six

(Continued from Page 56)

the grass, Lady Sandacre," he declared most confidently, "without any prying, if you will give me a little help."

His confidence was infectious. "Oh, gladly!" she cried.

"I shall think out my strategy tonight," he said triumphantly, "and tomorrow I shall call, if I may, and state my plan in detail to you."

"Yes—oh, yes."

"My fee in the circumstances will not be excessive—just the usual everyday commission on the scale laid down by the Agents' Guild," added George, perhaps a trifle hurriedly.

"Oh, quite so," agreed the dowager countess; and added most earnestly, "Free me from that serpent at Falconhaugh, Mr. Jay, and I will take care that no set scale of—er—commission shall be allowed to hamper my heart's gratitude to you."

George took her hand in a grip that impressed his sincerity on every knuckle joint she owned.

The figure upon which the commission was to be paid had not been mentioned, and, on the whole, the gentle George thought it might as well remain so. His own notion was roughly 10 per cent on all money saved for the lady by the forthcoming efficient scotching of the Falconhaugh leech. And that scoundrel might ultimately have had half she owned but for Old Reliable! She was a very rich woman, and 10 per cent on half she owned would be —— But here George stayed, his wandering mind honestly aware that his ideas were leading him toward a calculation that would have made a crocodile blush.

"Ten per cent on half she owns! Pshaw!" George H. chided himself. Still ——

III

THE George H. Jay who entered the library of Sir Richard Hawkingall two days later was vastly changed from the Jay who had first called—a bird of different feather entirely. Today there was a certain truculent jauntiness in his gait and air; he was arrayed in fairly racy tweeds and easy velours hat instead of his more normal and correct black morning coat and gleaming silk hat; his eyes were not quietly deferential—it was evidently not their deferential day, for they were flinty and hard and protrusive; he took the seat without invitation, so to speak, and he never removed his cigar from his mouth for the first five minutes.

"'Morning, Hawkingall," he said, and threw his hat on the floor beside his chair, only too obviously for his own comfort rather than from any motives of politeness. He did not wait for Sir Richard to translate his icy stare into speech, but went right on. "Why the devil couldn't you tell me frankly that you were putting over a little blackmail, as they term it, on Lady Sandacre, man?" he said, frowning heavily and with a resentful menace in his voice. "Had me guessing, you did, Hawkingall. I thought it was all genuine. But worse than that, you nearly landed me into the claws of the police! Listen! Nothing but the merest accident in the world has kept you—not that you matter to me—and me out of jail today."

George ground his cigar end into a very nasty mess indeed as he glared at the man Hawkingall.

"Don't speak! Don't butt in, Mr. Sir Richard man, until I've done!" he continued ferociously. "I want to tell you that the countess had her hand on the telephone to ring Scotland Yard and put the police on and around both of us at once, if not sooner, when by a sheer thousand-to-one chance a friend of hers who happened to be a client of mine diverted her attention. Yeh! It was as close as that!"

"She wouldn't dare call in the police," said Hawkingall, his voice cold and ugly. He was a quick and dangerous animal. He saw at once that George was speaking the truth, and he made no effort to support the old pretense. He slipped out from under his pose of a wealthy amateur collector as a venomous snake slips out of its old loosened skin. "She wouldn't dare. I touch nothing but certainties, Jay, and I have a strangle-hold on her."

George H. leaned back and laughed. "She wouldn't dare!" he said. "Man, you want to remember that times change and women with them! Twenty years ago no woman dared to wear her skirts above her heels. Look at them now! And women with a strangle-hold on them don't, as a rule, ring up the police," he said. "Man, you're out of date! Hey? You've forgotten that what was a serious social bloomer twenty years ago is no more than the merest side slip nowadays—a trifle—a thing that will bore people sooner than tickle their fancies—ha-ha!"

He wagged his big head. "Still, that was your trouble. Mine is what troubles me. I am telling you that you nearly landed me in jail—unnecessarily. Unnecessarily! That's what I kick at. If you wanted some of her art treasures, why couldn't you be frank with me—confide in me—and cut up the plunder with me, fifty-fifty, with a pair of mathematically correct scissors? That's my grievance, and it's a real one. You can see that, can't you?"

His tone changed to a grumble: "You're clever enough in some ways, but you're only an amateur. Didn't it ever occur to you that the men who know secrets that are secrets—good, solid, serious watertight ones—are not the society outcasts like yourself, but the business advisers, the agents, the solicitors, and so on—men like me, Hawkingall?"

George gave vent to an angry and contemptuous bray of laughter and tapped his head. "Why, here, locked up inside all this bone, I've got secrets that would give you the earache to listen to! They bring them to me and pay me to get them out of their troubles. Even this lady, the dowager countess—why, man, I know at least two things about her—self-confessed and all cluttered up with documentary proofs—that would make your poor little flimsy, police-attracting secret look about as valuable as a large hole in a rat trap!"

He drew out and lighted another cigar. From behind his smoke he saw the cold gleam that lighted itself in the eyes of the man facing him.

"However, now we are beginning to know each other a little better," he continued, a shade more affably. "And what I want you to understand is this: We went the wrong way to work when you provided the secret to trade on and left me to do the trading at a trivial commission. D'ye see that? The right way to work this thing is for me to provide a secret, a police-proof one, and for you to do the collecting on it. And the reason's clear enough, isn't it? The instant I collect on a secret, I learn no more My business goes to pieces. But if you do the collecting of the money, I am free to go on collecting secrets. In other words, old George H. Jay continues to be the receptacle of valuable confidences, which he will quietly pass to you, and which you turn into cash, without any fool risks like you took with Lady Sandacre. That clear?

"Wait a minute—there are the terms. These will be fifty-fifty, and figured out in this way: All the antiques and things collected will go into this collection here, including what is already here. We pay equally between us the trifling sums necessary to cloak the purchases. At the end of a year or two, when the time is good and ready, we shall auction—in the right place, with the right amount of fuss—the whole collection, share the fortune that will result, and after a while start over again, and"—Mr. Jay did not attempt to conceal the increasing enthusiasm in his voice—"there's maybe a quarter of a million apiece in it for us, properly spread over a space of time and a number of people. Now ring for something to drink for me, and just turn that proposal over in your mind while I'm drinking it!"

It was perhaps ten minutes before the degenerate at the big table spoke, but he spoke to the point: "I thought that I was something pretty superlative as a—crook, you people call it; don't you?" he said, with a vitriolic bitterness. "But you, Jay, as you truly say, make me look like an amateur. Still, you have to realize that, feeble though my plan of action was against yours, I couldn't work it in any other way. How could I come to you, or to any confidential agent or solicitor, and invite you—or them—to tell me of grave private troubles so that I could trade on them and arrange to divide the plunder?"

George H. nodded agreement. "Yes, that's a fair argument, and it goes. You couldn't. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of us would have turned you out of the office and chased you into the nearest gutter. But me—well, never mind about me. I am the hundredth. I don't suppose it would interest you to know why I've been a crook for the past ten years any more than it would me to hear why you happen to be a born crook."

"No, it wouldn't," agreed Hawkingall rather sourly.

George stared. "No need to feel bitter, now we've cleared the air. For between us we shall build up a pile that will make our collection in there look like the back yard of a junk shop. . . . And now let's get to business." He thought for a moment.

"Well, what do you suggest?" asked Hawkingall impatiently.

"I'm thinking—selecting, you may say. Hawkingall, I'll say I like that Sandacre Gainsborough. We'll have it. We'll start with it. What's it worth?"

"If I couldn't sell it for something near ten thousand pounds I know nothing about pictures," declared the blackmailer.

"Good! A ten-thousand-pound deal will make a very dainty little start-off for this new partnership of ours," said George earnestly.

"And my lever with the lady being worthless, according to you ——"

"If you don't believe me, friend, cut me out and carry on with it. And in three months' time I'll smuggle some tobacco in to you in Dartmoor convict prison just for fun," promised the Squire of Finch Court.

Hawkingall shrugged. "I won't risk it. What do you propose?"

Mr. Jay produced a dozen letters on varied writing papers, several press cuttings, one or two short legal-looking documents on parchment, a couple of faded photographs—snapshots—a thing like a doctor's certificate and a paper that most certainly was a burial certificate. Each was numbered carefully.

"Read those things," said George. "They relate to an incident in the past of the Dowager Countess of Sandacre. Ask me about anything you don't follow. Ask me anything—except where I got the story. I'll tell no man that."

His voice was cold, hard, extraordinarily significant, and not without a ring of brutality.

At the end of a long half hour Sir Richard Hawkingall of Falconhaugh Castle finished his third intent perusal of the papers and put them down. He had not asked one question. There was triumph and a tinge of amazement in his eyes. Bad eyes, they were, to anyone who was a judge of eyes.

"She did that! Eve Sandacre did that!" he said, with a touch of wonder in his flat voice.

"She wasn't always a Sandacre, remember," George reminded him. "Twenty-two years ago she was a lovely girl who loved lovely things and hadn't a cent to buy them with. Also, as you gather from those papers, she was liable to be arrested at any moment unless she could find a considerable sum. I doubt if she actually went so far as those things indicate; but I know perfectly well that she can't prove she's innocent, whereas I know better still that those documents near enough prove her guilty—too guilty to care to fight it."

Hawkingall nodded. "Yes, I see. You're clever, Jay. It could happen to a woman like that. But, Jay, that thing—the proof in those papers—might, even now, after this lapse of time, get her penal servitude for life!" There was a touch of cruelty in Hawkingall's voice.

The old anteater of Finch Court spoke equably. "Well, who's affair is that? You don't imagine she is going to part with—with not merely the Gainsborough, but more to follow, for nothing, do you? The question is, are you capable of handling her with this weapon, or will you leave it alone?" demanded George H.

"Oh, I can handle her with this! Who couldn't? Why, I've built up the whole of that collection on secrets that were trivial compared with this!"

"I know that. But you risked arrest with every deal. In this there is no risk."

"No, I see that. I've half a mind to play with her for a little over this. She's a haughty soul."

George Henry glared and scowled. "Oh, no, you won't. This is a business matter with me, not a revenge transaction. It's her money I want. Painlessly, for choice. I don't want to hurt the woman. All I want is her money. And when she's paid it, good luck to her. I'll be glad enough to leave her alone. And that goes with you, if we're going to work together."

Sir Richard grinned acidly. "You're a primitive unrefined sort of brute, Jay," he said coolly. "But, logically, you're right; though, artistically, you're wrong. Still, what you say goes."

"It does." George rose. "Well, that's that. Keep the papers and get busy. If in doubt, get in touch with me. Don't take a single risk. The moment you begin to work, the countess will probably come to me for advice. Her friend, and mine, Sir Clovis Jackson, will advise that. And I shall advise her to settle with you, out of court—ha-ha!"

He laughed, good-humored again. "Well, I'll be going. But remember, no risks! When in doubt, refer to George H. Jay, 5 Finch Court."

"I will—if necessary."

George glanced at the clock, then at his watch. "Your clock's ten minutes slow," he said. "I can't catch my train. Your fault. A man loses nothing by punctuality in the blackmail business, as I know to my cost. This gives me an hour to tide over. Show me around our collection next door, will you, Hawkingall? Or what there's time for. I'd like to hear what you got and where you got it, working as an amateur."

His pride appealed to, the criminal baronet was only too willing. And before he left the castle the jolly old Finch Court miller knew where most of the treasures had come from and the pitiful figure paid for them.

"You've done well," he summed up. "But I'll show you how to do better," he added, as he moved out to the car waiting to take him to the railway station.

Sir Richard watched the car depart with eyes that were blank and pupilless as a cat hunting in bright sunlight.

"As nearly willful murder—with other things—as her worst enemy could wish," he mused. "She shall sing small to me at last." His grin was the grin of a fanatic. Evidently he was by way of being a personal unfriend of Lady Sandacre.

Ten days later he went to his triumph. As Mr. Jay had correctly prophesied, the settlement had been fixed by the countess to take place at that scene of many settlements, 5 Finch Court. The Gainsborough painting was to be delivered there, and Lady Sandacre had stipulated that she should receive, at the moment of its delivery, the documents which had flailed her into selling the art treasure at such a ludicrous price.

Sir Richard Hawkingall of Falconhaugh Castle could not resist a feeling of admiration for his partner, Mr. George H. Jay, agent, as he turned from his close scrutiny of the ten-thousand-pound picture to face George and his client, the countess. For the portly old agent's glower of black animosity and contempt seemed to him to be, in its way, a very perfect bit of acting.

(Continued on Page 60)

FREE $10,000 in cash for a name

—that will adequately express the smart style and matchless *vogue* of this beautiful new Jewett 4-door Sedan

ENTIRELY free—without any strings or reservations whatsoever—the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company will give $10,000 *in cash* to the person (over 14) in the United States or Canada who suggests the name or phrase that will best express the *style*—the *charming beauty*—the *perfect taste*—the *matchless vogue*—of the new JEWETT 4-door Sedan.

Nor is that all! In addition to the one major award of $10,000 in cash—this company will give two of these wonderful cars to those two people who suggest the two next most fitting names or phrases.

A New Car That *Deserves* A New Name!

This wonderful new car—for which we seek an appropriate name—is an entirely new kind of motor car. This new JEWETT 4-door Sedan surrounds the ownership of a car of moderate price with the luxury and individuality of custom-built carriages.

When you see it—and sit in it—and drive it—you will appreciate that a car so superfine deserves and needs a name or designation that will set it apart and above ordinary cars. And for such a name or designation—we will gladly pay these handsome awards!

One Glimpse of This Car Will Stir Your Enthusiasm

When you first see this handsome car, you will be as enthusiastic about its charm and smartness as we are. Names should readily suggest themselves to you as you sit on its choice mohair upholstery and sink into the nested springs of its deep cushions—as you grasp its solid walnut steering wheel (instead of the customary metal-spindle wheel)—as you admire the skill that inlaid its walnut-finish panels and arranged the clever corner-lights, the comfortable arm rests, the silk toggle grips and the convenient twin smoking sets—as you glance at the beautiful clustered instruments, indirectly lighted.

Come see this new car—soon! Bring pencil and paper with you and jot down each unexpected nicety, each clever new appointment, each luxurious fitting that meets your eyes. Be sure to *get inside* this car—that its atmosphere of luxury may surround you completely. Take a ride—drive it yourself—make a mental note of its buoyancy over rough roads, its quiet, obedient performance at all speeds, its instant acceleration and deceleration (with Paige-Hydraulic 4-Wheel brakes, you know!)—and note, above all, the admiring glances it occasions from passersby and the enthusiastic comments it receives from your fellow-passengers!

See and Admire Its Charm—Then Name It For Us!

After you've seen and admired the charm and beauty and smartness of this Jewett—ask the dealer for an official ballot (or we will mail you one) and write on that ballot the name or phrase (of not more than six words) that you believe most adequately identifies this car as the style carriage it is. Write on this ballot also, in not more than fifty words, your reasons for so naming this car.

There are no difficult or complicated rules about this contest. Every person who has passed his or her fourteenth birthday (except employees of Paige or its dealer organization, or members of their families) is eligible. Read the simple rules elsewhere on this page—and plan now to name this car for us!

All names and phrases, together with the reasons for selecting them, will be judged by H. M. Jewett, president of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company; Charles W. Brooke, advertising expert, president of the Detroit Adcraft Club and Detroit Better Business Bureau, and Edgar A. Guest, the world-famous writer and poet.

Awards made by the judges will be based first on the name or phrase submitted, and second on the reason given for choosing such name or phrase. To the person awarded first prize by the judges we will promptly award $10,000 in cash; to the two persons awarded next two prizes by the judges, we will promptly give a beautiful new Jewett sedan delivered to each of their doors, *free!*

See this beautiful new car at your Paige-Jewett showroom to-day! You may win $10,000—do not delay!

Rules of the Contest:

1. Contest opens October 1 and closes at midnight on October 31, 1926. Anyone over 14 years of age may compete, except Paige-Jewett employees or members of their families.

2. The prizes to be awarded in this contest are as follows: $10,000 in cash to the person who, in the opinion of the judges, submits the most appropriate name or phrase, and gives the best reason for his or her choice; a beautiful new Jewett Sedan to each of the two persons who, in the opinion of the judges, submit the two next most appropriate names or phrases, and give the best reasons for their choices.

3. The above prizes are awarded for a name or phrase (of not more than six words) and a reason for selecting such names or phrases. The name or phrase should be such a one as will instantly create in the mind of one who hears it an impression of smartness, style, charm and vogue. In judging this contest the judges will consider first the name or phrase selected, and then the accompanying reason for selecting such name or phrase. The decision of the judges will be final and binding on all contestants.

4. All names or phrases, with reasons therefor, entered in this contest must be written on an Official Ballot. Such a ballot may be secured from any Paige-Jewett dealer, or you can get one by writing this company. Every Paige-Jewett dealer will have a ballot-box where these ballots may be deposited after you have made your choice.

5. Originality of thought, cleverness of name or phrase, soundness and brevity of reason advanced, clearness of expression and neatness will count.

6. If two or more contestants submit the same most appropriate name or phrase and the most satisfactory reason for selecting such name or phrase, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

Go to your Paige-Jewett Dealer and get a Ballot TODAY!

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

813

Watch This Column

Jules Verne's "MICHAEL STROGOFF"

When you and I were young, Dad, we read Jules Verne's thrilling tales till our eyes stuck out. We admired and dreamed of his super-human heroes and wished some day we might be like them. Do you recall *"Michael Strogoff,"* the heroic young soldier who fought his way through hordes of savage Tartars to deliver a message from the Czar to the Grand Duke?

Well, Universal is about to present *"Michael Strogoff"* in picture form and I know, if you remember the story, you will take the boys and girls to see it. They will enjoy it as much as we did away back in the 70's.

The story hinges on the plot of the traitor Ogareff to make way with the Grand Duke who is a brother of the Czar. Ogareff, aware that Michael Strogoff carries the warning message, does everything possible to hinder and destroy him over a hazardous journey of 5,000 miles. The courier is twice left for dead, but revives and carries on, eventually arriving with the message in the nick of time.

Many of the scenes in the picture are intensely thrilling, having been taken in Siberia, in which thousands of the regular soldiers of the Latvian Army take part. A beautiful love theme runs through the picture. Some of the scenes are in full color, especially those reproducing the feasts and ceremonies of the Tartars. I advise you to refresh your memory of the immortal Jules Verne and see his young hero in the flesh.

Once more allow me to advise you to see *"The Marriage Clause,"* a Universal-Lois Weber production of life behind the scenes, featuring FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and BILLIE DOVE. Also REGINALD DENNY in *"Take It from Me,"* based on the charming musical comedy of the same name. Have you written me a letter lately? Why not now? Tell me about Universal pictures and what you think of them.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

For the thrill of seeing world events as they actually happen watch for International Newsreel—issued twice a week

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 58

The countess sat rigid, white, cold and lovely, as some old Greek marble

"There, Sir Richard, is your picture and the receipt for your check in payment for the said picture. There are, I understand, some papers relating to a personal matter which you desire to give to Lady Sandacre. Please produce them and the transaction can be closed forthwith."

The gentle Jay came round from behind his desk to take the papers, and even as Sir Richard reached to his pocket for them the door opened and three men came in—men of a kind that would be recognizable even if they were clad in nothing but tattoo marks—detectives, real meat ones, the genuine article from the genial establishment by the Embankment humorously called Scotland Yard.

"Red-handed, I think, Sir Richard," said Mr. Jay quietly, and his muscular fingers curled and closed on the wrists of the blackmailer—just for fear of accidents.

"That will be all right, Mr. Jay," said the chief of the official gentlemen cheerily. "Much obliged, I'm sure."

Deftly he completed, with real steel, the correct security of the leech's wrists and in a few terse words informed him that he was arrested on a charge of blackmail, the nature of which he briefly but effectively stated. The creature was not merely staggered. He was smitten totally speechless. So they removed him while the removing was comparatively silent.

Lady Sandacre stared for a few seconds in absolute silence at the door that closed behind him, then turned to gentle George with a long sigh. A wonderful wave of color dawned on her pale cheeks and her eyes grew radiant. Thanks to an unusually youthful marriage, she may have been a dowager countess, but she looked more like the granddaughter of one. She rose, lifting her arms rather like a woman who lets a heavy fur cloak fall from her shoulders.

"You have lifted a terrible burden, a dreadful shadow, from my life, Mr. Jay," she said, and George could see that she was trembling a little. "For five years I have feared that man more, more, far more, than any woman should fear any man. You—even you—don't know what you have done for me. Oh, no wonder Clovis and some of the others speak so highly of your marvelous ability!"

G. H. looked as shy as he could, though it was but a poor impersonation of the modest violet that he achieved. Shyness called for Style 67 of his system—one which he was rarely called upon to use. So he got back to business.

"It is always a very great joy to me to conduct a really difficult and complex case to a successful issue, even though I have specialized for many years in these intensely delicate affairs," he said. "There were peculiar features in your case, Lady Sandacre, and only one solution—namely, the one I invented. The man was blackmailing you, using as a lever an incident which, whether true or untrue, you did not desire associated publicly with your name. So I invented a much, much graver incident about you—a terrible charge—and, thanks to the ingenuity of some members of my—er—irregular staff and of one or two experts upon whose services I have a call, I was able to conjure up what would have been to any sane person indisputable proofs. I then allied myself with the man Hawkingall and he was quick to seize the safer lever. He is now safely in the hands of the law, and when he is tried for attempted blackmail it will be a matter of childish ease to prove that not one point of his story is true. No judge will permit the introduction of evidence touching that other small matter on which Hawkingall had originally based his extortions. It would be irrelevant; and in any case, no blackmailer is ever invited, or is ever likely to be invited, to deliver from the dock an irrelevant attack on the long-dead past of his victim. He is in a situation where his attacking days are finished and he must confine himself to self-defense—ha-ha! Hawkingall will almost certainly receive ten years' penal servitude—more if the police can glean the necessary facts from some of his other victims—possibly twenty years."

"How dreadful!"

"Pardon me, no. He purposed to hold you and all you have in penal servitude to him for life."

"Yes—and you have saved me."

"That," said the squire gravely, "is my business. That is what I am here for, what I am paid for."

The lady laughed joyously. "You sell precious merchandise, Mr. Jay. But you shall have no reason to complain of the price I shall pay," she added.

George was aware of that. He bowed. "The matter of my fee," he said slowly, "in spite of our rather sketchy arrangement, has been perplexing me a little. As you may know, the Agents' Guild, of which I am a member, is strict. We agents work by results—are paid by results. Ordinarily, a certain sum is involved, and upon that sum, roughly speaking, our fee—er—commission—10 to perhaps 15 per cent is charged. But in your case no fixed sum exists. We had a vague understanding that you should be—er—mulcted"—George smiled as winningly as he could—"in an amount of 10 per cent on all I saved for you."

"But that is so, Mr. Jay. It is wholly satisfactory to me."

"Pardon me," demurred George H. gravely, "you do not realize quite what that implies. This man Hawkingall intended robbing you of all you possess. I put that forever out of his power. But I am far—very far—from believing myself entitled to charge you any such exorbitant fee as 10 per cent on all you possess. Which, of course, is the logical outcome of our careless arrangement—as logical, let me add, as it is utterly laughable."

He laughed to prove it, though he noted that the lady did not seem in the least shocked at his logic.

"Nun-no, Lady Sandacre, George H. Jay is not that species of agent," he continued. "And with your acquiescence, I purpose naming no fee—no rate of fee—at all." Amazement and protest shone in her eyes. "I have thought a good deal about this point," pursued the old conjurer. "And if you will permit me, I would much prefer to leave the matter of my fee to one who is far more competent than I to judge the real value of the service I have rendered and the risk, I suppose, I have incurred in this unusual case. I mean, of course, yourself, Lady Sandacre. I am going to suggest that you pay me a fee that, in your considered judgment, represents the value to you of such service as I may have—ah—rendered."

It was a touch of real talent. George Henry knew it. Gratitude comes under the heading Perishable Goods, and he was merely settling things while her gratitude was in full bloom.

She was no fool. But she was a very rich woman, and, as George H. had very truly said, she alone knew what the scotching of Hawkingall was worth to her.

She leaned to him. "Mr. Jay," she said earnestly, "when I leave this office I shall pass into Finch Court free from a single shadow on my spirit. I shall go out into the world free, untrammeled like a blithe bird flying into new sunshine." She rose. "There is not enough money in the world to pay for that, Mr. Jay," she said very earnestly. "But I shall write to you and try to show you that I am not ungrateful." She shook hands and left.

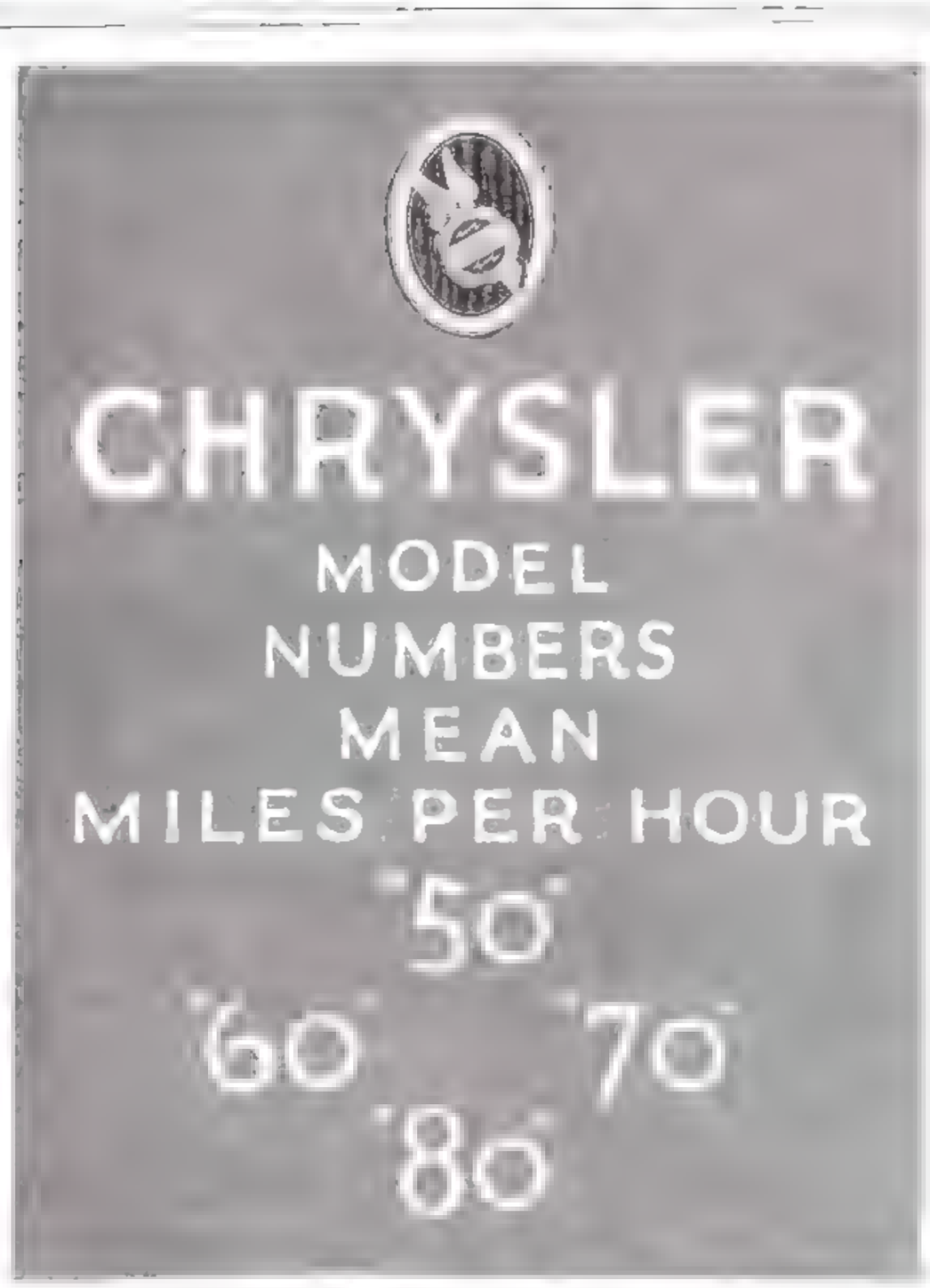
That afternoon gentle George received a check for five thousand pounds from her and a letter with it that stretched his smile well nigh from ear to ear.

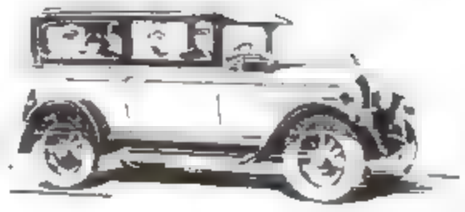
He had dreamed of two thousand, would have been satisfied with one, would not have sneered at five hundred, would have accepted two-fifty. He had a right to smile.

He recovered his normal calm after a while, and found himself leaning back in his chair admiring the exquisite handwriting on the check.

"She knew what it was worth to her, and she's paid the same. A noble woman!" he said at last. "Nobly acknowledging a noble service nobly carried out." And sighing the deep, deep sigh of one who has drawn a fair five years' pay for a fair day's work, he prosaically reached for the old cigar box once again, as a man must.

Pleasant Valley, Vermont





CHRYSLER "50"

Revolutionizing Value In the Lower-Priced Field

Chrysler "50" is changing all ideas as to what can be secured in a low-priced four cylinder car.

Comfort—such as you never had before, thanks to its full size, and finer, roomier bodies. Speed—50 miles and more per hour. Pick-up—5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds. Beauty that is distinctive and enduring—typical of Chrysler.

You get all these fine car qualities with the amazing operating economy of 25 miles to the gallon.

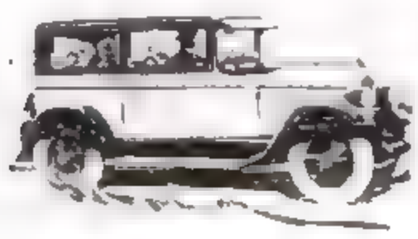
Three enclosed body types—Priced from $750 to $830, f. o. b. Detroit. Subject to current Federal excise tax

CHRYSLER "60"

Lightning Acceleration—60 Miles—and More—Per Hour

Sixty miles, and more, per hour. Lightning acceleration. Amazing economy of 22 miles to the gallon. Characteristic Chrysler smartness and beauty. Phenomenal riding ease. Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes. Oil filter and air cleaner. Full pressure lubrication. Seven-bearing crankshaft. Impulse neutralizer. Manifold heat control. Road levelizers, front and rear. Roomy luxurious bodies. The new lighter six Chrysler "60" is the lowest-priced Six ever built which combines all these fine car features—plus unapproached Chrysler performance and quality.

Five body types—Priced from $1075 to $1295, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.



CHRYSLER
QUALITY
IS
STANDARDIZED
Chrysler Standardized Quality is a fixed and inflexible quality standard which enforces the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practise and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80".
Thus "purchaser's risk" is eliminated. The purchaser is assured of absolute safety. He knows that every Chrysler—from the lowest-priced to the highest-priced—is the supreme value in its class. That the value of each is unquestionable.
Built As Only Chrysler Builds

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

Addition
Subtraction
Multiplication
Division

THE MONROE is often spoken of by executives as the most useful machine in the office because it handles all figure-work as simply and directly as the ordinary adding machine adds.

Monroe "Locked Figure" Addition will produce a greater number of accurate totals in a day's time than any other machine or method.

Monroe Subtraction is direct—the fastest you will ever see.

To multiply, you simply "write" one number on the keyboard, the other in the dials and read the proven answer.

Monroe Division is automatic, simple and direct.

The test and proof of these facts will demonstrate economies of time and effort you may never have thought possible. You may test and prove without obligation by arranging a free trial on your work.

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: Orange, N. J.
Monroe Machines and Service are [illegible] Europe and throughout the World

HIGHWAY ROBBERS

(Continued from Page 44)

consequences to his bodily health. The crime to which this quartet individually pleaded guilty was attempted grand larceny in the second degree. In case anyone wishes to console Abe or to arrange for his appearance as a stock actor sometime in the future, his address now and for several years to come is in care of the warden of Sing Sing Prison, a place which he finds only slightly less irksome than the Massachusetts prison in which he served a term for a similar offense just a few years ago.

Hard-Working Fakers

One pattern which is followed faithfully by a host of imitators of its designer requires the possession of one of those semi-junk vehicles of the class employed by Abe in his schemes. In a Western city, at eleven o'clock in the morning of a recent day, a cheaply made sedan of early vintage stopped abruptly at an intersection as the traffic policeman's whistle blew with the change of control lights. A truck, belonging to a firm of wholesale grocers, that was directly behind the little sedan, crashed into it. The bumpers were tangled, the rear window glass was shattered somehow, and from the interior of the sedan there poured out a volume of agonized cries. The four men whose pains were thus advertised paused only long enough to give their names to the traffic policeman and to get complete data concerning the ownership of the truck, the number of its license plates and the identity of its chauffeur, before driving away from the scene.

At one o'clock that afternoon—just two hours later—a sedan of similar make was maltreated in another part of the city by a horse-drawn truck belonging to an express company.

Again there were four victims, and within twenty-four hours there were eight new actions in the courts of that state.

Now the owners of those trucks were insured in different companies, but the adjusters of both companies were inclined to proceed cautiously, because each recognized the lawyers whose names appeared on the summonses and complaints as members of that piratical band of the negligence bar with whom they had to deal so many times. Their names alone were red-flag signals which caused each company's adjusters to proceed to the bureau maintained as a means of guarding against accident frauds.

There a comparison of these cases disclosed that in both the accident at eleven o'clock and the accident at one o'clock the same sedan was involved, the same four men were injured and the same firm of lawyers was responsible for the filing of the eight suits for damages growing out of the two occurrences. Those suits have not been settled by the payment of damages yet.

In 1925, insurance companies paid out to claimants for injuries sustained as the result of ownership, operation and maintenance of automobiles $50,897,144, but there is no statistician sufficiently gifted to indicate what part of that sum was paid to satisfy judgments gained by fraud or to buy releases from fakers.

While the fakers are growing affluent, though, there are said to be in excess of 20,000 unsatisfied judgments on the records of New York courts through the failure of mushroom insurance companies that came into existence after the legislature decreed that every taxicab operator must be bonded for $2500. Swarms of the independent taxicab drivers sought the cheapest bonding companies they could find, and—what is not surprising—these were the first companies to blow up under the strain of meeting the barrage of claims that fell on these weak insurance companies, some of which had a capital of only $50,000. The sad part of it is that many persons who had been crippled by the taxicabs bonded by these companies have been no more able to collect the damages to which they are entitled than if they had been injured by an unidentified burglar.

It is surprising to discover what a large proportion of humanity is willing to treat the details of the accidents that befall them as a plastic material to be molded into a shape pleasing and satisfying to their lawyers; and sometimes such clients succeed in having their cases presented by honest lawyers who would have no dealings with them if they realized what liars they were representing.

Some months ago a young woman was crossing a street in one of the large cities of the country and slipped and fell just as she was about to step on the curbing in front of the entrance of a hotel. She was assisted to her feet by the door man, a splendid figure in the gold lace of a comic-opera admiral. Ordinarily there are two or three taxicabs standing in the street in front of that hotel, which is designated in that city's ordinances as a hack stand; but on this occasion there was only one car there and its engine was not running.

Several weeks later suit was brought against the taxicab company whose cabs were usually posted there. The young woman who had fallen had discovered, it seemed, that she had been injured to such an extent that $25,000 would barely compensate her for the pain she had suffered, the injury to her frock and other damages which she swore had been inflicted when one of the company's cabs backed into her.

In spite of the testimony of the door man and the taxicab chauffeur, both of whom explained that the car was standing dead at the curb, a jury awarded the charming plaintiff $5000. The judge arbitrarily cut that award to $1000. It would have been cheaper to settle, but the company was sure of its position and succeeded in having the case retried. The second jury was less strongly impressed with the girl's story and decided against her in spite of the skill of her undeniably competent lawyers.

A Helpful Client

A short while after that victory the treasurer of the company encountered one of the lawyers, who was a friend of his of long standing.

"Hey," he challenged with mock reproof in his voice, "what did you take that case for?"

"Well," admitted the lawyer in embarrassment, "I'll tell you. She used to work for my wife, and my wife insisted I'd have to help the girl, but I give you my word I didn't know she was lying until the case was all over."

"How did you find out then?"

"She reproved us for losing regardless of the help she had given us. We asked for particulars about that help, and she, in great surprise, explained, as she might have explained to children, that she had helped by saying that idle cab had backed into her. We're through with negligence cases, thank you."

It is the hope of the executives of the big companies that with the passage of time they will be able to educate the mass of the public as to the cost to everybody of damage awards made out of sympathy and without regard to facts. They believe that if they can do this, the time will come when every jury will have on it at least one individual who will be willing to resist the feeling that it is the function of a jury in civil suits to play the rôle of good fairy to persons who have been injured regardless of where the responsibility for the injury rests. In practice, the claim agents contend, juries, especially those drawn from poor districts, are inclined to be much too generous with the money of a corporation so long as the aggressive litigant is a sympathetic person.

Certainly there can be no argument concerning the fact that fake claims increase the cost to all automobile owners of liability insurance.

Silver Lake

—the Clothesline on handy metal reel

Hands up on even trying to improve the *quality* of the old, reliable solid-braided, pre-stretched SILVER LAKE Clothesline. So we're offering it to you now on this handy metal reel—in the 50, 75 and 100-ft lengths. How much easier you'll find it to take down and put up. And no more tangles or kinks to try your patience!

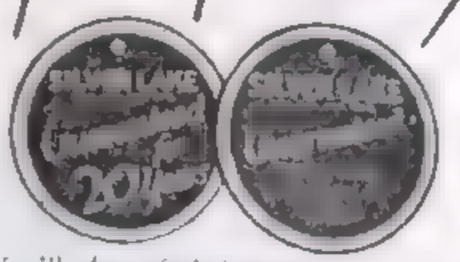
Your Grocer or Department Store has Silver Lake

When Sash Cords Break

—fix 'em yourself with SILVER LAKE. This compact household package contains 18 feet—or enough for four cords. And complete directions for installing them. A 10-year written guarantee comes with SILVER LAKE Sash Cord. This assures you freedom from further annoyance—and from repair bills!

At Hardware and Builders' Supply Stores 50¢

Your Guarantee,



You'll *always* find these Tags on *genuine* SILVER LAKE products. They mean that this Company stands back of its dealers and is ready to make good through them—to YOU.

SILVER LAKE COMPANY
310 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

SOLID BRAIDED Cordage

ADVERTISING

POWER, MAGIC, WIZARDRY, ENCHANTMENT—to the amateur no word seems strong enough to describe the undeniable accomplishments of advertising. But from a professional viewpoint, advertising merits somewhat more sober terms. As a matter of fact the making of successful advertising is a difficult business, requiring both skill and experience.

It is true that advertising will speed up sales and secure a larger volume in a shorter time for a manufacturer with foresight, courage and financial resources to carry definite business policies to completion.

But no amount of advertising will sell a product that cannot be sold without advertising.

It is certain that advertising can and does create valuable good-will for a brand or a trade-mark. Witness the actual money value of any well-advertised name.

But it is equally certain that back of that name, there must be honesty, fair dealing, and full value for the price asked. Advertising an unworthy product simply means that a larger number of people will presently discover its disadvantages.

Advertising pays its way, often many times over. It will permit lower prices through increased volume. It can reduce selling costs. It can lessen the time in which a product moves from factory to consumer.

But advertising that does not consider the problems of the jobber, the retailer and the salesman often loses more than it gains. Advertising must contain the principles of sound merchandising to be successful.

Advertising points out the merits of a product and impresses the buyer with its desirability.

But advertising cannot create a single point of superiority in a product, or add a single virtue to its manufacturer.

Advertising is accepted as a necessary part of modern business promotion. It has won a place for itself in virtually every industry. Rightly directed and prepared, advertising has proved that it can return a profit to the advertiser. But advertising always should be considered as a business enterprise, and not as a magic formula for unearned success.

A duplicate of this page, printed upon heavy paper, will be sent to you at your request without charge

N. W. AYER & SON, *Advertising Headquarters*

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

WOMEN IN BANKING

By Marion Clyde McCarroll

THE woman bank executive is the very newest thing we have in types of business and professional women—the newest and also, probably, the most triumphant. For in the entire field of the world's economy there has been no single factor so thoroughly conservative in regard to admitting women on a salary-earning basis as the financial community. Why this should have been so, and what has brought about the change, would make an entire story in itself. Briefly, it has to do with the traditional way of a woman with a check book—prolific source of material for comic strip and vaudeville for untold ages—and the gradual breaking down of that tradition under the pressure of the startling economic changes wrought by the progress of women in commerce and industry. The business which the woman of today has to transact with her bank is something which that institution cannot afford to ignore, and it is because bank officials in all parts of the country are increasingly recognizing this that the opportunities for women in the financial world have become what they are.

Certain it is that the past ten years have seen a marked change in the situation. Where, a few short years ago, the women employed by banks were never seen in the seats of even the most humble of the mighty, but were behind the scenes tapping typewriters or performing other detail and wholly routine work, today there is scarcely a bank to be found anywhere that has not its women's department as an important feature of its service, headed by a woman who ranks as a bank executive.

Service for women rendered by women—that is one of the things in which the banks of the country are specializing today.

"It is naturally easier for a woman to discuss questions of finance with another woman," said one of the leading woman bank executives in New York City the other day, "because she knows that a frank answer will be given to the most elementary question without fear of ridicule. She believes that one of the same sex will be more tolerant of any shortcomings in her knowledge of finance, and that the answer to her problem will not be coated with male chivalry. This fact is largely accountable for the presence of 2200 women in executive bank positions today and the indication that this number will be doubled within ten years."

Thus it is that the young woman looking over the field of opportunity with an appraising eye is not only justified but thoroughly wise if she studies carefully the possibilities of a career which the banking world offers, particularly, of course, if her type of mind and interests lean readily in that direction.

Higher Pressure for Women

Into what particular kinds of executive positions do women make their way in banks? On the roster of the Association of Bank Women are presidents, vice presidents, directors, treasurers, assistant treasurers, cashiers, assistant cashiers, secretaries, assistant secretaries, managers of women's departments—women whose positions parallel practically every office in which men are found. Not so many, of course—in comparison with the number of men in similar positions the percentage of women is relatively insignificant—but when the time factor instead of the sex factor is taken as the basis of comparison it is a brave showing, none the less.

One of the largest trust companies in the country has a woman at the head of its cable department; in an important bank in the Middle West a woman manages the savings department; while another bank in the same section has a woman in charge of its publicity.

How do women secure these bank positions? In much the same way, says another bank woman, the assistant secretary of an old-established financial institution, as men achieve their positions in the same field, with, she adds, a little extra effort to offset the traditional sex prejudice against women in finance, which still is an element to be taken account of in the situation.

"I don't claim that there is unlimited opportunity for women in banking, but I do claim that there is very definite opportunity," she declares emphatically, "and that women can make their way by the same route, with a little more pressure, as the young man arrives."

Born to Service

"So far as the measure of opportunity is concerned, banks have not an unlimited number of conspicuous positions to offer to anybody, whether man or woman. The banking executives of the country are a relatively small class of the community, and therefore the percentage of women executives cannot be expected to be large. But the opportunity is there just the same. Men are increasingly inclined to give full consideration and value to the contributions of service which women can make, and, in the last analysis, service is the commodity in which the bank deals. And if there is any group in the human family which has been trained to render service, it is certainly the women. Why, then, are they not logically to be considered for positions where service is a fundamental? Given that native aptitude and training, plus the training in economics and allied subjects which is increasingly being given in our schools and colleges, we are going to have women who are fully as well equipped as our young men to enter upon a banking career."

The importance of training, this bank woman especially emphasizes. Let your young woman take whatever courses in economics and finance and similar subjects are open to her in college, she says, and then let her enter the bank in whatever minor position she can obtain, where she can acquire a background of banking technic and familiarize herself with bank lore and procedure. Let her be alert, constantly absorbing the atmosphere about her, and then when the opportunity offers she will be in line for it.

The appointment within the past few weeks by a New York bank of a woman to the position of assistant cashier is an illustration of this very thing. In this instance the woman entered the bank a number of years ago as secretary to one of the executives. Gradually, as she demonstrated her ability and showed herself capable of assuming responsibility, more and more important work was turned over to her, until she finally became the right-hand man of the cashier, receiving in due course the title and rewards which logically belonged with the work she was doing.

Not the least interesting feature of the situation is that in other parts of the country the progress of women from the humbler positions to executive jobs in banks is apparently made with more ease than in the banking institutions of the nation's financial capital.

A survey made not long ago revealed a large number of woman officials in the Western, Midwestern and Southern sections who had worked themselves up from the ranks.

Banks Exclusively Feminine

It is in these sections, also, that the only banks organized and directed by women have been successfully put across; one being in the Middle West and the other in the South. The first of these, under the name of the Women's Savings & Loan Company, was conceived by two women who made the rounds of the business and professional men of their city to ask their support in the project. Everywhere they met with the same answer: Such a bank was not needed in the community and would not be a paying proposition. The two pioneers then turned to their sisters, with the result that the organization they established has completed five years of steadily increasing success.

Its officers, directors and employes are all women, as are 90 per cent of its stockholders and depositors. On the other hand, most of the bank's customers are men who, once the women had established the idea as a reality instead of an illusion, speedily found it practically useful to them when they needed capital for their various enterprises. As women go on in business and more of them reach the point where they can branch out independently and organize their own firms as do men, the Women's Savings & Loan Company becomes the logical channel through which they, too, will launch their projects. The second of the women's banks has had a similarly prosperous history.

Speaking of the status of banking women in general, and mentioning especially the position of manager of the women's department, the president of the Association of Bank Women has this to say:

"The most successful manager is a woman of breeding, education, experience, broad social opportunities and good judgment. That she be physically strong and not of a nervous or excitable nature is, of course, essential, for the work is in many ways exacting, and calls for a good deal of tact, mental energy and a real interest in her fellow humans. These are the first qualifications for a successful manager of a women's department even more necessary than technical training in financial and economic matters.

"The women holding the important banking positions today are, with few exceptions, women of ability and character whose technical training took place after their selection for the post. With recognition of banking as a profession, however, the conditions are changing, and many women of the right type are taking steps to equip themselves thoroughly with a knowledge of the practical and theoretical work of banking.

"It is scarcely a job for the very young woman, unless she is of a very exceptional personality. It calls for maturity and the kind of poise that maturity brings with it. Young women who are preparing for posts of this kind should look forward to serving several years' apprenticeship, and perhaps the best training is to be had in a small country bank, where one has the opportunity to learn the workings of all the departments."

Training for High Positions

In addition there is the opportunity offered by the American Institute of Banking—the educational branch of the American Bankers Association—which in the past few years has opened its membership to women and allowed them to take advantage of its training and acquire its certificates. The institute now has a women's committee which looks after the work among the women members and carries on a campaign to interest banking women in general in the opportunities for training and study offered by the organization.

Not all the local chapters of the institute admit women to full membership as yet. Some include them as associate members; others admit them to classes only; and one or two are still closed to the women. It is considered only a question of a very short time, however, when such distinctions will no longer exist.

According to figures recently compiled, the number of women members of the institute increased by 659 in 1924 over the previous year; there were approximately 3000 women students enrolled in the various classes, and there are about 250 holders of standard certificates, indicating that these women have attained the standard of banking education established and upheld by the American banking profession.

The Tourist Golf Fiend (Playing Shuffleboard): "Fore!"

YOURS . . .

THE JOY OF CHARMING ROOM EFFECTS —

the comfort of easier housework

WE all know the expensive ways of beautifying our rooms. But have you ever thought of the *inexpensive* ways? Those effective, easily-made changes in the color scheme—and in the arrangement of furniture—that can do so much to transform a room.

Best of all, by making changes such as these, you can beautify your rooms right now. No need to wait until you can spend without a thought of cost.

The free, illustrated booklet—"*Color Magic in the Home*," by Anne Pierce—gives many helpful suggestions for selecting and arranging color schemes. Just drop a line to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for a free copy.

And in working out attractive room effects, you'll find a most satisfying and economical answer to the floor-covering question in Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs. They'll save you hours and hours of tedious housework. And the patterns this year are more attractive than ever.

To be sure of getting the value which has made Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs so popular, look for the *Gold Seal* Guarantee, shown below, on the rugs you buy. It's the identifying mark of a genuine Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rug and your absolute assurance of floor-covering satisfaction.

Three Suggestions!

IN THE *hall*, *shown above*, *appears the "Dartmouth" pattern, Gold Seal Rug No. 580—warm brown with a pictorial border of ships and wooded shores.*

. . . .

QUITE *simple, yet how pleasing, is the color plan of the cheerful bedroom at the left. The rug with its predominating tones of taupe and blue and its pretty all-over floral figure affords an appropriate background for quaint furniture and gay walls. It is the "Mayflower" design, Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 379.*

. . . .

FOR *your kitchen! The crisp-colored, gleaming blue and white Congoleum Gold Seal Rug, [illegible], with its dear little border of quaint Dutch windmills. It's the "Holland" design—Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 594.*

WHAT a waste of time—those drudging hours spent in sweeping and beating old-fashioned, dust-collecting floor-coverings. No wonder Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs are so popular. Just a few minutes' easy mopping is all that's needed to keep their smooth, waterproof surface bright and smiling.

Why don't you, too, take this sensible route to leisure and rest—to freedom from the most tiring sort of housework?

Refreshing colors, pleasing patterns, durability and economy—all are offered in *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs. Plus ease of cleaning and guaranteed satisfaction or your money back.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.
[illegible] New York [illegible] Chicago
[illegible] Boston Kansas City Atlanta
Pittsburgh Minneapolis New Orleans
Cleveland Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

THE TREES SAID TO THE BRAMBLE, "COME REIGN OVER US"

(Continued from Page 5

"I'm serious," he said.

"So am I," she said. "That's it. I might have answered you lightly. Why do you live as you do?"

She knew how Fitzjerald lived. So did the others know. He lived, as anyone would say, wretchedly, in a square hole at the end of a furrier's loft, with a portable oil stove, three sticks of furniture, a bowl of ink and some books on the floor.

"Fair," he said. "I happen to know. The main thing is to express my contempt as I please."

"Contempt of what?" Jael asked.

"Of many absurdities. Of everything I am not and have not got—people, wealth, the strut of success, vulgar taste, the triumph of mediocrity. The whole human scene as God left it. And that is what——"

What stopped him was a clangor that jarred the dishes, hurt the teeth, smote the eyes, and died slowly away in waves of appalling reverberation. Madame screamed and covered her face.

"Praise be!" said Jael. "Somebody at last has hit my gong in a regular way. I never could."

Miss Lillibridge got up to see. Fitzjerald called after her, "Oh, Lillibridge, I forgot. He wants a whisk broom. I see one right there. Throw it at him, please. He fell down in the dust."

"A friend of yours?" Jael asked.

"No. We only arrived at the same moment."

Miss Lillibridge, standing in the upper hall at the top of the staircase, threw the broom down and said, "Come up." With that she returned to her seat.

"Who is it?" Jael asked her.

"I don't know," she said. "A stranger."

There was a flat silence. The only audible sound was a bubbling in one of the copper pots. Fitzjerald did not go on with his speech because it would be interrupted by the stir of an arrival, and for the same reason no one else spoke. One—two—three minutes passed. Everyone began to listen for the footfall that came not on the stairway. Fitzjerald of course knew why. That is, he had guessed correctly that it would take Mr. Capuchin some time to decide how to behave under the circumstances. First, a long wait in the hallway, very injurious to his self-esteem, and then, after his unbalanced attack upon the gong, a whisk broom at his head.

Fitzjerald was thinking to himself: "Man with a tic in his brain—always brushing himself—symbolic unconscious gesture—something he wishes he didn't know about himself—something he wants to be rid of—the broom—won't know what to make of it."

Then Jael herself arose and moved toward the door. As she did so, Capuchin was heard ascending. They met, and he handed her a letter, not in an envelope, at the same time pronouncing his name.

"Oh," she said, first shaking hands with him and then glancing at the letter. "You move quickly. I heard only this afternoon that you were starting for New York, and here you are." She had brought him in.

"These are all nice people," she said, waving her smoking blue tube at them. "They have nice names, but you would forget them at once; only Miss Lillibridge. You won't forget hers. This is she. You may sit between us here. We shall want to talk. Help yourself from the pots. Everything's there. We are all self-serving."

Showing him to the copper pots, she sat down, vaguely smiling. "It's Mr. Capuchin," she said, and turned again to Fitzjerald.

"Yes, Angus. Contempt of the whole human scene as God left it. And that was what—there you stopped. What was what?"

"What all of us are doing," he said.

"You mean I live in Jones Street to be contemptuous?"

"Are you serious or being feminine?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said; "but go on."

"Envy and contempt," he said, going on. "They translate in human conduct thus: Envy, I am as good as. Contempt, I am better than. These are the two fundamental forms of the social animal's self-assertion, and which it shall be in the specific case, one or the other, is a matter of how one was born or what one was born with. Every imaginable way with this conflict has been tried. In the East it appeared to have been settled by a caste system, as among the Hindus—inferiors, betters and superiors stratified by superstition and taboo on rigid lines supposed to be ordained in nature. But there, you see, it is breaking out again. In what we call democratic ——"

He was interrupted by sounds from De Grouse and Grinling. "Civilization again," they groaned. "Worry its bones!"

Capuchin, who had taken his place at the board between Jael and Miss Lillibridge, moved his head sideways, glancing right and left, as one who, wishing to get into a shindy, casts around for a handy weapon. He thought they were going to put Fitzjerald down, ridicule him, trample on him, and he should have a chance to get in on it. But nothing came of it. The interruption was ironic and despairing. There was no one could talk against Fitzjerald. He would go on until he wished to stop. His voice came from deep, roaring pouches, with an effortless booming..

So Capuchin returned to the contemplation of himself. He had got a dinner coat and wore it badly. He kept looking at the front of himself, shooting his cuffs, shooting them too far and getting them back with a wriggling movement. His dress was a mistake. Fitzjerald wore a blue cotton shirt; Grinling a soft flannel one. They made some point of carelessness in dress. The only one who had any style about him was De Grouse. His attire was fancy, not formal.

"—— in what we call democratic civilization," Fitzjerald continued, "nothing is fixed. No status can be fixed. The as-gooders of course are the great majority and have the political power. The I-am-betters are hard put to it. In the last resort they become ludicrous. I think I am better than money changers, shopkeepers, meat packers, superior to the great cult Rotarian. I know I am better than a coal digger. But if these others—I mean the money changers, shopkeepers, meat packers, Rotarians—press me hard—and they are always coming up—if they begin to know too many things as I know them and begin to prate my language, then I am obliged to go and live near or among coal diggers in order to keep my contrast clear. To conceal from myself what I am doing, I am very likely to ally myself with them against the cult Rotarian, whom they envy and of whom I am contemptuous. I become their champion. I talk of uplifting them. I am much more likely to fool myself than to fool them. I am not a coal digger. But I may start a revolution."

"Bring it back to Jones Street," said Jael.

"In a very prosperous state of democratic civilization," Fitzjerald continued, "the competition becomes abominable. Anybody can get rich. The most impossible persons do. Therefore wealth, which has hitherto conferred the high-caste mark, ceases to have any aristocratic value. The I-am-betters who relied upon it are pressed from two sides. On one side the as-gooders competing with them successfully in display. On the other side those, like myself, who, having declined the competition, hold all wealth in disdain. I, sitting in my cave, exchanging now and then a precious bauble, intrinsically worthless, for the means with which to fill my belly and hide my back—I hold myself high among the I-am-betters.

"But they crowd us hard—the as-gooders. They run after culture and seize it even faster than we can discard it. Why is it the thing, if you are rich, to behave as if you were not? The thing, if you have manners, to get rid of them? The thing, if you have style of dress, to put it off? The thing, if you have classical taste in art, to pretend to despise it and prefer instead the grotesques of ancient Africa, jazz, ugliness, anything different? Why? Because so many are rich. A fine house is nothing. Display is cheap. The new rich learn very soon how to buy veneer, mental furniture, snobbery as they buy motor cars or any merchandise. Standard culture is made compulsory. Children get soused in it at the public schools, where they learn polite manners, good English, the outlines of science, the latest dialect of art. From there they go in shoals to the universities, which become culture factories, producing it by mass methods, efficiently. There is irony in it. What shall these children do with what has been bought for them? Are they content to go on with the useful work of their fathers? They are much more likely to cultivate the contemptuous pose, pressing me again. De Grouse—I'm never sure about De Grouse, whether he is an artist, born such, or merely unreconciled to a second sonship in a dynasty of great wealth. Give him the benefit. But take Grinling. What was bought for him at Harvard makes him ashamed of the fact that his father got rich in the garment trade. You see what he does. He turns radical and writes disparagingly of wealth."

Neither De Grouse nor Grinling seemed to mind. It was all within the code. Unlimited speech was their idolatry; they had the fervor of flagellants for it. Personalities, no matter how extreme, were inoffensive, provided only they had a political bearing. If one wished to call another a liar or a scoundrel, he did it obliquely, by presenting the other to himself as a social product of that type.

"Is it proved, then," Jael asked, "that I am living with coal diggers for contrast?"

"You are," said Fitzjerald. "Rich women in fine houses, with soft hands and nothing to do, are very common. You would be horribly bored. Besides, there could be no distinction in it. So what? You establish yourself in this old house, in this dirty street, to cultivate the handicrafts and work with your own hands. They are callous from contact with refractory materials."

Capuchin looked at Jael's hands. They were as Fitzjerald represented—thick, applicable hands with knowledge in them.

No one noticed that Semicorn, at the far end of the table, had come to his feet, nor was anyone prepared for his flaming forth as he was about to do.

"The only word you said that's so," he began, pointing at Fitzjerald, "is you couldn't fool anybody. You're different than other finks like a toad is different than a snake. There's no excuse for you. You don't even want what we haven't got, that we are fighting for. My father was a coal digger and I ain't ashamed. I'm ashamed he was a scissorbill because he didn't know any better. No, sir. You couldn't fool anybody."

His words were distinct, his voice was clear and hot, but in his excitement he fell back upon the rude vernacular in which he was fluent. That was his native tongue, enriched from the dialect of the hobo, the lumberjack, the I. W. W. zealot.

"I knew a gypo like you once before," he continued; "an Englishman, clocker with a high-lead layout in Montana. We was riggers and gandy dancers. He'd be always reading books, pretending he was for us, but when we asked him to stamp in he turned us up to the bull bucker, who was a fink too, and the boss slapped us with our pay checks. You'd have society be like it is, wage slaves, scissorbills, bosses, pie in the sky and capitalists, just so you could feel better than somebody else, better than a mine slave. Why shouldn't their chilern be educated? What's anybody got that they ain't entitled to? There ain't no inferiors or betters, people being born equal and same. It's what the wage system does to them that makes them different. Nobody's pulling that stuff on me. Nobody's fooling me with their dehorn talk around here. I may have met some nice people who can't help what they are, no more than my father could. What do they know about free speech, hiring somebody to set in an office and think about it or write letters to the papers? Nothing! We fight for it. I've been in jail for it. I was at a convention in Chicago last week. Two hundred of us who could get there, and we counted a hundred and eighty had been in jail for free speech. We don't care what the brass-check papers say. But the labor papers—they called it the bummery convention. We'll make them eat that yet. You're wrong, too, about why the rich act like as if they wasn't rich and take some of us on their lap. They're afraid. They know we've got the idea to break empires and scatter kingdoms like they was dust, abolish the wage system and make the bosses go to work. They can put us in jail. We'll fill all the jails they've got. Show me anybody here who's been in jail for what he believes."

Through all this harangue Jael gazed attentively at the young man. Her face was impassive. When he had stopped, Fitzjerald boomed:

"What a lot I don't know about this language, and it's my trade. What is a fink, anyway, Semicorn? And what's a scissorbill?"

His manner was easy, familiar and conversational. Semicorn was instantly dehorned; he collapsed in a state of angry embarrassment. He could not think how to answer the question. To define his words would deflate their importance, make them silly. Unable to think of anything right to say, he sat there shifting his eyes, trying not to look at anyone or be looked at. In spite of himself, he was obliged to look at Capuchin. Everyone else was looking at him. He had been leaning farther and farther toward the young man, until he lay lengthwise along the edge of the table in front of Miss Lillibridge, apparently very anxious to fix Semicorn's eye.

"I didn't get your name," he said.

"Semicorn."

The young man's voice was defiant and suspicious. He was not sure of Capuchin, whose expression when he became excited was extraordinary. His jaws locked, his chin came forward, and his lips, contorting to finish his syllables in front of his teeth, made him appear to be either grinning or grimacing. His teeth were gleaming white; he never used tobacco. His eyes, with a glint of light running in them, were as inscrutable as a black fluid. But now he extended his hand. In doing so he edged farther along the table. A glass was overturned; mechanically he set it right again. The young man slowly extended his hand.

"Mr. Semicorn. Yes, of course. One of the men they sent to Leavenworth. I'm glad to meet you. I merely wanted to say, Mr. Semicorn, if you will come with me to New Freedom I'm going back tomorrow -I'll put you somewhere. We need young men like yourself. Would you care to be editor of our state paper? A chain of papers perhaps. I'll put you anywhere you say. Think it over. That's all, Mr. Semicorn."

He got back to his place on the bench beside Miss Lillibridge without seeing her at all, though he had been lying almost across her lap.

"And I'll tell you what a fink is, Mr. Fitzjerald," he said, setting his face that way. "We named the animal. The fink's conscience is like one of those cute cardboard things you use to send coins by mail,

(Continued on Page 71)

EIGHT MILLION CARS ARE TODAY EQUIPPED WITH STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

"I Want My Speedometer to be as *Accurate* as my Watch"

"I would no more think of driving my car without an accurate speedometer than I would think of trying to catch a train or keep appointments with an inaccurate watch.

"I want the same dependability in my speedometer—a speedometer with a *compensator*—like my watch—to tell me the truth—at all temperatures.

"I know my watch has a compensator. All fine watches have.

"I don't want to be arrested and fined for driving 28 or 30 when my speedometer shows only 25. There are laws in every community that make it absolutely necessary that a speedometer TELL THE TRUTH."

Stewart-Warner Speedometer—for Fords—and all other cars—has the compensator that KEEPS IT ACCURATE. When it shows 25 miles per hour it means that you are doing exactly 25 miles per hour and not 28 or 30.

Only TWO DIALS to watch—the speed dial and the mileage dial. The TRIP dial—a relic of the old days—has been eliminated. It is no more needed than five wheels on a car—BUT adds unnecessary parts that make for more mechanical wear. It is always running though you seldom, if ever, use it.

How much better to take your trip mileage from your total mileage figures—WHEN YOU WISH—than to have all these extra wearing parts.

And, too, it is a speedometer of real beauty—that matches perfectly with the other equipment on the instrument board.

Added to all these exclusive features is the RED number—in the mileage dial—that appears every 500 miles telling you it is time to change oil.

For compensated accuracy. 2. For less wearing parts. For the red lubrication indicator. 4. For the reliability in the name "Stewart-Warner." No other speedometer has ANY of these valuable features and you need them all in the speedometer you use on your Ford car.

There are 188 Stewart-Warner Service Stations throughout the world for the servicing of all Stewart-Warner Products.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

for FORDS *now* $10

Compensated!

The compensator, as pictured, is a series of bi-metallic strips, commonly known as thermostatic metal. As the temperature changes, the accurate speed indication of this speedometer is unaffected. This mechanism is fully covered by patents, and is used by no other speedometer manufacturer

Without this compensator, a speedometer will vary 5 miles or more per hour in different degrees of temperature. The difference may mean arrest and fine for the Ford owner who has a speedometer having no compensator.

Stewart-Warner Accessory Equipment

COMPLETE—FOR ALL CARS

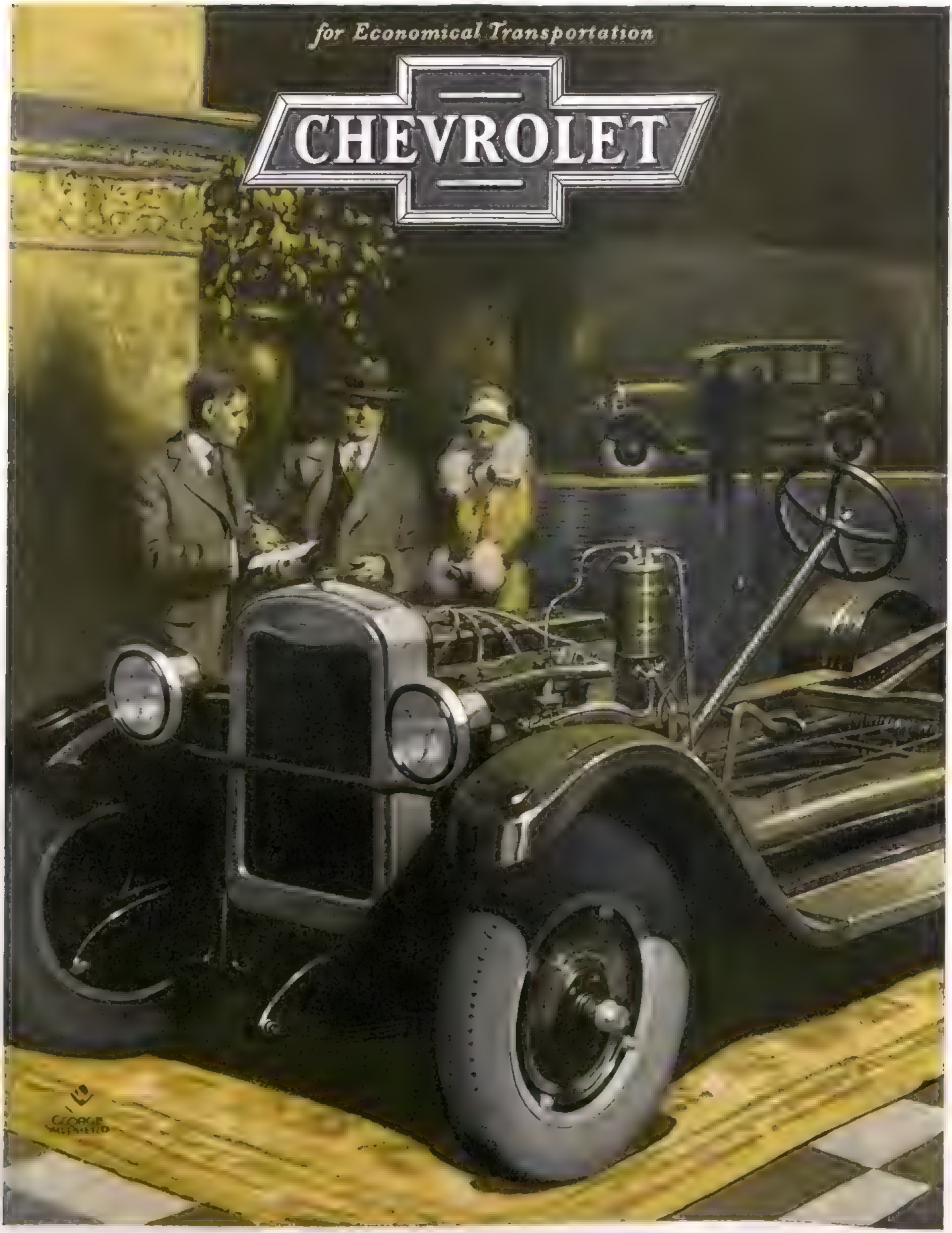
Bumpers - Fender Guards - Speedometers
Heaters - Shock Absorbers - Electric Horns
Electric Windshield Cleaners - Rear Vision Mirrors
Vacuum Tanks - Carburetors for Fords

—AND—for the Home—

STEWART-WARNER MATCHED-UNIT RADIO

STEWART-WARNER

for better accessories


for Economical Transportation
CHEVROLET

A Superbly Engineered Chassis

typical of the World's foremost automobiles

Now reaching spectacular heights, Chevrolet popularity reveals a fundamental change in public opinion regarding the purchase of automobiles.

Each week and each month, Chevrolet sales are sweeping to new and record-breaking figures. Each week and each month it becomes more clearly apparent that even the buyers of lowest priced cars are demanding not only modern appearance—

—but also modern engineering with all its advantages of modern performance, modern comfort and modern handling ease.

It is true that Chevrolet satisfies the accepted standards of grace and beauty like no other car of its class—because it is the only car of its class offering bodies by Fisher.

It is true that because of their excellence of detail, their color smartness in lustrous Duco, their harmonious lines and balanced proportions, Chevrolet bodies have caused hundreds of thousands to ask themselves, "Why should I be satisfied with less in any car?"

Yet it is equally true that the wildfire spread of Chevrolet preference is largely due to the fact that in engineering skill and vision, the Chevrolet chassis ranks with the world's foremost automobiles.

In its marvelous smoothness at every speed, in its matchless ability to maintain between forty and fifty miles an hour without any sense of forcing or fatigue, in its brilliant flexibility and prompt response to the accelerator, in its traditional staunchness, stamina and economy—the Chevrolet chassis reveals the results of twelve years' constant improvement.

Drawing upon the priceless discoveries of the General Motors Research Laboratories and the unequalled testing facilities of the General Motors proving ground, Chevrolet engineers have incorporated in the Chevrolet chassis all those engineering advancements vital to mechanical superiority.

A valve-in-head motor, so balanced and mounted as to provide velvety operation throughout the entire power range; selective type 3-speed transmission; a chassis whose weight is scientifically distributed on all four wheels; semi-elliptic springs 88% as long as the wheelbase and mounted parallel to the frame side members; semi-floating rear axle with single piece banjo-type housing and extra-heavy spiral-cut bevel driving gears; oversize self-equalizing brakes; Remy distributor ignition; pump and fan cooling—

—such are typical examples of the advanced design which distinguishes Chevrolet from all other low-priced cars and which enables Chevrolet to exhibit the performance, stamina and roadability that are winning the world at a rate never before approached by any gearshift car.

So we urge you to see the nearest Chevrolet dealer and get a demonstration. Subject the car to any test. Measure it by any standard. Then you will see why it ranks as the smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history and the greatest motor car value of all time.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH. *Division of General Motors Corporation*

Touring $510, Roadster $510, Coupe $645, Coach $645, Sedan $735, Landau $765, ½-Ton Truck $375, and 1-Ton Truck $495 (Chassis only). *All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.*

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Now . . . watch my smoke!

I'M STARTING the day right—with my jimmy-pipe and a load of Prince Albert. Bring on your work. Heap it up. We three are going to wade through it like a trick dog going through a paper hoop. Me and the pipe and Prince Albert—we can lick *any* job . . . like that!

No fooling, Men, P. A. is a grand little pal. It knocks trouble out in the very first round. It smooths out the wrinkles and paints a beautiful sunburst on the darkest cloud. No wonder they call P. A. the National Joy Smoke! It sure is great tobacco.

Prince Albert is as cool and refreshing as the morning plunge. Sweet as a peach, sun-cooked on the tree. Fragrant as a bridal bouquet. I like the way it treats my tongue and throat too. Never a regret, never a protest, no matter how hard I hit it up, morning to midnight.

You may *think* you're all set on the matter of smokes. I want to say right here and now that unless you have signed on with Prince Albert, you've been missing the treat of your young life. Get yourself a tidy red tin of this wonderful tobacco and see. That's a tip!

P. A. *is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.*

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1926, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 68)

with holes cut in it to fit quarters, dimes and nickels. His principles are the holes. He would take a raise in his pay to blow the whistle two minutes early in a factory full of ten-year-old children, working twelve hours a day. He isn't cross-eyed, but he never goes where he's looking, and he keeps all his civility for his superiors. Civility, Mr. Fitzjerald, is an attribute of the species ass."

"And a scissorbill—what's that?" Fitzjerald asked, with deep interest.

"A scissorbill, Mr. Fitzjerald, is a man who thanks the boss for his pay check."

Jael suspected there had been a beginning to these amenities downstairs. She was secretly diverted. Nevertheless she intervened.

"Where is this New Freedom you speak of?" she asked. "May anybody go?"

"You haven't seen the evening papers, then," said Capuchin.

"I'm afraid we don't read the newspapers very regularly," said Jael.

"Above it," he commented, speaking audibly to himself as on this new idea. Such a thing as intelligent people not reading the newspapers had never occurred to him.

"Maybe you haven't heard much about the Freemen's League," he said.

"Indeed we have, though," said Jael. "We've followed it with joy. How you turned everything upside down, elected your own governor, your own legislature, your own judges, when nobody thought it was possible, and then rewrote the constitution as the people wished. We haven't seen that yet—the constitution, I mean. We're looking for it."

"To look is to see," said Capuchin. "Here it is—copies of it. I brought them with me." He pulled a large quantity of printed matter from his pocket and passed it around, getting up to serve the inert De Grouse, but overlooking Lillibridge as nonexistent. "There's a paragraph in it," he was saying, "purposely a little obscure, which was to give the governor power to change the name of the state by proclamation. That was one of the ideas I couldn't talk about. The psychology is important. People can't see what they believe. Seeing is the last of the senses; hearing is the first. They have to hear it. A sound they must have a sound. Fancy the French Revolution without its three sounds—liberty, equality, fraternity! But you can't discuss these matters publicly, can you? New Freedom—the state of New Freedom. Don't you like it? I arranged it with the governor before I left and he did it this afternoon. The people of course think they did it. They have named their own state, and the capital too. Its name has been changed in the same way to Liberty."

Grinling spoke.

"I've been commenting on your revolution," he said. "I don't know if you have seen any of it."

"Oh, yes," said Capuchin quickly. "In the New World. Very fair, I thought, only you ——"

"I have nothing to do with the New World," said Grinling.

"No," said Capuchin, "I meant the—uh—it was the—uh ——"

Grinling left him swinging.

"In the People's Witness," said Jael.

"Yes—yes," said Capuchin.

"The news we have to go on isn't always clear," said Grinling. "It occurs to me ——"

Capuchin interrupted. "That's the next thing we've got to do. I'm boiling a kettle of water now for the reptile press. If I had the time I might sue half the newspapers in the country for libel. They keep leery little men out there all the time trying to get something on me. Their editors call me a crook, traitor, irreligionist, a dictator setting up a Russian form of government in their privately owned United States. They walk on my tracks. I'm registered now at a little hotel here under an assumed name, because I don't want to be bothered. I shouldn't be surprised at all if they were sitting on the doorstep below, waiting to serenade me."

He added, "It might ruin me. Think what they would make of me in a dress suit." He was pleased with this remark, thinking that by referring thus lightly to his mistake in dress he got rid of it.

"I was thinking," said Grinling, "you might give us an intimate outline of events from the beginning—how you got started, I mean, what your tools were and what has really happened."

III

CAPUCHIN needed space in front of him. He put his hands against the table to move himself back, thinking he was in a chair. But it was not a chair. Then he lifted his end of the bench and moved it back, Miss Lillibridge teetering on the other end. Reseating himself, he put his hands in his pockets, assumed a crouching attitude, and talked. He had a gift for dramatizing the incident, a kind of unexpectedness, and a comic sense from which nothing was withheld, not even himself. Almost at once his auditors were fascinated. Owing to his habit of making his final word sounds outside of his teeth, he could not talk and smile at the same time. At the humorous episodes he stopped to smile, and it was irresistible. His emotions were uncontrolled. When he spoke of little children in their taties, or of a woman in childbirth, the nearest doctor forty miles across the frozen prairie and nothing for the new Freemen's Leaguer to wear but a flour-sack nightie, he wept. Afterward—perhaps long afterward—came the reflection that these figures in any political sense were irrelevant. They were bits of color splashed in. When he was moved to weep, he wept naturally, as a child might, with not the slightest embarrassment and without getting his eyes red. His narrative had the form of fiction. He might have been reciting a story.

First was where. A state twice the size of Ireland and fewer people than in one first-rate city. Climate, 40 below in winter to 110 in summer. There was one very rich valley, a river flowing through it. The rest of it had been bison pasture. Then came the bonanza cattlemen. They turned the bison out and drifted their cows up from Texas to graze on the public domain. The first railroad was built, with enormous grants of land as a free kiss from the Federal Government. The Eastern owners of the railroad, led by some Eastern bankers, thought of a way to turn their land into money. They advertised it to land-hungry European peasants in the best Yankee manner. Virgin soil, almost for nothing, in a land where everything else was free. Immigrants, many Swedes and Norwegians, came in boatloads to buy and settle upon it.

Many Americans—even the newspapers that were not so bad then—indignantly protested. They said it was immoral to sting confiding foreigners in that manner. The land was worthless. Thereupon the railroad people did what they had not thought of doing before; they tried it. They plowed and sowed some of it experimentally, and it turned out that the land was all right. But wickedness was more than face deep. Its face that time was saved by the fact of the land being good. All the more the settlers were exploited. That was what they were for. Generally they began with too little capital. They should have known better; only, think how they were beguiled by the legends that brought them. Everyone who touched them made money. Those, in the first place, who sold them seed, implements, lumber, bacon and flour at wilderness prices; then the elevator men who bought their grain, the speculators who played in it afterward, the railroads that hauled it out. The man whose labor produced this wealth delivered it to his creditors in the harvest moon and faced the long, hard winter with barely enough to sustain life in a state of hibernation. His winters were terrible. You would find him, if at all, by a length of six-inch stovepipe sticking out of a snowdrift. He lived there in gloom and brooding with his wife and children, eating fried potatoes, and when spring came he had the shape of a shad. Then he borrowed some seed, some 10 per cent money, some hope from the Lord, and did it over again. If he got a crop, which was not always, the storekeeper who kept him in pawn, the banker, the miller, the trader and the railroad again divided it among themselves. And these people were helpless. He had been looking at it a long time without seeing it. That was because he had been occupied in another way.

"What were you doing there?" Jael asked.

He was coming to that. Running a newspaper, an antirailroad newspaper, the first of that species. It was from that angle he had been assaulting the castle of privilege. The power of the railroads was tyrannical and absolute. There was no other authority in the state to mention. They controlled the elections and what was elected; they controlled economic conditions; they suppressed public opinion by suborning the press. He did not buy the newspaper; he found it. The man who owned it was about to bequeath it to his creditors, had in fact announced that he meant to stop printing it. There was a funny episode in the taking of it. They were looking at the books, he and the owner; apparently there was only one customer who ever paid, and it wasn't clear what that one paid for. He hadn't even a name. He was entered as Account A, and paid $250 a month regularly.

Capuchin asked what that was. That, the bankrupt told him, was the only thing he need not worry about. The check came every fifteenth and the people who sent it didn't want much. An editorial maybe twice or three times a year, and they wrote it themselves. It was a gratuity from a railroad, and but for that one little stream of juice the creditors might have had the paper long before.

Drawing a pencil through Account A, Capuchin said, "I'll take it without that," and signed the memorandum of sale that lay on the table.

The retiring owner sat for a minute regarding him in a strange way. Then, taking thought for himself, he said he should like to make one slight addition to the contract. Taking it under his hand, he made a caret after "George Capuchin, party of the second part," and wrote, "being of sound mind," comma, and so on. The rest he left as it was, which was merely to say that the party of the first part, in consideration of one dollar paid, having transferred title and interest, the party of the second part assumed all the liabilities.

"Just in case," he said, referring to the change he had made in the paper requiring the buyer to acknowledge his sanity; and so he signed it and pushed it back. That was the complete transaction, except that the relieved owner looked back from the doorway and said, "If you write anything against those people, the check will stop and you won't last a month."

He made some wonder in the community, daring the lightning to strike him; but that was nothing to live on. Those who owed the paper money now laughed at the idea of paying. Somehow he lasted nearly two years. He did get an antirailroad bill introduced in the legislature and that was about all.

One night the paper was set up, and might have issued once more if there had been anybody to print it or anything to print it on. The sheriff was strolling about the premises. Word had come from the capitol that his antirailroad bill, spashed with a quid of tobacco, was hanging upside down on the bulletin board in the public corridor. Of a sudden it occurred to him as an original, astonishing thought that he could quit. He walked out the front door, locked the sheriff inside, threw the key in the gutter and remembered a saying that ran in his family—"The tick crawls out of a dead dog's ear."

With nothing else to do, he sauntered toward the state capitol. It was the last night of the session, and there was no other diversion. The rotunda was full of people. A delegation of farmers had come to beg for a bill that was introduced regularly at the beginning of each session and then purposely forgotten. It was a bill providing for grain elevators to be built by the state, so that the farmers might store their grain in their own keeping and sell it when, as and to whom they pleased, instead of having to sell it wet on the harvest glut to the private elevator combine that docked away one-fifth of it, graded away another fifth, and paid for the remainder a take-or-be-damned price. It was never intended that the bill should pass. Its use was to be dangled before the farmers at election time.

The delegation had not been honored with a formal reception. Those members who had thought it worth while to receive it at all met it standing in this public space. One who acted as leader was arguing the matter in a weak, egotistical voice. Nobody was listening. He was very dull; all that he was saying had been said before.

A Swede with a long white mustache kept saying, "Aay pro-meest! Aay pro-meest!"

A man at the edge of the crowd, getting suddenly what the Swede meant, set up the tune, "Oh, promise me." There was rude and cynical laughter at that.

For a while the farmers lurched and shuffled about, some dumbly gazing, others muttering, and then melted away.

Capuchin was next conscious of himself in the experience of having a vision. Did they remember the story of Rousseau, father of the French Revolution, walking to Vincennes and how, under a tree, he was struck with a vision that changed the mind of the world? The vision that man was naturally perfect and altogether good and was made wicked by his institutions? It was as sudden as that. Only, it was a very cold night, his tree was a trolley post, and there was no Vincennes.

His vision was of the utmost simplicity. Why shouldn't these people have what they wanted? It was their state, not the railroads' state. What they were talking about was a way to sell the wealth produced by their own labor. Their own, not the railroads' wealth. These legislators were men whom they, the people themselves, elected, always of course after they had been nominated by the railroads, the bankers, *et al.* All they needed was someone who could show them how to unite, declare their freedom and take possession of their own. He could do that.

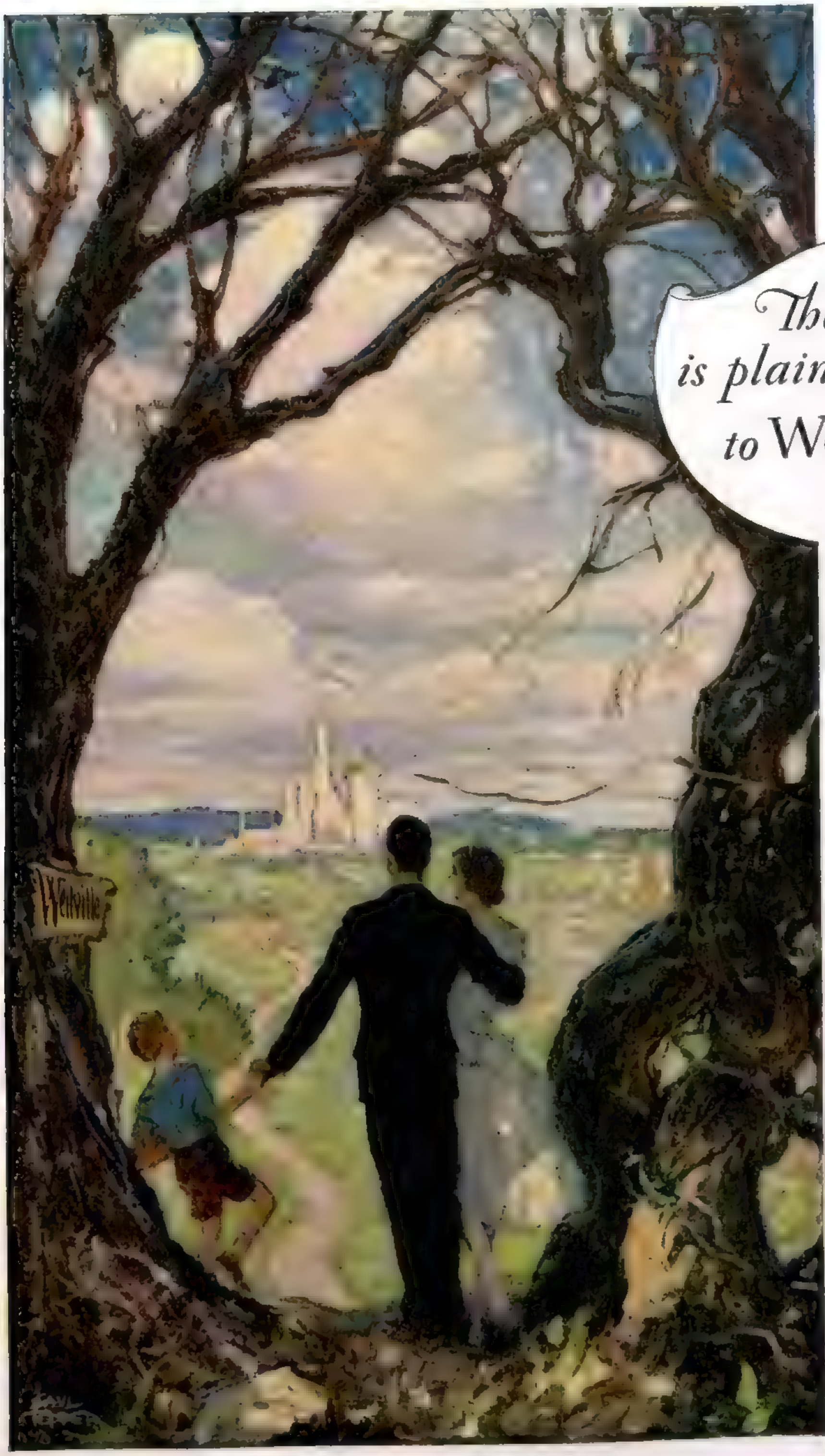
Two of the farmers in that delegation named Swanson, who were brothers, he knew; and he returned to the capitol to look for them. They were gone. He found them in the town, just as they were starting home, and he went with them. They sat in the kitchen and talked. A kerosene lamp was both light and heat. The stove was cold and useless because the women and children had taken the lids to bed with them. It got colder and colder, and still they talked. They talked all night and the Freemen's League was born at dawn. The enacting words were written in pencil on the pages of a child's copy book; and they were few. The fewer the better. That was why it took so long.

It was not a political organization, though it proposed to employ political means. The subscriber pledged himself to vote only for men of any political party who were pledged to the league. Ten or more subscribers constituted a local folkmote, autonomous, self-organizing, electing its own leader. All the local folkmotes in a county constituted a county folkmote, also autonomous, self-organizing, choosing its own leader.

The Freemen's League was the total organism thus built up, with its head at the capital, its body everywhere. It was authorized beforehand to use such funds as were necessary to conduct a newspaper, which, received by every member, should possess them all of the truth alike and inform them of the program.

And the whole purpose of the league was to disestablish the predatory profit makers,

(Continued on Page 73)



The road is plainly marked to Wellville

Like a hunter lost in a trackless wood, he who strays from the Road to Wellville goes in a futile circle. Step by step he exhausts his energy and spends his precious health. Lift your eyes to the horizon. Behold, there are Wellville's shining spires! Turn your steps in that direction. Start down Health's broad highway this very day! Follow on—the road is plainly marked. Obey Nature's simple laws. Her reward is great! . . . Live simply. Eat more wisely. Choose your food with greater care. Know the elixir of sweet, wholesome milk, the savor of mellowed fruit, the health of golden grain! . . . Post Health Products are health foods made from nutritious grains. Each brings to the body vital elements it needs for energy and growth, precious elements that build bone and brain and brawn . . . Travelers to Wellville know these foods by the crimson seal of health which each Post Health Product wears. Let it guide your daily food selection. It is a badge of perfect trust, a monitor of health that marks the Road to Wellville.

Write for "The Road to Wellville." We have just published "The Road to Wellville," a book which contains much valuable information on health in relation to exercise and food selection. It supplies the housewife with seasonal menus and recipes for preparing many delicious dishes. A copy will be sent to you on request.

* * *

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. S.E.P.-1H1026, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, and Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*) —also Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Canadian Address: Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, E., Toronto, 2, Ontario.

© 1926 P. C. Co.

(Continued from Page 71)

all private privilege, and establish instead the rights of the people. Amen.

Sign here—$2.50 payable.

Principles only; that left the program to be talked about. It should be flexible, accommodating itself to the opportunity. All the more it could contain everything the leaguers wished state elevators, a state flour mill, a chain of coöperative stores, a government for the people first—one that should fix reasonable prices for the things the people were obliged to buy and profitable prices for what they sold.

After breakfast they set forth, evangels three. They had agreed to test it first on Knutson, a hard, grunting Norwegian to whom substance had been added. The more grouch the more substance. He had pigs—more pigs than words—a painted barn and money in the bank. If they could sell it to him, they could sell it to anybody. They did sell it to him. It was easy. He had been one of the delegation, and had not been able to sleep for burning with anger at the insult received from the legislators. Knutson went with them to see that Steenerson signed—evangels four. Steenerson made one difficulty. He had not the two-fifty; but he offered to give his check, dated the next fall, after harvest. They took it, and it was an idea.

They spent the day at it, and when they turned back they had twenty subscribers and nineteen postdated checks, payable after harvest. The league was launched. On its note, payable after harvest, it borrowed from Knutson enough money to buy a used flivver for traveling about.

Returning that night to the capital, Capuchin's first official deed, after finding the key he had flung in the gutter, was to write a notice and paste it in the newspaper window:

Sold to the Freemen's League. George Capuchin, president.

It was nothing to sell the idea of the league; it was easy to get postdated checks. To get any real money, enough to keep the paper going, was a nightmare. Nevertheless, it was managed. He advertised for torchbearers, practiced them in what they should say, so that they should all say it alike, as the paper was saying it, and sent them forth to sell the league—for one-tenth of the subscription money. In ninety days there was at least one folkmote in every county, and he—rather, the League—had a drawer full of postdated checks, a few of which now and then he was able to pawn for some real money.

So much of genesis. The rest was generally known. At the first election the League had been unable to get any of its own men up on either party ticket. What it should do in that case had been planned beforehand. No leaguer voted at all. The old politicians were amazed at the extent of the missing vote. They began to inquire about the League and then, of course, to denounce it as inimical to the peace and morals of the state. It grew all the faster. As the postdated checks began to turn up after harvest the banks were able to identify many of the League's members and blacklisted them as borrowers. That was persecution, and the League had made strong wine of it.

Before the autumn election came there was a folkmote in nearly every township. The weaker of the two political parties put four leaguers on its ticket for the legislature. They were elected in a manner to show that the Freemen's League, if it held together, would swing the balance of power.

All the reactionary forces of the state came together in one mind to fight it. Those who belonged to the party that had admitted leaguers to its ticket went over to stand with the other against the League; that left the League in possession of the first one's skin, which it immediately filled. At the next election, which was the big one, the League had its own people up for all offices. The fight was desperate.

On the side of the conservatives the most effective man was not a politician. He was a banker, Anx. Plaino, who, never having made a speech before in his life, developed suddenly a remarkable gift of simple exposition. He was dangerous for two reasons. It was not only that he could argue for Satan too plausibly; his bank had tremendous influence with rich farmers, many of whom it had built up and then corrupted into the machine of privilege. So, this person—Old Anxiety, they called him—had begun to make some very offensive speeches.

Coming to a sudden stop, Capuchin smiled and looked into the faces around the table, one after the other, with an air of letting them all in.

"My grandfather had asthma," he said. "He never went near the horses, for if he did he was sure to be violently seized with it. That's how I happened to think of the trick we played on Anx. Plaino. We waited until he was to bring off a speech a lot of us could get to. He was surprised at the size of his crowd; more perhaps at the applause he got. The leaguers came early and sat well up front. Every man had a pocketful of horse dander. We dropped it on the floor. When we applauded the speaker we stomped our feet and raised more dust. That was the last of Mr. Plaino. He didn't recover until long after the election. He nearly died."

He was silent again, then passed under signs of strong emotion.

"Did you hear that on the Sunday before election they prayed for foul weather? Perhaps not. That wouldn't be news. But they did, thinking that it would keep our people away from the polls. And the prayer was answered. Two feet of snow. I doubted them myself. The first returns came from the towns and we were beaten. I thought so. Then, slowly, the returns from the country began to come in. They came in for three days piling higher and higher, and the folkmotes had won. Everything! Apples and basket!"

This he seemed to be saying to himself, forgetting where he was. He was thinking of the steadfastness of his leaguers, recreating his own excitement, feeling again the ecstasy, akin to grief, of victory against great odds. Tears stood in his eyes.

"So there we are," he said, coming to with a start. "The state of New Freedom, capital Liberty. That's what you asked for, wasn't it?"

He looked at Grinling.

"You must write it," said Grinling, "just that way. Really, you must! I undertake to find you a publisher." He permitted himself to speak with some enthusiasm.

Fitzjerald spoke, addressing no one directly. It was a kind of soliloquy.

"There is something I miss in these wonderful matters," he said. "I speak of it with proper humility. Something I never see. The point, in fact. What is it the people of New Freedom now are free to do that they were not free to do before? Were they not always free to do precisely what they have done—that is, a majority to take the seat of authority by voting themselves there? They wanted only the will and the intelligence to do it and a man to lead them."

Capuchin answered hotly, "The people are always free to cut off the king's head, if they can."

"'One—two—three. The king shall headless be.' So the mummers do it still in Bohemia on Whitmonday," said Fitzjerald. "Beheading the image of his thralldom is man's most exciting activity. He begins historically with the dragon. He hunts the dragon heroically. It is cornered in a mudhole; its head is chopped off. Still man is not free. The gods rule. One by one he cuts off the heads of the gods. No good. The king rules. Behead the king! The slayer of the king then rules. Off with his head! The proletariat is enthroned. But the proletariat has no head either to rule itself with or to be chopped off. What then; the intelligent fragment rules. Away with the head of intelligent fragment! Success rules. Cut off the head of success! Facts rule. Behead the tyrannical facts! Every kind of head has been cut off, yet man is not free. Still he has to be ruled. Shall he free himself by cutting off his own head?"

"The world as it was, and is, and will be, forever, amen," Grinling jeered. Loud speeches annoyed him, especially these.

"The world is foolproof," Fitzjerald retorted. "No one can jump off."

Those who knew madame had been aware for some moments that a diversion was imminent. Only Capuchin was surprised.

"Ze revolution! Where is ze revolution?" she demanded. "Mr. Grinling has been writing about your revolution and will you tell us about it, please. I listen and listen for ze revolution and I hear nozing but ze elections and ze politics and ze voting. Where is ze revolution?"

Pulling his bench back to the table, Capuchin rested his arms on it and held his hands out with a movement of squeezing a soft, round object.

"Privilege has been overturned, Mrs.—uh——" He thought he had forgotten her name, whereas he had never heard it. He gave it up and went on. "A wicked class government has been destroyed. A state exploited by the railroads, by petty lords, by absent capitalists, has been delivered to the people. The people, do you understand? Those whose labor creates the wealth and who now for the first time have the light of the body in their eyes."

"Ach! Zeir wealz and zeir bodies," said madame scornfully. "In zeir bodies zey are swine—oh, such swine!" Her voice and gestures expressed disgust, amusement and despair, as if she had been thinking of impossible children. "But zeir souls, zey are lovely. Have you done nozing for zeir souls, Mr. Capuchin?"

"We are not talking the same language," he answered, very short.

Madame frowned at his rudeness and subsided, murmuring to herself, "Ze animals! And wiz such lovely souls."

Capuchin, extremely annoyed, was on the point of addressing her again, when Jael deflected him.

"Folkmote," she said. "Have you been using the word picturesquely, or do you really call them so?"

"That's what they are," said Capuchin.

"I like it," said Jael. "Where did you get it?"

"From Kropotkin," said Fitzjerald.

The effect of his cutting in with those two words was most unexpected. Capuchin rose slowly to his feet and pointed at Fitzjerald. He was very angry. Pools of saliva gathered in the corners of his mouth.

"That person," he said, "that—that hollyhock, with no provocation but his own bad nature, has been insulting me ever since we met in the street. I can no longer endure his society." Then he stood there holding his attitude, still pointing at Fitzjerald, waiting for something to happen.

"Lillibridge, embrace him," said Jael in a shriek of delight. "Kiss him! What joy when they let their angry passions go!"

Miss Lillibridge patted him gently on the back, as she might have passed the butter, without looking. He looked at Jael to see if she were making ridicule of him.

But she was smiling at him earnestly, and said, "We quarrel like this all the time. It is our pastime. Angus says he is sorry, whether he is or not, and that lets you down. More of the folkmotes. Come. What are your problems now?"

He remembered his errand. Here was a direct invitation to state it. So, although the feathers of his dignity were standing, he sat down again and addressed himself exclusively to Jael.

"Funds," he said bluntly. "That's our great problem."

And he began to explain why. The League itself was all right. It was supported by the annual dues. Only, the postdated check was in one way a great nuisance. They couldn't get rid of it, for it had become a habit, an institution peculiar to the temperament of the people. They would

(Continued on Page 75)

For Folks Who Do a Lot *of* Figuring-

You can get a Conklin mechanical pencil to match any Conklin pen, including the Conklin Endura. And certain exclusive Conklin features apply in every instance. In all Conklin pencils is a simple, sturdy, patented mechanism which propels, returns, and expels the leads with precision and ease. It never sticks, jams, breaks, or shaves the lead. Filled at the point. A capacious magazine holds a generous supply of extra leads. Fitted with clip or ring. Most dealers have them—$1, and more.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON BARCELONA

Conklin
Pens - Pencils - Sets

"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."

THE RESTFUL CAR . . . ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Acceleration - Packard supremacy is nowhere more clearly marked than in instant smooth acceleration. A touch of the accelerator and the great car leaps forward like a living thing!

Excess power, lithe and fluid as steam, giving a top speed of 75 miles an hour in the largest closed models of the Packard Six and 80 miles an hour in the Eight, makes possible this unequaled acceleration and hill-climbing ability.

Brake action is still quicker and as sure. Packard mechanical four wheel brakes provide the certainty of safety in any weather and under all conditions of road and traffic.

The Packard owner enjoys the comfortable assurance that while beautiful and distinguished in appearance his car is also undisputed Boss of the Road—on crowded boulevard, open highway or steep mountain trail.

PACKARD

(Continued from Page 73)

buy anything with a postdated check. As the membership grew, and it was growing very fast, the League always had more postdated checks than money. Take a matter for example. There was but one important newspaper in the state. The League's paper was of course a League organ. They could understand how that was and that only the members read it. Well, they needed access to public opinion in general. This paper he was speaking of was a regular newspaper, with an Associated Press franchise and all, and was of course a foe of the League. But the owner was secretly in a terrible panic. He saw what was coming and he wished to sell out. If the League owned that newspaper it would have all the press there was in the state. Think what that would mean! And the League had in its box enough postdated checks, if only it could turn them into money, to buy the paper.

However, that was not the main thing. The crucial matter was perhaps easier to handle. He did not know. He had come for advice. The legislature was in recess during his absence. That was a precaution. When it came to sit again, it would pass at once a bill authorizing the state to build six great grain elevators and a flour mill. Very good. But to build such things you had to have more than a statute. You had to have money, and the state had no money to build them with. So, the question: Would it be possible to sell a bond issue in the East—bonds guaranteed principal and interest by the state of New Freedom, by the people themselves? What could be better security for an investor?

All this about the bonds he uttered rapidly, without a pause, having rehearsed it carefully in his mind; and now he looked expectantly at Jael. How easy it would be for her to say, "How much? One—two—three millions? I'll buy them myself."

Instead she looked very thoughtful for a time, and said, "Mr. Dwind is our economist. He knows. . . . Dwind, do you think the state of New Freedom could sell a bond issue in the East?"

"I do not," he said.

"Why?" asked Capuchin.

"I speak coldly," said Dwind. "Not as I feel but as I think. In the first place your New Freedom is experimental. In the second place you are socialistic, putting the state into business and turning the capitalists out. Therefore, you would not find a banking house willing so much as to touch your bonds."

Grinling said Dwind was wrong. If a banking house could not be found to act, then let the bonds be offered by the state of New Freedom through direct advertising. He would put the influence of the People's Witness behind them. All the liberal opinion in the country would rally to their support.

"Unfortunately," said Dwind, "liberal opinion does not flourish in the pocket, least of all in the pockets of liberals."

While they argued, De Grouse came to the table and stood by Capuchin, whose face was sour.

"As I understand it, you've got the legislature, the governor, the bench, the whole state government, including the power to write anything you like into the constitution?"

"Right," said Capuchin.

"And you are proposing to put the state into the elevator and milling business for the people's benefit?"

"Right," said Capuchin again.

"Then why not put it into the banking business for the same reason? Set up a state bank. Require all the funds of the state, the towns, the counties, the townships, the school boards, to be kept there. Then you will have a bank of your own that can cash your postdated checks, lend money to the League, finance your elevators and mills, anything, provided of course you take care to make it legal."

"We can make anything legal."

"In that case there is no problem about funds," said De Grouse. "It's perfectly simple. . . . I'm going, Jael."

He waved good night and disappeared.

"De Grouse is right," said Dwind. "He would be, you know. That is, I mean, finance runs in his family as an instinct. That same idea was coming to me. Credit must be an essential part of your structure. Let the people control their own credit. Why should they buy it from private bankers, seeing that they themselves produce the wealth on which it rests?"

"I wonder," said Capuchin, "if we have anybody who could write such a law." He was still thinking how much easier it would be for Jael to buy the bonds. He had no financial understanding; therefore he was slow to get the meaning of this new idea.

"I will write it for you," said Dwind. "I'll be glad to do it. Here is the beginning of the end of capitalism forever. And this country, this last refuge of capitalism, was the one in which the perfect opportunity was meant to appear."

No one had ever seen him so excited before.

Miss Lillibridge went to bed, madame disappeared, Doctor Rabba had slipped away unnoticed. Jael, Fitzjerald and Semicorn listened while Dwind, assisted by Grinling, conducted Capuchin through a foreshortened course in finance. Dwind wrote three outline drafts of the law, the second twice as long as the first, and the third twice as long as that; then he decided he would have to go back with Capuchin to make a survey of conditions. It was important to make no mistakes.

Capuchin had one anxiety. This evidently was going to take some time. That matter of the newspaper was urgent. The owner might get over his panic or find another buyer. No one offered a solution. He stated this dilemma several times and once directly to Jael, but she, too, let it drop. And so the destiny of New Freedom was plotted.

As they were breaking up, Semicorn put out his hand to Capuchin, saying, "I've accepted your offer."

Capuchin said, "Fine!" He said it three times. He had forgotten what the offer was. Seeing this, the young man said, "I mean I'm going back with you."

"Yes, of course you are," said Capuchin, then remembering. "If we don't get the big newspaper we'll find something else. We'll need you somewhere."

They were passing through the doorway—the men. Jael was still seated at the table.

"Oh, Angus," she called, and Fitzjerald went back. They were alone. "Tell me something about Kropotkin," she said.

He was surprised. "You know Kropotkin by heart."

"Never mind. I'm asking you. Not what he wrote. What about him? What was his own meaning?"

"Oh! Why he lived in Jones Street. A gloomy Russian soul. I don't know for sure. I never thought of taking him up in that light. I'll do it, if you say."

"Then it isn't the same reason in every case, is it, and you may be wrong about me?"

"Quite," he said, wondering why she was so serious. There was a silence. He broke it. "Kropotkin was that fearful enigma of civilization—a sensitive sympathetic, unable to endure the sight of struggle for advantage and existence, who turns nihilist and meditates violence. He may be religious and afraid to blame God. Or he may in one breath deny God and propose to destroy Him. In any case he must fix the blame; so he blames laws, institutions and men for the order of facts. But you never know which is innate—the sense of pity or the impulse to violence. They are related as yes and no, compulsion and inhibition, one to justify the other, or one to compensate the other. God and monster both. The killer may feel also a great tenderness for life. All of which comes of thinking.

"Kropotkin was one of those who made plausible use of the historical method. Unable to prove what he wished to be true from the visible facts of human behavior, he selected historical facts to prove his thesis that mutual aid had been of greater importance than struggle as a principle; and when his mutual-aid leagues, having delivered themselves from oppression, turned out invariably to be oppressors of others, that was merely because they forgot the principle in which he himself preferred to believe. . . . You are not listening."

"No," said Jael, "I am not. You are too long. That's peevish, isn't it? I'm sorry. I wanted to know only why Mr. Capuchin was so angry when you mentioned Kropotkin."

"Vanity in a naïve form," said Fitzjerald. "He has few sources, and one of them was rudely discovered. Those of us who are sophisticated in knowledge reveal our sources, because if we try to conceal them we are sure to be found out. Put one of us in a company where he knows it to be safe and he will find himself forgetting to mention his sources. I should. One who has read little will say of a book he has never seen or heard of before that he has read it, or thinks he has read it, or doesn't remember, whereas one who has read much, and knows that everyone knows it, may easily say he has never read Shakspere or the Bible, may even feign not to have read them to be eccentric. It is all the same thing."

"Angus, you can't help being nice. Why do you hold yourself out to be disagreeable?"

"I merely hold myself out to be the ultimate radical, believing that people are as they seem. Whether they dream their dreams or make them up, invent their masks or get born with them on, it is all the same."

They said good night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Chew Mansion in Philadelphia, the Sesqui-Centennial City

The Traffic Cop

—for my appetite is nothin' but Eskimo Pie

Soon as I see an Eskimo Pie sign my appetite says, "Here it is," an' my thirst says, "Right turn!" That's the joy-corner for me. Up till now you couldn't find joy anywheres but in the dictionary. Now I slam my good old nickel on the counter, an' the busy boy behind digs down in the cold place an' comes up with an Eskimo Pie. That's the definition of "joy," teacher! I can taste it now! Choc'late coatin' that you crunch through right into th' coldest, meltin'st, *de-lishusest* ice cream! Two tastes in one! Huh! There's a million of 'em! Say! If my taste nerve was the Mississippi River it wouldn't be long enough to cover all th' territory one Eskimo Pie does! Just peel that silver wrapper back an' go to it like you was eatin' a banana.

Eat Ice Cream for Health

NOTE TO DEALERS: If your manufacturer does not supply you, write for name of one within shipping distance who will—over half the ice cream manufacturers in America make the Eskimo Pie. Eskimo Pie Corporation, 1701 Banks Street, Louisville, Kentucky

Firm, delicious ice cream inside! Crisp, pure chocolate outside. And around this enticing bar, a sanitary, moisture-proof foil wrapper. That's the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—Eskimo Pie.

Over two hundred million sold yearly

ESKIMO PIE

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS: *The most valuable ice cream confection franchise in the history of the ice cream industry. Full information obtained by writing us.*

"Let's talk

$11.95

for a
genuine new

Willard STORAGE BATTERY
Rubber Case

At all
Willard Battery Stations

The Willard

about low-priced batteries"

For example, the $11.95 battery we are advertising in the newspapers. There's an eye opener in automobile battery values for you.

This battery is a genuine, 11-plate Willard. It is made in the Willard factory from *all* new materials, and it carries our Standard Insurance Warranty.

From the outside of its sturdy rubber case to the center of its last plate it is Willard Quality—the reason a Willard Battery *always* costs less to own.

You can buy this battery with confidence that it will give full measure of useful service for every dollar of its purchase price.

The new prices on Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are also substantially lower.

We Service All Makes and Sell Willards for All Cars—For Radio, too.

Battery men

Motorists Prefer
SIMONIZ

"My Dear! Another New Car?"

"No! It's just been SIMONIZED"

SIMONIZING is really the inexpensive and easy way to keep every car looking new and beautiful Saves washing expense

SIMONIZING *restores lustre, protects finish, removes stains and smudge from* DUCO *and all finishes*

Insist on SIMONIZ—it lasts a long time.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2116 Indiana Avenue ~ CHICAGO
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

A HANDY MANUEL

Continued from Page 19

"I know he doesn't believe me. He thinks this is in some mysterious way linked up with the flowers. What a tyrant!" Drusilla sighed, riding home alone in his car. "If he only weren't so good to all of us! How can I forget that he didn't even know me when he assumed the burden of taking care of me? He's sending the twins through school. Mazas he made out of nothing. Sofia he took off the streets. Every one of us and a hundred more depending on him, drinking his strength. He doesn't really expect repayment—he's too big to bother thinking about it at all. But he does expect loyalty—and sometimes I think that's the most exorbitant price of all.

"I wonder whether all big men have to eat up all the people around them. And the worst of it is, you keep forgiving them because they're big men." She sighed again. "That's my curse. That's why I've been his slave for nearly eight years. Because I think the world can afford to pay any number of pawns for one king."

The next day Miles Talbot saw a typewritten letter lying unopened on Drusilla's desk.

"Ah," he said, with a disagreeable edge to his voice, "another note from your unknown admirer?"

"I presume so," said Drusilla, dropping it into the basket.

"I don't know whether that's wise," said Talbot; "there may be something in it ——"

"Nothing that interests me," replied Drusilla, patting one blond lock into place.

"I think," he remarked, "it would be wiser to open it. It may be necessary to take steps if this fellow continues to annoy you."

"He can't annoy me if I don't read what he writes."

"Nevertheless," said Talbot, "I'd like to see what he has to say."

Drusilla shrugged and handed him the note. As he read, she saw the lines sharpen around the corners of his mouth. Without a word, he put the letter in his pocket. Later, when she had gone to superintend her dinner—he had let all his servants off for a holiday—he reopened the note and, frowning, studied it carefully.

Beautiful and Estem Señorita: How I am happy because yow wear my flowers. I hope they telling yow with every breathe what I have whisper to them.

Please, Señorita, yow will no lawgh at Manwel for write so bad English? And yow will no tell somebody else how I am foolish? Maybe they tell yow something bad and no trwe abowt Manwel. Maybe yowr American friends no like that I am love yow and wish to take yow away from them. For that is my dream, and I am very bold in dreaming. Maybe they no can see how, withowt love, even beawtifwl flower like yow will wither away.

Please, no be angry with Manwel because I write this thing. The reason is I am afraid, when I see yow, I am lose the power to speak and I wish for yow to know what is in my heart.

MANUEL.

What rot! It sickened Miles so he could scarcely eat his dinner. After dinner, he and Drusilla walked down Obispo Street. He had to buy a wedding present for the daughter of a foreign diplomat, and he always depended on Drusilla for that sort of thing. They stopped before the windows of the better shops, in one of which stood a black bottle with a gold stopper, of such exquisite proportions that Drusilla called his attention to it.

"Yes," admitted Miles, "it's very pretty, but not handsome enough for Martini's daughter."

"I wasn't thinking of Martini's daughter," admitted Drusilla, and they passed on to the next shop, where a silver coffee service was purchased.

The following morning when the boy Luis opened the offices of Miles Talbot he found outside the door a square box addressed to the Señorita Drusilla Frayne which, upon opening, was seen to contain an exquisite black bottle, filled with the French perfume in vogue at the moment—Moi-Même. The unusual circumstance caused such a stir in the office that it came to the ears of the chief.

As soon as she opened his door Drusilla knew that something had annoyed Miles. He gave his instructions in a distant, hurt voice, and, as she turned to go—"What's this I hear about presents coming to the office for you?"

Drusilla, far from being overwhelmed, was distinctly pleased at his annoyance. "Isn't it uncanny?" she smiled, wrinkling her brow. "That's the bottle I admired yesterday in the window. Remember?"

He drew in his lips. "How do you account for it?"

She handed him a note from the pocket of her navy-blue dress. He snatched the envelope almost rudely from her hand and read:

Did yow see me tonight, Beawtifwl Lady, walking behind yow to hear the sownd of yowr voice, soft and low like a bell? Spanish woman have the voice like chattering of magpie. I hear yow say yow like this bottle. Oh, if I can believe yow say this for me!

I have fill it with Moi-Même. I like to think, when yow inhale it, yow breathe in *un aliento de mi alma.*

MANUEL.

Miles Talbot's hand came down sharply on the desk. "We have him now! Get Rodriguez on the phone."

"What are you going to do?" asked Drusilla, paling and extending a vain hand for the letter.

"We'll trace him through the store where he bought the bottle."

"But ——" she started to protest.

"Leave this to me, please," he said peremptorily. "I'm not going to have you annoyed any further. Rodriguez will have a talk with this baby and that will be the last of him. I never knew one of them that wasn't yellow."

Drusilla knew better than to protest further. It would have irritated him immeasurably, besides being quite futile. That night he was still in a bad humor when he communicated to her the unofficial police report:

"Rodriguez says the black bottle is still in the window, and they say they don't remember when they sold the last one. They're all liars, every one of them, and they all hang together. As for the perfume, it's being sold all over town, and it would be useless to try to trace it. He says the letter is written with an old typewriter with the small u broken or missing. It may be a fanatic, but he's inclined to favor the theory of bona-fide Latin puppy love. However, he wants me to keep him posted, particularly if the letters should become violent or—er—suggestive."

But they did not. They continued as they had begun, outpourings of ultra-romantic yearning, based on a rather intimate knowledge of her daily movements. Drusilla, under instruction, did not throw away any of them, but left them, for the most part unopened, in the left-hand drawer of her desk, where Talbot could find them and read them. He had to, in order to take charge intelligently of the situation.

I see yow tonight with Sr. Talbot [began one of the rare letters Drusilla read, looking over Talbot's shoulder] *Dios mio*, can be I am too late? Bwt no, for swre if this man is for yow, he knows it after so many years. It appear to me he look at yow more as friend, not as woman. Maybe he see yow too much. I know he is fine man. Everybody speak abowt how he is kind to all in trowble. I know once when yow are in great trowble he have befriend yow. Bwt love is more, no? Love is to want to be good to someone always, every day, every howr, with every thowght.

I wowld ask for nothing better, Señorita, only to be allow to be good to yow.

"I wonder what he's like?" mused Drusilla, looking across the street to where three buxom ladies watched, over the railing of their balcony, the life of the city below.

"I thought you were a sensible girl," exclaimed Talbot.

"I hope not," said Drusilla. "I have a theory that that is the one virtue which pays the poorest returns."

She recalled her words with a trace of bitterness, the day he asked her to arrange for a party he intended to give. His year of mourning over, he had decided to entertain a wealthy investor from the States and his son at the opera, which was concluding a brief season in Havana.

He could see that Drusilla wanted to go. There would be three unused seats in the box, and of course he would have liked to take her. But if he appeared in public for the first time after his wife's death with his secretary, people would talk. Havana was not New York. You could do what you liked privately and nobody held it against you. But open indiscretions were not readily condoned. There was no sense in violating the standards of the people amongst whom you lived. You always paid for it.

Drusilla was a sensible girl, with whom frankness was always best. So he explained all that to her. He was upset at the hurt look about her eyes. Of all people in the world, he hated to hurt Drusilla. How childish women were! One opera more or less in a lifetime—what difference?

The letter which particularly incensed Talbot said:

I have follow yow to the Opera Howse. I hear yow order the *palco* for Sr. Talbot. I bwy a ticket too, so I may stand wp and look at yow wearing the yellow roses which I shall send yow, please.

Bwt maybe yow will no be there? I know how yow are good friend to Sr. Talbot in the dark howr of his loneliness, bwt sometimes is embarrassing for swch important man if his friends see that he associate with people which work for him.

Maybe is only my desire which seek for excwse why yow will no be there. For if I no see yow, I leave. I shall walking owtside yowr window. I shall see yow sitting there alone. Maybe yow will be having one little thowght for

MANUEL.

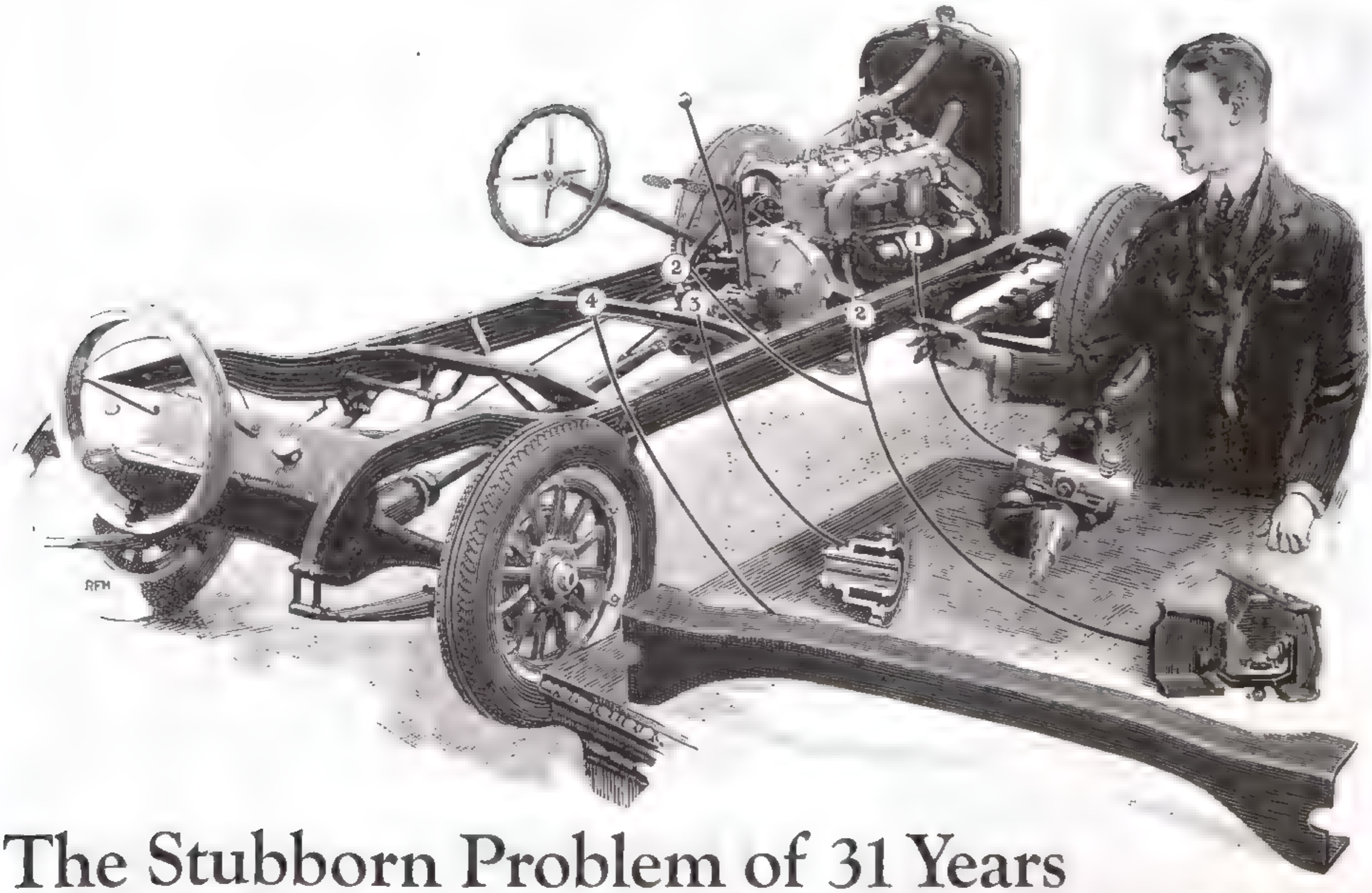
Ye gods! The pup must have nothing to do day and night but follow her around. That positively ought to be stopped. Talbot inquired personally of his office force and his servants whether they had seen anybody hanging around. They all swore they had not. But they were all natives and he would not have believed them under oath. He commissioned Rodriguez to have a man shadow the house where Drusilla lived. But someone must have warned the Cuban. Because the rest of his letters were posted instead of being left outside her door.

Miles had too much on his mind to give his box party much thought, but it did occur to him that the Coreys might have a better time if the party were mixed. He had lost touch with practically all the ladies of his acquaintance during the past year. So at the last moment he asked Drusilla to slip into an evening gown and join them. After all, old K. T. would have a better time with Drusilla than with any of the Spanish ladies, with their formal manners and precise English.

Old K. T. did. You could always count on Drusilla. Miles wanted the evening to be a pleasant one for K. T., but he could not have managed it unaided. Little worrisome things kept gnawing at the back of his mind. But when he tried he could not put his finger on them It was more a general restlessness a sensation of something unpleasant trying to work into his consciousness. He guessed he had lost the habit of social repose. Maybe Henschel was right. The old doctor had been urging him for months to leave Havana, threatening him with a breakdown if he did not go. But he had not been in the mood for a holiday. Work and more work seemed his only hope. Something young Corey said seemed to crystallize the vague irritability in the back of Talbot's mind:

"I never can get used to the way these foreigners get up in their seats and stare through their glasses."

(*Continued on Page 81*)



The Stubborn Problem of 31 Years Solved *in the* Rubber-Silenced Chassis

1 *The Harmonic Balancer—an integral part of the Oakland crankshaft—eliminating torsional vibration.*

2 *Close-up section of engine mounting showing rubber cushion and complete rubber insulation between motor support and frame side member.*

3 *Cut-out view of Rubber-Silenced drive unit on transmission main drive shaft, showing rubber cushion.*

4 *New, heavy cross member for the Oakland frame completing a super-rigid support for the entire power plant and body assembly.*

Pictured here is a motor car chassis that marks a new epoch in automotive progress as truly as did the invention of the first six-cylinder engine. For in this remarkable Rubber-Silenced Chassis, Oakland has definitely conquered the problem that has defied automotive engineers for 31 years—the elimination of vibration · · · Four vitally important features, plus the perfect co-ordination of every working part, produce vibrationless performance at all speeds.

First—The Harmonic Balancer, pioneered by Oakland and built into the Oakland crankshaft, prevents any twisting of the crankshaft under repeated piston impulses and completely eradicates torsional vibration.

Second—Rubber supports for the Oakland engine form a cushion between power-plant and frame and effectually prevent any vibration in the frame due to the torque reaction of the motor.

Third—The Rubber-Silenced Drive—an entirely new and exclusive development whereby the engine not only rides on rubber but drives through rubber—erases all body rumbles and vibrations communicated from the rear wheels, drive shaft and transmission.

Fourth—A new, extra-heavy cross member, added to the frame, completes a super-rigid support for the entire power-plant and body assembly, and constitutes the final step in the conquest of vibration.

These features—found in their entirety only in the Greater Oakland Six—impart a smoothness and quietness of operation and a freedom from closed car rumble unmatched by any other automobile, regardless of price · · · · *Drive* the Greater Oakland Six, and experience the new thrill of completely vibrationless motor car performance.

Touring $1025; Sedan $1095; Landau Coupe $1125; Sport Roadster $1175; Sport Phaeton $1095; 4-Door Sedan $1195; Landau Sedan $1295 Pontiac Six, companion to the Oakland Six, $825 to $895. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan

The Greater OAKLAND SIX

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

CHANDLER

Nineteen
Finer New Models
$945 to $1795

The beautiful new Metropolitan Sedan, the great leader, is reduced $360, from $1955 to $1595!

All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

The most impressive six-cylinder car in America today..with everything *in* and *on* it a fine car should have...Styled to the minute and built for the years...a value without parallel. See it. Above all, drive it!

Chandler-Cleveland Motors Corporation, Cleveland

Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York

(Continued from Page 78)

"Where?" cried Talbot, jumping up and running his own glass furiously across the auditorium. "Which one?"

"Not any one," said young Corey, feeling he had made a blunder.

"I can't blame them if they do," said K. T., "when we have the prettiest blonde in the house in our box. They think she's Peggy Hopkins Joyce."

Talbot felt he had been a little ridiculous. He looked at Drusilla. She was pretty—more than pretty—she was distinguished. There was an elegant simplicity about the way she wore her pale-silver gown, untrimmed except for the gardenias he had sent her as a sort of peace offering for having waited until the last moment before inviting her. Miles was so used to Drusilla that it took somebody else's reaction to call her to his attention. No wonder those fools stared up at her, although they stared at anyone. Bah! Of a sudden Miles found himself suffering from an acute antipathy toward the people amongst whom he had elected to spend his life. Their habits, on which he had always smiled tolerantly, seemed suddenly insufferable.

His restlessness mounted until he felt he would suffocate if he had to sit through another act of Tosca. Of late he was always more or less on edge, hoping to catch somebody regarding Drusilla suspiciously. He wanted just one opportunity to swing on this bird, barehanded. He was used to handling them out at the plantation with knives in their hands and murder in their hearts.

More than once he had kept a man with a gun waiting three hours to see him, then suddenly walked up to him so close that their shoulders touched and demanded, "Well, what do you want?" Miles Talbot could handle anything he could see. It was this skulking out of range, while apparently close enough to watch their every move, that got his goat. He hardly watched the stage at all, keeping his glass trained on the pit. But he could not pick out anybody making an ass of himself over Drusilla.

Corey noticed how nervous he was. "You're not yourself, Talbot. You need a change. Why not come up to New York with us next week and snap out of this?"

Talbot felt a faint stirring of interest. He hadn't been out of Havana in fifteen months. No wonder he was jumpy. Things were slowing up at the office, so that Mazas and Drusilla could handle them. Not a bad time to go. And Corey belonged to a couple of good clubs. He could put him next to a lot of worthwhile people.

"I think I might."

Corey was enthusiastic about the idea. Talbot noted a certain reserve about Drusilla's reception of the plan. He sometimes wondered whether Drusilla were afraid he might meet some other woman. But of course that was out of the question. Women did not interest him at all.

Talbot found himself opening the next square envelope with a certain degree of curiosity. He wondered how the fellow had taken the fact that there was no walking past the open window and all that rot:

How beawtifwl yow were tonight. I sit in the next *palco* [Damn! No wonder he hadn't found the fool in the pit] so near I can almost feel the sweetness yow make in the air all arownd yow. Bwt my heart is heavy becawse yow no wear my roses.

Bwt when I hear what is said, I am glad again. Sr. Talbot goes to New York? No? I see yow looking sad, and for a moment I am afraid it is becawse yow care too mweh for him. Bwt then I think and think and I wnderstand is becawse if yowr employer go away, yow mwst remain alone at home withowt vacation. Is no?

No be sad, Beawtifwl Lady. Yow will no be alone. I shall take my cowrage and come to yow. Every night we shall drive owt together. We shall dance, we shall sit beneath the moon. I shall whisper in yowr ear. I shall teach yow what is to be love.

Talbot was no longer annoyed. He was furious. If a man cannot discuss his affairs in a low voice at the theater—well, that sort of thing is an infringement on the rights of the individual—a positive menace. It had to be stopped.

He had a long talk with Delfina, the little girl on the ground floor, and it seemed to Delfina, under the spur of the dollar she clutched in her plump brown hand, that she had seen a man walking up and down on the other side of the street. Under further questioning, she recalled that he was young. Yes, and little. And handsome? Oh, *si*, *muy hermoso*.

As to the rest, she was rather vague, but if she saw him again she would tell Mee'ter Talbot and he would give her something *muy bonito*. A mantilla, perhaps. *Una mantilla roja* like the new one of the Señorita Druseelya? Miles had not heard of any new red shawl of Drusilla's. He left Delfina wondering what she had said to anger the *caballero*.

A dozen times while driving Corey out to the country club, which the latter declared the most charming he had ever visited, Talbot demanded of Drusilla, "Is that man staring at you?" And he explained to Corey that a girl was never safe from the unwelcome advances of these natives.

"A girl without a protector, perhaps," said Corey, smiling as at some inside knowledge.

"I've been here over seven years," Drusilla reminded Miles when he brought up the same subject again at dinner, "and you never worried. It must be your nerves. I'm glad you're going away."

He looked hurt. "I suppose you'll have a freer rein when I'm gone. I don't doubt I've been a nuisance this past year."

"Don't say things like that, Miles. You know they're not just. I really think you need a vacation. You haven't had one in over a year."

"How about you? You haven't had one in over two."

"I'll take mine when you come back."

"I feel selfish. Why don't you go while I'm away?"

"Both leave the office at the same time?"

"Why not? Mazas can handle anything that comes up."

"Well, you see, I really want to go to New York and I couldn't if you were there."

"Why, how foolish! New York is a big place."

"Yes, but Havana isn't. You know what these people would think. And there's no sense in openly violating their standards. You've often said so yourself. You always pay for it in the end."

She seemed determined to remain in Havana. He wondered ——

Manuel's next letter said:

I hope yow like the mantilla and that it rest wpon yowr white showlders with the caress I am wnable to place there. I wowld like to bwy all the beawtifwl things in the world for yow. I have no great wealth, bwt I am very rich man, becawse when I think of yow, I have in my heart all the treaswre of the world.

I know I teach yow to love me. Is written so in the stars. That is why the Sr. Talbot goes to New York at this time, so I shall have the chance to find yow alone. He is fine, strong man, and maybe when he is near yow have no thowght for Manwel. Bwt when he is thowsand miles away ——

Talbot announced suddenly that he was not going away.

"Don't be foolish, Miles."

"Don't talk so loud," he commanded brusquely. "You never know who may be snooping around."

Miles' nerves were growing increasingly ragged, and Drusilla humored him more than usual.

"I think you should certainly go away," she said gravely, in a low voice. "You need it."

"I know; but I don't feel right about leaving you exposed to that fellow's advances."

"He can't force me to have anything to do with him."

He thought a moment, then he said, "You may be glad for a little company," and the accusation was poorly veiled by the lightness of his tone.

"It will be lonely," Drusilla admitted, "but I can hardly see myself going about with a psychopathic case just because I'm left alone."

"There's no telling what a woman will do if she's left alone," he said uncomplimentarily. "I'm positively going to put the case officially into the hands of the police before I go."

"You'll do no such thing," said Drusilla with a decision which startled him. "After all, I'm not a minor and this is my affair. No matter how a case like that turns out, the publicity always hurts a woman. People are always willing to believe that where there's smoke ——"

The next day he sent for her in the office. "Do you want my reservation on the Orizaba? I'm not going."

"What?" She looked at him.

"There's trouble brewing down at the mill—maybe a strike—and I won't leave till it's cleaned up. But you may as well go. I wish you'd take it."

Miles Talbot felt a glow of real pleasure at the thought that she was going. The girl needed a change.

He should have insisted on it all along—and that fellow would have a chance to get over his infatuation. On the whole, he felt more cheerful than he had in weeks, until he picked the pieces of a letter out of Drusilla's basket, and, piecing them together, read:

Beloved Señorita: I go too. It is the voice of Destiny. In a strange city I shall having yow even more for myself. Maybe we never come back to Havana ——

Drusilla was in the bedroom, packing. Miles stood in the doorway watching her, and it seemed to him one of the saddest hours of his life.

Everything seemed to be going away from him—first Ietta, then his capacity for enjoying life, his health, his nerves, and now Drusilla.

"I hate to see you go," he said. "I don't see how I am going to make out without you."

She looked at him with moist eyes. "I'll be back soon."

"You will, won't you, Drusilla? You won't let anyone run off with you?" He tried to inject a note of playfulness into his voice, but only succeeded in sounding wistful.

"Not unless I happen to fall in love with someone." Such a look of pain crossed his face that she added gently: "It might happen, even to me, you know."

"I never heard you talk that way before, Drusilla."

"I never was thirty before," she replied gravely. "Of course I wouldn't want to leave you, Miles, but I guess I have to begin to think about what's ahead of me. If I don't, nobody else will, you know. You wouldn't want me to throw away any chance for happiness I might have, even to be of service to you, Miles, would you?"

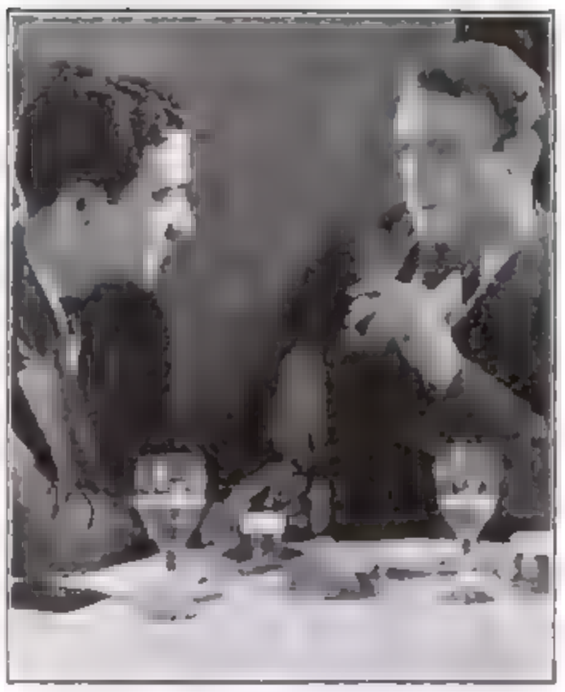
"No," said Miles, "of course not." And he really tried to make his voice sound hearty.

Miles Talbot spent a practically sleepless night. He must have eaten something which disagreed with him. Nothing else could have given him such a continuous succession of frightful nightmares. Small men with crafty eyes sat on his chest and slowly stifled him. One ran away with the bag in which Miles had carefully hoarded all his treasure for the very purpose of keeping it from this same villain. In another he ran and ran from a dwarf with a hideous leer who pursued him always and finally shot at him with a long arrow out of a great bow.

In the morning he had such a throbbing head he was unable to get out of bed. Maria Rosa, his housekeeper, was so concerned over Mee'ter Talbot that at noon she sent for Doctor Henschel.

Miles awoke to find the old doctor standing over him, looking as though his red face were about to burst through his square mask of whiskers.

The doctor called it a nervous breakdown. He had been warning Miles he kept himself strung too tight. Something was



"You spend more than I do for blades, yet I get the better shaves," said Wilson.

"Show me," replied Smith.

"Easy enough. How much do you spend a year for razor blades?"

"Never figured it up."

"That's just it. You buy a package at a time and don't realize how many blades you buy every year. And think of the time you waste buying them so often."

"What do you do?"

"I strop my blades on Twinplex, buy only one package a year, and get infinitely better shaves than you do."

"Where's the advantage? What you saved on blades you spent for your Twinplex Stropper."

"Possibly, but only the first year. I get better shaves out of one package than you get out of five, and every year since the first I have saved at least $3.00. In 10 years I will have saved $30.00."

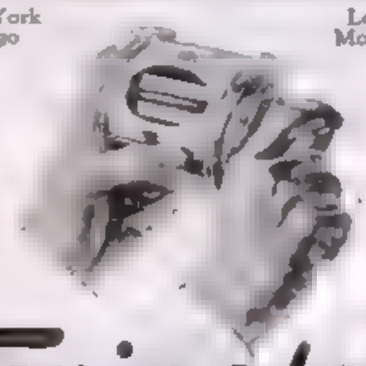
"Guess I'll try it," said Smith. "Do you really get so much better shaves with Twinplex?"

"No doubt about it," replied Wilson. "Prove it for yourself. Take one of your NEW UNUSED blades to a Twinplex dealer and let him strop it for you. You will be amazed at the difference."

Any Twinplex dealer will gladly strop one of your NEW blades, free. If this isn't convenient for you, send us 10c, name your razor, and we will send you a NEW blade, stropped on Twinplex, and a 10-shave sample of the wonderful new Twinplex Shaving Cream — the cream with antiseptic qualities. It's delightful.

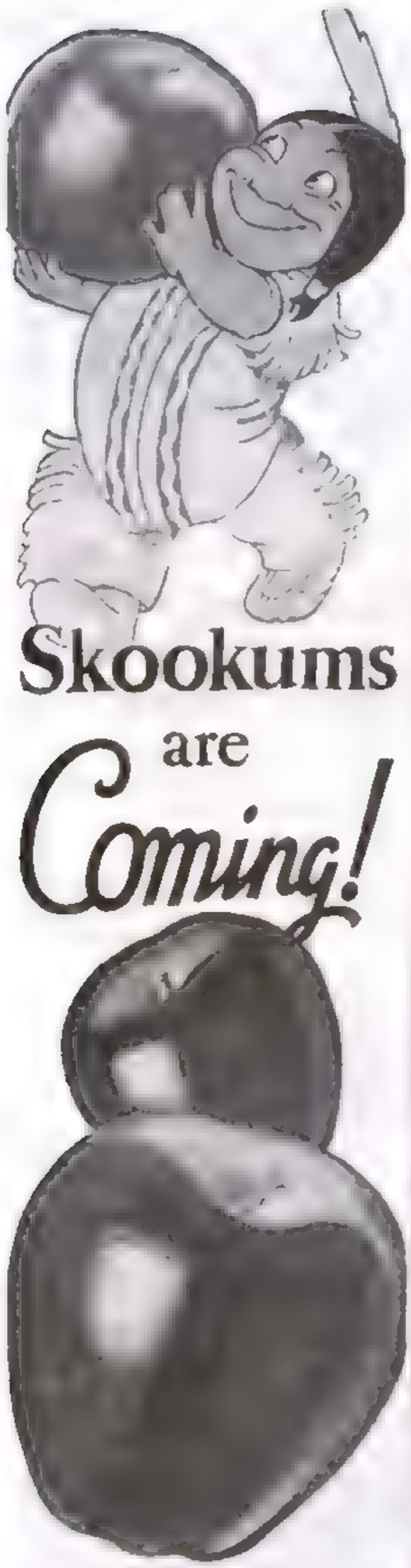
TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1653 Locust Street, Saint Louis

New York
Chicago
London
Montreal



Twinplex Stroppers

A TEN YEAR INVESTMENT PAYING 100% A YEAR



Skookums are Coming!

LEADING dealers soon will have them. The finest crop of Skookums ever picked. Rosy, ripe, bursting with freshly stored juice. Such flavor! Just *try* them; that's all! On request: "209 Ways of Preparing Skookum Apples." Address:

SKOOKUM PACKERS ASSOCIATION
Wenatchee, Washington
Northwestern Fruit Exchange, *Sales Agents*

Dealers, write for proposition

Skookum Apples
—buy 'em by the BOX

bound to snap. He was not so young as he had been.

That was the sentence which kept twisting, jangling, corroding in his brain in painful, unending spirals, as he lay, under orders, in a darkened room, waiting for Drusilla. How could he rest until he was sure everything at the office was being cared for properly?

Getting older—a year ago he would have scoffed at that. But this past year—how the stairs had bothered him, how often he had had to rest; worst of all, he had lost his interest in young things. Getting older—how bitter that tasted! And yet he had to admit it was true. Forty-four. He said the words over, and they had a strange flavor, as though he had never tasted them before.

What was keeping Drusilla? She never kept him waiting like this. Of late a change had come over Drusilla too. She seemed less contented with her lot—to be thinking more of herself, less of him. Was she drifting away from him? Was he going to lose everything—wife, ambition, youth, health and Drusilla too?

He tossed restlessly on his hot pillow and something like perspiration broke out on his brow. If she would only come! He knew he would feel better the moment Drusilla came. She would be cool and quiet. He never remembered Drusilla when she had not been cool and quiet.

How pretty she had been that first day she came into his office in a pink linen dress, looking as fragile as a bit of fine porcelain. She had come to thank him. A young girl of twenty-two, she had found herself in a strange city, friendless, ill in a hospital, her money gone. Her folks failed to reply to the urgent cables which consumed her last few dollars, and they were about to transfer her to some public institution when her case was called to his attention, quite casually, by a medical friend. Miles Talbot had paid for specialists, nurses, the care and attention she needed, and had then sent her out to a plantation to recover her strength. And the first time he saw her was the day she came into the office to thank her unknown benefactor.

"What are you going to do now?" he had asked her.

"Work," she answered.

"What can you do?"

"I can teach Greek, but I don't suppose they're just waiting for me. I'll do anything except go back to my folks," she added, the acid of a great bitterness in her tone.

He had taker her into his office and in three months she had made herself indispensable to him. In those days he had often said to her, "I ought to have had a wife like you, Drusilla." That was when Ietta's Latin femininity had taxed his bearing powers to the utmost. . . .

What was keeping the girl? Even if she were personally indifferent to his illness, the affairs of the office required attention.

At the thought that Drusilla might be personally indifferent, the tears came to his eyes. Was she beginning to yield to the subtle poison of the unknown Cuban's flattery? Women were susceptible to that sort of thing, even sensible ones like Drusilla. After all, what did he really know about her? What did any human being really know about any other? Who knew anything about him, for instance? Who, except Drusilla? How would he stand it if she left him?

What was it she had said? She had to begin thinking of herself. If she didn't, nobody would. Poor little Drusilla. Nobody in the world gave a hang about her except himself. And what a selfish beast he was!

How clearly he saw it now, lying alone in that darkened room. Drusilla stood out of the shadows, and in beautifully clear relief were details he had always seen but never realized—all in their proper relation to each other and to everything else.

Hang it all, what pigs men were! He had taken everything that girl gave—loyalty, devotion, a beautiful selflessness that no man really deserved, and what had he given her in return? A job! And now she was thirty, and had not even begun to live!

How appreciative she was of little things, like the flowers he sent her that night for the opera! Why hadn't he done more little things like that for Drusilla? She had looked beautiful that night. Something for a man to be proud of. Old K. T. would have fallen for her in a minute, if he hadn't been certain she was his girl. That was what everybody thought. A sort of injustice to Drusilla. Kept everybody else away—except that beastly Cuban. . . .

Miles Talbot sat up sharply. The Cuban! How long had he been ill? A day? Longer perhaps; it was all muddled and confused. Had the Cuban taken advantage of the fact that he was on his back, helpless? Was Drusilla—even now—at this very moment ——

A step outside the door. Drusilla—he knew. An instant peace came over him. Now everything would be all right. Drusilla had come. How cool she looked in her yellow dress, carrying the purple hat he liked. Dear, dependable Drusilla! He reached out his hand to touch her.

Don't do anything rash, Miles Talbot. Just because a girl is wearing a yellow dress that makes her look like a piece of sunshine in your darkened room is no excuse for losing your head. Remember, Miles, you are not yourself today. And because a girl lays slim, cool fingers on your eyes is no reason for covering them greedily with your hot hand and drawing them down to your burning lips. Take care, Miles Talbot, you are a very rich, a very important man. You cannot afford to commit yourself just because the doctor has said you were growing old and the thought has made you a little panicky. . . .

Drusilla had sent Mazas down to the mill. That was why she had not come up sooner. It was not wise for all three of them to be away. She had foreseen everything, attended to everything, made everything right, as usual. Nobody in the world like Drusilla. Dear, dear Drusilla. . . . Watch your step, Miles, those are dangerous lines along which to think. Careful, Miles.

"Drusilla, Henschel says I'm a sick man."

"No, you're all right. A day of rest——"

"No, Drusilla, I'm sick. I know it. I feel it here." Some hot tears worked their way through her fingers and she wiped them away with her handkerchief. It was the perfume of it which overcame him—Lilas, the perfume he had bought for her that first Christmas and every one since—the perfume that was associated with seven years closely packed with Drusilla. Seven years—and now she was going away! He could not bear it.

"Drusilla," he cried, while both his hands clung to hers, "don't leave me!"

"Of course not"—as a mother might answer a feverish child. "I'll stay right here as long as you need me."

"Don't go to New York," he whimpered.

"No, no," she soothed. "I won't stir till you're well."

"No, Drusilla, that's not what I mean. I don't want you to go at all—ever. I need you. I want you, Drusilla—forever."

He felt her tears on his face as she stooped to kiss him. "Forever and ever," she murmured.

Delfina was in a perfect trance of ecstasy over all the beautiful things the señorita was giving her.

"The mantilla, señorita? The *roja?*" Delfina could scarcely believe her eyes.

Drusilla, burning up the contents of the left-hand drawer of her desk, smiled. "Mr. Talbot does not like me to wear it. He has bought me a new white one—the most beautiful one in the world." Delfina had never seen such a look in the señorita's eyes before.

"And the perfume—the new perfume in the black bottle?"

"That too."

Delfina fingered her treasures with rapt eyes. It seemed she could bear no more. But there was more to come. From the top shelf of her closet, the one she kept locked with a key, the señorita took down a black box. "For you, Delfina."

"Señorita, is too much!" Her eyes filled with tears.

"No, Delfina, I want you to have it. But first I'm going to have it fixed."

"Is broke?" Delfina paled with concern.

"Only the letter 'u'. I'll have them send it to you from the store."

"Oh, señorita, you are an angel!"

"No, Delfina, I'm a wicked, shameless woman. But I've never been so happy in my life. And, Delfina, if you're ever in love with a man, you be as shameless and as ruthless as you can. It's the only way you ever get anything. And, above all, Delfina, please promise me you won't be sensible!"

Delfina did not quite know what it was, but she promised the señorita—the good, the kind, the wise señorita — that she never, never would.

The Temple of Sinawava, Zion National Park

What Kind of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate-surfaced asphalt or asbestos roofing or hexagonal asbestos shingles	Flexstone roofing No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $5,000-$7,000	Hexagonal asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles or colorblende—appropriate colors
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles—rectangular	Rough texture colorblende — five-tone; brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and industrial buildings and sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofings or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings, chemical plants, power houses, foundries, etc.*	Corrugated asbestos roofing	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

Re-roof *for the* **last time**

When re-roofing an old house, you can lay either hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles right over the old roof. This saves tearing off the old shingles which remain in place to insulate your home against heat and cold.

The Thief that can steal your home or your business ~ ~ ~

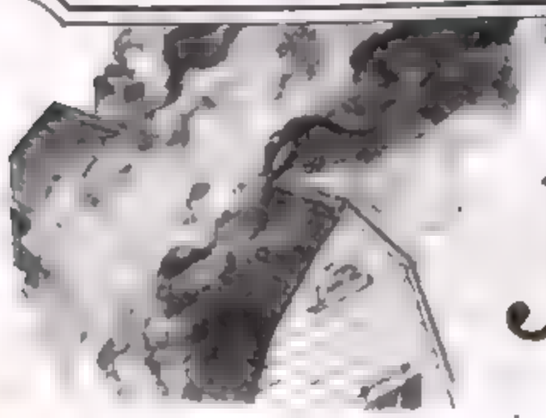
SUDDENLY a spark—the flash of fire on a roof—another home, a business, often a whole community, is added to his loot.

Why risk your roof unguarded? Day and night this arch thief watches and works. Why not frustrate him with the day and night fire-safety of a permanent Johns-Manville Asbestos Roof.

It won't cost more—but less. For asbestos scorns not only fire, but weather and time as well. No costly repairs. No replacements. You spend less in the long run, for the worry of an inflammable roof extends even to its upkeep.

There is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for every type of building. All have the permanence and the fire-safety of asbestos.

JOHNS MANVILLE INC., 292 MADISON AVENUE AT 41st STREET, NEW YORK CITY • • • BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES
FOR CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS MANVILLE CO., Ltd., TORONTO



SOMETHING TO REMEMBER *until you have a*

JOHNS-MANVILLE ASBESTOS ROOF

Asbestos
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS

The Cost of Distribution is Lower — The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

The Rough-Country Test

THE American people now buy something like a billion dollars worth of tires a year.

Naturally the competition for such a large market is tremendously keen.

Tire Manufacturers vie with each other to deliver the lowest cost tire service in order to win the largest possible share of that billion dollar a year tire investment.

Thousands of people keep no record of the mileage they get from tires and therefore do not know which tire actually delivers the lowest cost per mile of service.

But in the rougher parts of the country car owners know tires on the cost per mile basis,—and there Mansfield Tire sales grow fastest.

That Mansfields do regularly deliver thousands of extra miles of trouble-free service at no extra cost, is becoming better and better known everywhere.

Mansfields are distributed at record low cost by the great Hardware Wholesalers, and the saving on distribution is put into the tire to make it deliver record low cost mileage.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

Where the wear is hardest, they *know* which tire lasts longest.

SKEETS LOSES A BET

(Continued from Page 40

She almost apologizes for it herself, and explains how she got started. Always had liked dogs, having had a whole pack of 'em at Sandy Bottom—coon and rabbit hounds and just plain mutts. And when she drifted down to the West Coast early last fall, thinking she might edge in on some of this real-estate stuff, she happened to meet a bird from Oklahoma who'd brought on a string of greyhounds that he expected to sell for big prices. They'd had a rough trip of it, though; hadn't been fed the right things or been looked after proper, and most of 'em was in poor condition. It was just like Delphine to step in, dose 'em up with buckthorn and sulphur and nurse 'em into shape. I remember her showing me how to do the same for one of the judge's hounds back at Bonnie Mead.

Well, this guy is so grateful that he insists on giving her a couple of the likeliest in the lot and urges her to enter 'em out at San Gloria when the meet opens. Just for a flyer, she did it, and the first thing she knew those mutts was bringing her a sixty-dollar purse once or twice a week. Then this dog man gets a wire that his wife has pneumonia out in Tulsa and he sells his whole stable—kennel, I mean at a bargain to Delphine.

"And if you want to know, Skeets," she tells me, "there's more real money in running dogs than in any string of horses you ever saw, barring grand-prize winners. You used to be a good hand with hounds too. I need a trainer. What do you say to fifty a week?"

You can guess what I said. And if you don't think I've made good at it, just glance over the past performances of Miss Delphine Dorr's kennels and remember that I'm free to back any of our own entries as often as I choose. Hence the new check suit and the roll of yellow ones in my hip pocket. I said I was riding the world, didn't I? So I can't curl any lip at the dogs.

But if I'd shied off at first, how would a bred-in-the-bone horseman like Judge McQuillan, of Kentucky, take a jolt like that when it was sprung on him sudden? All I was afraid of was that he'd go asking around during the day and find out before hand. But when I picks him up after supper he's just as innocent as I'd left him. He'd changed into his best suit, too, and had his curly gray hair trimmed neat, and his face shaved. For wasn't he going to meet his old sweetie Delphine? Uh-huh! Delphine, with the wild roses in her cheeks. He could remember all about her and yet beheve I'd forgot how he had me kicked out of his stables. Well, well!

The judge got his first hunch when we came within sight of the running bowl, with the dished track all lit up by flood lights.

"I never expected to see anything like this in my day—no, sir!" says he. "Racing by electric light! But that's not even a half-mile track."

"No. We run 'em short and snappy."

Next he notices the illuminated sign on top of the grand stand, announcing that this was the San Gloria Kennel Club. "What does that mean, Garvey?" he demands. "Kennel club?"

"Just what it says, judge," says I.

"Wait!" says he, motioning me to stop. "You don't mean to say you've brought me out to see a lot of mangy curs chase a tin rabbit, as I've read they do?"

"You're getting the idea, judge," says I.

"Enough, sir!" says he, stiffening. "And if I may say so, that is not what I consider any gentleman would regard as sport. I will trouble you to drop me here. I'll walk back to town."

"Just as you say, judge," says I. "It's a good eight miles, and you'll miss seeing Delphine, you know."

Made him squirm a bit, this shot. "Delphine here?" says he. "I can hardly conceive it."

"Well, she is," says I. "Been here for the matinee. Owns some of the dogs in fact. And lemme tell you something else, judge; you got no call to high-hat the dog races until you've seen one. I ain't trying to sell 'em to you, understand, but I can't see where it would hurt you to watch 'em once."

He thinks that over for a second before he says, "True, Garvey; I may be wrong I suppose I'm a prejudiced old fossil."

"And then," I goes on, "you said you wanted to see Delphine."

"Drive ahead," says he. "I'll go to the dogs if I must."

But he sure is a hard-headed old boy. When he sees the hundreds of cars already parked outside, he asks if all these people came just to see the dogs run, or if we had some other attraction.

"Just the dogs," says I.

Then I tows him in through the gate, past the official-program boys and the dope-sheet peddlers and out to where the crowds are looking over the entries for the first event

"Here's the paddock, judge," says I.

You'd have thought I'd jammed a whole baked potato down his throat. He near chokes over it. "Paddock! This?" he snorts. "Sacrilege, sir; rank sacrilege!"

I could hardly get him to glance at the dogs, so I led him back to the grand stand, where the seats were filling up, and into our box. He never said a word for five minutes, just sort of glared around scornful at the sporty-dressed people, at the young chap in the press box thumping a typewriter, at the judges' stand opposite, and at the dazzling white circle of the track.

"I expect Delphine's over at the clubhouse," I explains. "Been dickering with a fellow for a couple of new dogs. She'll be around after a while."

Some helpers began rolling a cage across the track. "What's that thing?" says he.

"Where they start 'em," says I. "Notice the eight stalls? That's the number we have in each race. No trouble about an even get-away here, for the whole front swings up. You'll see. There's the bugle now. The dogs are coming out."

His face certainly was a study as he watches the procession of handlers file out, each in a different-colored tunic, each with a muzzled dog in leash, the dogs with colored blankets on, numbered. He grunts as they're marched up to the field judge, have their muzzles inspected and are trailed back to be hoisted into the rear of the cage, yapping and whining.

"And folks pay to see this sort of thing!" he growls.

"You'd think so if you knew how much they take in at the gate every week," says I. "There goes the rabbit, from the right-hand side. Now when he comes past the cage you watch 'em start. It's pretty."

"Must be!" sneers the judge.

The wise birds were gathered two deep along the rail, and all around us folks are buzzing, excited as the mechanical jack gets under way, blue flashes shooting from the trolley slot, while the short quick yaps from the starting cage tells that the dogs know what's coming and are jumping at wire doors, crazy to be away. On swings the rabbit, gathering speed every yard, and when he has passed the dogs by about a hundred feet the cage is tripped.

"They're off!" shouts a hundred voices, just as they do at Churchill Downs.

"Come on, you Lady Bess!" squeals a flapper almost in the judge's ear as she leans over the back of the box.

"Run 'em out, Ginger Boy!" yells a man over the judge's other shoulder.

He gives each one in turn a disgusted, pitying look, but neither notices. They're watching a mix-up at the three-quarters and seeing a thin-shanked brindle shoot out of the snarl to take the lead and win by a length and a half.

"Huh!" says the judge as the dogs are being dragged away from the rabbit hole. "That's what they call racing, do they?"

Use PLATE Glass

Nothing Else is Like It

"I DROVE IT ONCE —that was enough!"

IF YOU will insist on Plate Glass when broken windshield panes or side windows are to be replaced, you will never be bothered by such distorted vision as the picture shows. Such ordinary window glass is wavy and irregular. It strains the eyes and is extremely tiring to the driver. It adds considerably to the hazards of driving and detracts from the appearance of the car.

The window on your right is polished Plate Glass. Viewed from any angle, it presents an accurate picture to the eyes. In fact, it is so beautifully clear that few motorists can tell whether their Plate Glass windows are up or down!

Plate Glass is rolled, ground and polished until it is as nearly perfect as glass can be made. It is toughened by a special annealing process to resist breakage. It is solid and heavy, consequently it is not damaged by vibration or driving shocks.

So be sure to specify Plate Glass when broken panes must be replaced. Plate Glass costs but little more than ordinary window glass and its advantages are so many that practically all motorists prefer it. But don't forget to let the repair man know exactly what you want—polished Plate Glass.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS OF AMERICA

First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Penna.

"You can win or lose your money on dogs just as easy as on the ponies," says I. "Let's go down and have a look at the betting windows so you can see how it's done."

So I showed him where they sold the pari-mutuel tickets, with windows for straight, place and show; and where you cashed your cards if you'd picked the right dog.

"No bookies to welsh on you here," says I, "and you get paid as soon as the odds are figured. They're posting 'em now. Say, that Sleepy Sam was a good buy! Forty-eight-sixty for a two-dollar ticket; nearly ninety if you'd played him across the board. Boy! Must have been a lot of good money spilled on the favorites. How about putting a little on this next one, judge? We got an entry that ought to come through."

The judge almost shudders. "No, thank you, Garvey," says he. "Not on a dog."

"Oh, well," says I, "won't do any harm to look her over. Just a step around there. That's her with the red on—Daisy Bell. She's Number 1 and will have the pole. See?"

The judge shakes his head and we go back to the box. We was still waiting for the dogs when I sees Delphine pushing through the crowd, and I sits back to watch the reunion. It ought to be worth while, considering everything. For if ever a woman had gone sour on men it was her—so far as any soft stuff went, I mean. Talk about being hard-boiled! Say, when it come to blocking anything in the mushy line, Delphine was a last week's picnic egg.

Not that she didn't mix with men as much as ever, but the talk had to be strictly on a business basis. If you knew her at all you'd just as soon think of trying to kid her as you would a lady snake charmer. And every day or so some would-be sheik had to find that out all by himself. For she's still fairly easy on the eyes. Oh, yes! Maybe the roses in her cheeks ain't quite so fresh or so wild as when she used to come riding up to Bonnie Mead, but more or less color shows through the tan, and she's in even better condition than she used to be—lighter by ten pounds or so, and carries herself with a sure, springy step.

Besides, in the neat sport suit she's wearing, and with that new boyish bob to her hair, you might easy guess she was still in her twenties.

Anyway, they hadn't stopped stretching their necks after her. But that's all the good it did 'em. Let one of 'em get too near, or try to spring his line on her, and he'd be put wise. She'd had one little whirl at romance and that seemed to have been enough. Whatever she went through with that Collins party had cured her for good.

And here was the judge, who'd gone dewy in the eyes just at the mention of her name, probably thinking he might warm it all up again and rehash some of the tender speeches he used to make to her. Sentimental old boy, you could tell that. But what a jolt he was in for! Another minute now and I'd have almost evened up my score with him.

Neither of 'em saw the other until she'd stepped into the box. Then she spots the judge and he turns and sees her. Say, for a second there I thought I'd guessed wrong! Delphine stops, staring, and them bright eyes of hers came as near softening up as I ever saw 'em. Just a flicker, though. Then she pulls herself together, shakes off the surprise and drops back into her usual offhand way.

"Why, judge!" says she, giving him a firm grip. "My old friend! Well, well, it's good to see you once more!"

"Delphine!" says he, sort of choky, his eyes fixed on her eager. "And lovelier than ever, if I may be permitted to ——"

"No," says she, prompt and cold. "Nothing like that, judge, if you please."

"But I—I assure you," he goes on, "that you ——"

"Sorry, judge," she breaks in, "but that's exactly the sort of thing I don't stand for. We are old friends, aren't we? Well, we'll let it go at that."

He gets it, bang between the eyes. But you've got to hand it to him for always being a good sport. He straightens his shoulders dignified and pulls one of them old-time bows of his. "As you will, Delphine," says he. "Under any conditions, I am most grateful."

Then she goes on to ask him how he likes the hound races and how he happens to be there. "You know," says she, "you're about the last one I would expect to find following the dogs."

"That is the last thing I mean to do—if ever," says he. "I am afraid Garvey did not make it quite clear just what sort of races he was urging me to see."

"Oh!" says she. "Skeets brought you out, did he?" And she gives me a suspicious look.

"Little joke of mine," says I.

"Garvey has a subtle sense of humor, hasn't he?" adds the judge. "But I hardly think I should have come had he not promised me the pleasure of meeting—ah—an old friend."

"Well," says she, jerking her chin up, "you find me running the hounds. That's another of Skeets' jokes, I suppose. I can't help it, judge. I had to make some money somehow, and I always did like dogs. Of course, not the way I liked horses. But I'm doing well at this. I've just sold one of my string for fifteen hundred and bought two more for half that."

The judge nods but don't say a word, which gets Delphine tossing her head.

"I can even show you how to make a little money on 'em," says she. "I have two entered for the hurdle and one is pretty sure to win. If you care to buy a ticket, judge, I'll give you an owner's tip."

He shakes his head. "Thank you kindly, Delphine," says he, "but I am no longer a betting man. It is not from choice, you understand."

"I've heard you'd had bad luck," says she. "And Bonnie Mead is ——"

"—— gone," says he. "I own part of Sandy Bottom, that is all. I live in your old home, Delphine. I bought it in the hope that sometime —— Well, it was a silly hope, wasn't it?"

"I'm afraid it was, judge," says she.

Meanwhile they'd put on another race and run it; Delphine has talked to a sporting writer about her new dogs; other owners have stopped at the box for little chats; a track tout tries to work her for inside stuff and gets sent about his business; I go down to the stand and bring up some hot dogs and cold drinks. A good time was being had by all—leaving out the judge, maybe. I don't know about him. He just sits there, staring around, with now and then a puzzled glance at Delphine.

And finally they start setting the hurdles for the Futurity, which is last on the card. At that Delphine says she must go down to the paddock and tell her handlers a few things. She asks the judge to come along and he does. She shows him our Blitzen, who has the red blanket on for this race and the pole position.

"That's the one," she whispers to the judge. "He ought to be a sure winner with this field. Hadn't he, Skeets?"

"He's the runningest dog ever," says I. "Just look at them hind quarters and that chest, judge. I'm gonna buy on him myself."

There wasn't much left for the judge to do but inspect Blitzen.

"And there is my new one, Number 6," adds Delphine. "He had been entered for this event before I made the trade. I don't know much about him; no record, not a good pedigree. I had a mind to scratch him, but then I decided to see what he would do. Come here, Black Hawk. How's your wind, old fellow?"

She pats the sleek head and was turning away when the judge breaks in with his first remark. "Now that's what I call a good dog," says he. "If I am not mistaken that animal can run with the best of them."

"Not against Blitzen with the barriers up," says Delphine. "Isn't that right, Skeets?"

"Blitzen simply eats up hurdles," says I. "I'm gonna put twenty on him straight. I wouldn't go a nickel on the other mutt."

I was in line at the five-dollar window and didn't notice who was behind me, but as I was leaving with my tickets I hears this deep voice behind me saying, "Fifty, if you please, sir, on Black Hawk to win."

It's the judge, unbuckling an old wallet. This betting talk, and the crowds and the general track scenes must have warmed up his sporting blood.

"What's the idea, judge?" says I. "Plunging on a long shot, are you?"

"I like to see owners back their entries, sir," says he; "and if you and Delphine are not inclined to do so, I trust you will permit me."

His shoulders have lost their slump, his chin is set, and there's quite a flicker in them blue-gray eyes.

"Why, certainly, judge," says I. "Sporty of you, anyhow. But show tickets might have been better. Look at the odds against the Hawk there—30 to 1—and Blitzen is sure to ——"

"Would you care to place twenty on that, even?" says he. "I am betting that Black Hawk heads him at the finish. Eh, Garvey?"

Well, it seemed kind of a shame to take his money, but I couldn't let him get away with any cold bluff.

"It's a go," says I.

Then we joined Delphine in the box and watched the handlers leading the dogs up for a sniff of the first barrier. Two minutes later the bell rang, the rabbit came tearing past, the cage was tripped and the race was on. 'Course, Blitzen, at the rail, was off like a flash, clearing the hurdle as clean as a swallow skimming a roof. For a second I thought the Hawk was gonna balk at it, but over he goes too.

At the first quarter Blitzen had jumped into a good lead and Black Hawk was near losing his feet on the turn. He was being crowded by the two outside dogs, and at the half he was almost caught in a jam. The Hawk acted as though he didn't like that, and twice I saw him snap at the crowders, but on account of the muzzle it didn't do him any good. Then he tries another trick. Pack running don't seem to be his game, so what does he do, just as they come to the back-stretch barrier, but sprint for the outside, where he has more room—and more distance to cover. He made it, though, and took the jump neat.

"Blitzen! Blitzen! Come along, you, Blitzen!" the crowd was roaring, for he was a 7 to 5 favorite and going strong.

Then, at the last quarter, this black streak came from somewhere, edged in ahead of the four that was bunched behind Blitzen, and before we knew it, had lapped the leader. They were both running straight out, necks stretched, their steel-wire muscles hurling them over the course like they'd been shot from a gun. Another rod and they were nose and nose.

Then maybe there wasn't some howling in the stands and along the rail. Mostly they was shouting for Blitzen to come through, but above the roar I could hear one deep clear voice calling, "Head him, Black Hawk! You can do it, sir! Head him, Hawk!"

For the judge was standing up, his big head thrown back, his gray hair waving, and in one hand he was gripping his old black hat as if he was beating out time for the Hawk.

Maybe the Hawk heard. Anyway, less than three yards from the wire, he shot his black snoot ahead and made a good clean win of it.

'Course, me and Delphine was as much pleased as anybody. I had some tickets to tear up, and I'd lost to the judge, but we'd found we had another A1 hurdler in our pack and we knew our kennel had copped first and second money, including the big purse of the evening.

"Good work, judge!" says I, handing over the side bet to him. "You sure are some picker."

Delphine congratulates him too. "I am glad you were right, judge," says she.

As for the judge, he sits there in sort of a daze, not saying a word. He don't even seem interested when the premium odds go up on the board and I tell him what a killing he's made. Why, I had to go down with his tickets and cash in for him! At that, he still sits slumped in his chair, gazing at this fistful of bills like I'd put a dead snake or something of the kind into his hand.

"Nice little profit, judge," says I. "Better'n twelve hundred, and I expect you can use it all. Now how about this sort of racing? About as sporty as following the bangtails, ain't it? I told you there was money in the dogs."

And that seems to rouse him. "Dogs!" says he. "You're right, Garvey. I've done it. Born and bred in Kentucky, a horse raiser and a horse runner—and here I am, betting on dogs! My God, sir!"

Which was where Delphine reached out and put a hand on his arm. "There, there, judge!" says she. "I know just how you feel. I don't blame you one bit. Every once in a while I get to feeling the same way. I do now. But what are we going to do about it? I'm sure I don't know."

"I do," says the judge, straightening up and crushing the bills in his big fist. "At least, I know what I'm going to do with this."

"Well, judge," says Delphine, sort of gentle, "what?"

For a minute he stands, stiff and dignified, his eyes stary. Then he says, "You remember my Buford Belle that I sold just before she won the Spring Derby? There was the best horse I ever owned, one of the best ever raised in our section. I bought her back, after she was through on the track, had her kept for five years at my own expense—box stall, private run, good pasturage. And when she died I got the new owner to let me bury her in the horse lot at Bonnie Mead, with a stone to mark where she lies—a small, simple stone. But now"—he stops and stares around—"now I am going back to Kentucky, with this. I'll spend it for a monument in memory of Buford Belle, have her carved in stone, just as she was; and underneath I'll have cut, too, how she won the Kentucky Derby, and when, and who raised her. This—this dog money ought to do it. And then I shall stay there at Sandy Bottom, near by, for the rest of my days—alone."

He drops back in the chair, his head on his hands. And the next I knew Delphine was down on her knees beside him, an arm around his shoulders. Blamed if she wasn't leaky in the eyes too.

"Buford," I hear her whisper, "I was wrong about men. I've said they were all alike, and all pretty poor specimens. But you—you're different. I'm sorry I didn't know it before. I should have known it, should never have doubted you. And I would like to take my dog money back to Kentucky too."

He has roused up and is looking at her, kind of soft and dazed. "You—you would?" says he. "You don't mean with—with me?"

"Yes, Buford," says she, "with you."

"Delphine!" says he, and folds her against his broad chest.

Say, they near had me blushing, even if the grand stand was about empty by then.

"Perhaps," I hears her say, "we can buy back Bonnie Mead and——"

Well, I slipped out about then. I'd heard enough. And I wasn't so sure, come to think it all over, whether I'd handed the judge anything or not.

Passing Another Milestone

IT is Goodyear's firm purpose to advance side by side with the motor bus in its development for public usefulness and comfort.

An exceedingly important milestone in this advance has been successfully passed with the perfection of Goodyear Balloon Bus and Truck Tires

Made with the celebrated Goodyear cord fabric SUPERTWIST, these extra elastic and extra durable tires afford the motor bus the same deep cushioning and trouble-free qualities enjoyed by the Goodyear user on his private car.

Armored with the world-familiar All-Weather Tread, they assure maximum traction and security, on any road and under any operating condition.

* * *

On the night of October 14th last, the Colonial Coach Lines Company, of Watertown, New York, equipped their coach No. 214 with Goodyear Balloon Bus Tires.

In daily service, winter and summer, on the 75-mile scenic route between Watertown and Syracuse, those Goodyear Balloons rolled up an average of 37,852 miles per tire!

"They delivered every value we desired," writes Mr. H. B. Weaver, Chairman of the Colonial Coach Lines Company. "They saved us money on upkeep and repairs, materially reducing spring breakage. They provided our passengers with the last word in riding comfort, and so helped us win public good will."

* * *

THE brilliant performance of Goodyear Balloon Tires in both passenger and freighting service is the result of a bus-and-truck-tire development carried forward by Goodyear since the pioneer days of highway transportation.

Goodyear Balloon Tires, the latest expression of that development, demonstrate superior stamina, as well as finer riding qualities, at low tire cost per mile.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

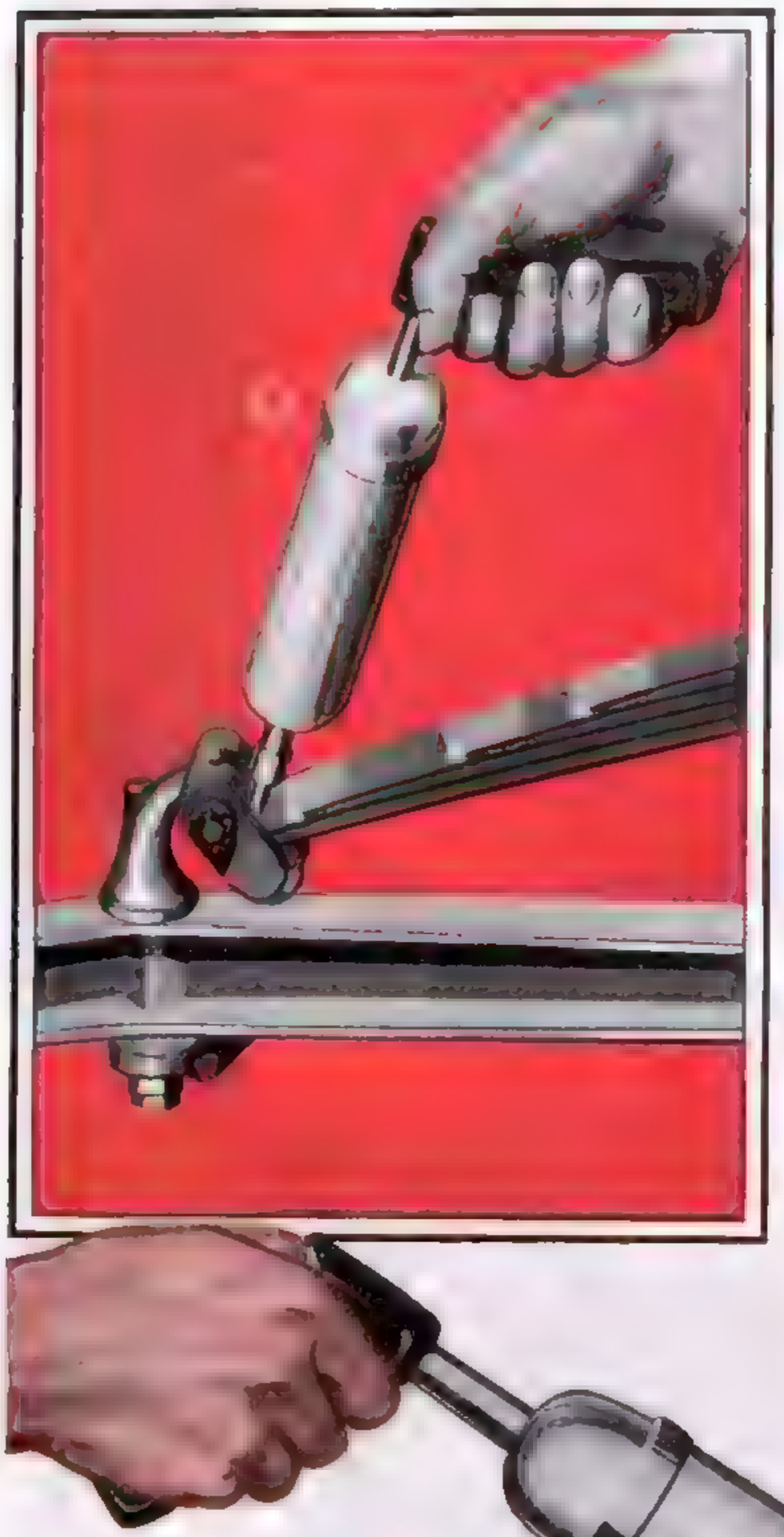
GOODYEAR

BUS TIRES

Copyright 1926 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Goodyear Balloon Tire Equipped Coach No. 214 of the Colonial Coach Lines, Watertown, New York

Positive high pressure lubrication *for* the Ford car



A complete Alemite-Zerk system that lubricates your entire car in 10 minutes— *without getting underneath*

Your Ford needs regular lubrication—the same as any other car, or piece of machinery.

For an actual check of itemized repair jobs shows that 80% comes solely from lack of proper lubrication—neglect!

With the new Alemite-Zerk system for Fords you can lubricate the entire car in 10 minutes—without getting underneath. It's the same high pressure system used on over 8,000,000 other cars.

Quick, clean, easy to use. Alemite-Zerk invites regular lubrication. It prevents the neglect that brings on repair bills and cuts down the resale value of your car.

No more grease or oil cups

Grease and oil cups are permanently replaced by patented dust-proof Alemite-Zerk fittings on every bearing. Your handy Alemite-Zerk compressor shoots fresh lubricant entirely through the bearing with one easy push. No oil can, no grease paddle. ZIP—ZIP—ZIP and the job is done. Old, gritty grease is forced out at the same time. No more squeaks. Positive high pressure forces lubricant to every spot.

Invites lubrication

Your Ford is too good a car to neglect. Proper care is really no job at all with this lubricating system. No crawling underneath to reach any part. No mud-coated oil cups to clean out. No grease cups to cross-thread. Ten minutes care—every 500 miles—will cut your repair bills in half.

And if you are too busy to do it yourself, you can have your car lubricated in any Alemite service station—while you wait. Many motorists use this service altogether. They never lubricate their own cars. If you wish to use this service, too you do not need the compressor set for your car. All you need is the 19 fittings to replace oil and grease cups. The cost of these fittings is only $2.50.

Easily installed

Anyone can equip a Ford with this new lubricating system. No drilling or cutting. A hammer and pliers are all you need. Simple directions come with every set.

The Alemite-Zerk system will save its cost in repairs alone five times over in one year. And it makes the one hard job about a Ford easy. If your regular Ford dealer hasn't a set in stock, please write us direct.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Address:
Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adaptable for Industrial Machinery

$6.50

complete, including compressor and 19 fittings to replace all grease and oil cups.

For set of 19 fittings without compressor **$2.50**

Makes Alemite Lubricating Service available for your Ford

Prices in Canada and West of Rockies slightly higher.

ALEMITE-ZERK

© 1926, T. B. M. Co.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

for Fords

BEAUTIFUL

Continued from Page 32

in my own consciousness makes my brain actually burn, almost as if I felt the pain of fire."

I looked away with coward eyes from the expression I so feared, which was tightening her drawn face, but I kept my voice steady and stern:

"Then stop thinking about it, Jean! Why goad yourself into danger? I tell you that's the first thing you've got to rid yourself of this determined delusion that a man is capable of loving nothing but a pretty face. It's absurd, preposterous. I grant you that men are usually attracted more quickly to beautiful women than to plain ones; but love finds its own beauty, and more times than not it has nothing to do with flesh, as you're often saying.

"When a homely woman like myself can hold the love of a man so fine and honorable as Robert Douglas for twenty-five years, I can't be disillusioned by any of your false conceptions, no matter how bitterly you were driven to them.

"Then—then another thing, Jean"—I was talking in a tone of anger and so fast that she unconsciously stopped rowing—"you've got to get over this false sensitiveness that nowadays they call an inferiority complex. You've no sense about yourself at all. I've never known anyone in the world with such charm of personality as you have. Oh, it isn't only my opinion. When Doctor Merea talked to me about you he said the same thing. Neither he nor your father disbelieve what your husband wrote in his last letter." She winced at this, but I talked doggedly on. "Now Doctor Merea wouldn't possibly have any motive in saying what he did to me, and he said, 'Why, the man couldn't help but love her as soon as she made him see what that other infatuation amounted to!'

"And, Jean, what about this nice, honest, simple Jim Hatton? It's perfectly plain that he adores you. Oh, no, I don't mean with any definite idea of unfaithfulness to his wife, but blindly and helplessly and loyally. He thinks you're the most wonderful woman alive, and he doesn't admire you because he knows you're rich; and it's absurd to suppose that the man you shot knew it either. Instead of constantly depreciating your appearance, Jean, it's far more commendable to remind yourself that you've humor and charm, and a natural comradeliness, and a voice of pure music, and generosity, and—and ——"

"Oh, don't hesitate, Margo; you've got a big field yet—nice ankles, a brand-new tooth, fairly honest, a good appetite. But why fire your kind words in that machine-gun manner?" She rested her oars together and laughed at me. Again I had routed her shamed, desperate, menacing mood, but her swift changes unnerved me and I felt hot tears in my eyes. Instantly her voice was tender. "Dear Margo, don't think I'm ungrateful. It's incredible to me, Margo, how you clean the misery out of my mind. You reduce me to tranquillity just as the dentist did when he yanked out those devilish teeth. I really do feel just about the same kind of relief. And you do it with the same drastic determination. But now admit something, Margo—besides saving me from being a public menace, you'd like nothing better than to conduct a romance between this Evans person and me, just as a Q. E. D. to report to Uncle Doctor and my father. Now isn't that true?"

I was astonished at the calmly rational, sanely amused manner in which she asked me this. "Nothing could be further from true, Jean." My sincerity here was so emphatic that it must have been obvious. "You're quite right in thinking I hope to see you happily married some day, but never to a man so near death as this poor boy."

"Margo, do you really believe that?" She watched me, while I answered, with her curiously characteristic, intensely searching gaze.

"Jean! Why shouldn't I? After Robert was killed I gave all my time to boys who did come back, but with nothing ahead of them except death. The son of my dearest friend in Valley Springs came back home, and we had to watch him die, slowly and pitilessly, talking and laughing with us every day—just as this boy will do."

She had leaned forward over her stilled oars, her lips parted a little. "He told me this morning he could not live," she said expressionlessly, "but I thought he lied. Perhaps he didn't."

I told her then what Jim Hatton had told me about an attack Winthrop had had in the boat that first day, going back to Sarasota—a hemorrhage, probably due to his having lifted Barbara high in his arms to show her where he was going to build his "last earthly residence."

"It is true then. Perhaps Barbara ——" She was speaking to herself. Slowly she turned the boat and rowed halfway back silently, her face dull with heavy thought. Then she surrendered with a dignity of simplicity that left her conqueror. "Margo, I wish you'd always manage to be there when he's about," she said. "It will—help me."

"I will, dear," I promised quickly. And that was all that was ever said about it between us from that time on.

That day, which marked the last outward expressions of Jean's "paranoid simplex," endowed me with vast consequence in the minds of five men—Doctor Holmquist and Doctor Merea, Winthrop Evans, Bruce MacIntyre and Jim Hatton, the last of whom never saw me alone that he did not tell me I was "By Jiminy, a wonder!" To Bethlehem, it exalted me to heights whereon walk the angel-winged miracle makers. But to Barbara and Jean I remained only a quiet, unremarkable woman who loved them. And of course I knew myself that I, alone, had done nothing to drive away the menace that threatened Jean's mind. I had been merely the medium of that most potent earthly power—vicarious unwilled love, which asks nothing, faces fear, inspires faith and heals hate.

Barbara woke from her nap that afternoon full of questions and petulance. Jean had taken her bath, put on a fresh soft voile frock, and was resting in a wicker chaise longue, watching Barbara, who slept restlessly in the big slightly swaying swing. Barbara came awake keenly and remeberingly.

"Mother, why didn't you sing the song Mr. Evans asked you to?"

"Because I don't like it, just as you don't like nice good oatmeal, which I like very much."

"Oh"—she rubbed her eyes, reflected and triumphed—"but I do eat the horrid old oatmeal because you want me to. And I wanted you to sing for Mr. Evans, but you didn't."

"Why, Barbara, I sang three songs for you, when I was very busy and should have been out at work. Now you've been enough of a barbarian for one day. It's time to be my Barbara again."

"But, mother, you make me a barbarian—weally. I wanted you to have Mr. Evans for a friend so you can invite him to come to see us, and you said you wouldn't ever, ever invite him to come to see us, so I had to be a barbarian, because I wanted to see him so much I was weally getting sick. And then your face looked all scoldy and you wouldn't sing the song he asked you to sing, and he won't like you, mother. He'll think you're just a horrid lady."

I was holding my breath by this time; but Jean took all this quietly enough, a half smile on her tired face. "Why do you want him to like me, Barbara?"

"Why—why, because you're my mother. And he won't want to come to see me if he doesn't like you and think you're a nice lady that wants him to be our friend. Won't you please want him to be our friend, mother?"

"Oh, Barbara, Barbara, how do you suppose it makes mother feel to come home and find you've given all your love away and not saved any for me at all?"

"That's a story, mother—a big horrid story! I couldn't give away any of how much I love you, because you belong to me. I just only want us to have Mr. Evans for a friend so you can invite him to come to see us."

Jean looked ashamed, a little pleased, too, at this earnest and fortunate explanation. "Very well, dear, I'll invite him to come to see us if—now listen—if you don't mention his name once again tonight. Now be careful! Remember, not once again tonight! Then in the morning I'll telephone Mr. Hatton's office and you can hold the receiver and listen."

"Oh, mother! I'm so happy my legs feel like they could most walk!"

A reckless look lit Jean's pale-gray eyes. She held out her arms.

"All right, walk over here then," she said

"Weally? Alone?" Barbara occasionally stood on her feet, unhelped, for a few seconds, but it still tasked her heart dangerously.

"Jean, don't!" I said.

"Let her try," Jean said quietly. "Uncle Doctor said she might try now and then when she seemed stronger"

"I can! I know I can!" cried Barbara delightedly, her lovely little face shining with an excited joy so keen that it hurt my heart. She put her feet cautiously to the floor, stood an instant actually shimmering in beauty, flung out her hands with an ecstatic little cry and ran rather than walked the half dozen steps into her mother's arms.

"Laws a'mighty!" Bethlehem solemnly announced herself and Barbara's dinner tray in the doorway. "Dis sho is bin one great day!"

But Barbara's first brave steps frightened the child pitifully, and she didn't ask to walk again for many, many weeks. She lay in her mother's arms exhaustedly, and could not eat her dinner. Jean sang soft little songs to her, holding her hungrily and closely, and Barbara snuggled a caressing hand between Jean's cheek and shoulder. We had Bethlehem bring our dinner over from the bungalow and serve it on a folding table between us, so that Jean held Barbara on her lap even while we had our dinner.

It must have been that Barbara sensed Jean's softened mood, for when she was being put to bed she asked with canny courage, "Mother, was your husband that liked the song you detest—was he my father?"

"Yes, dear," I heard Jean answer as calmly and unsurprisedly as if no stern silence had ever been commanded and enforced.

"Oh, it would have made you sad to sing that song then, I guess, wouldn't it have, mother?"

"Yes," said Jean.

"Mother?"

"Yes?"

"I want to tell you something that I've wanted to tell you for ever and ever so long. But I can't tell you it unless I talk about my father. May I please tell you now and you won't go away or anything?"

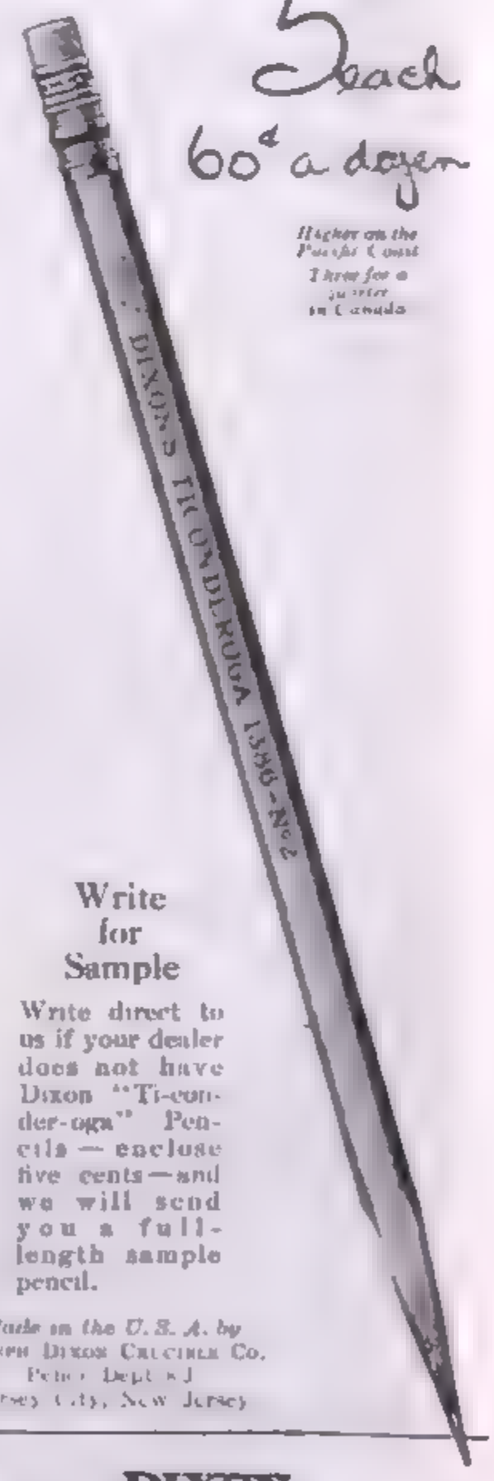
"Yes, you may tell me."

"Well, Annie told me that my father was very bad and wicked and I must always be very, very ashamed of him. She said that was why you were sad when you thought about him. She said if I did talk about him you might maybe feel so very, very troubled you would die. She said you were a wich lady when my father was alive. She said she was glad he was dead. But she said I must never, never tell you she said

Sturdy hands, slim hands, practical hands, artistic hands, nervous hands, too, are at perfect ease when writing with Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil!

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

Higher on the Pacific Coast
Three for a quarter in Canada



Write for Sample

Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils — enclose five cents—and we will send you a full-length sample pencil.

Made in the U. S. A. by Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, New Jersey

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

Old, as a weapon—
new, as a table utensil, but
nowhere more beautiful
than in Reed&Barton ware

YOUR Fifteenth Century host assumed little responsibility other than the providing of food YOU provided the eating utensils Your knife hung in a scabbard at your side Your folding spoon was carried in a shark-skin case in your pocket Forks? Most people of that day had never heard of them, and under the prevailing methods of table conduct they were unnecessary

The table knife boasts only a scant few centuries of use It came into existence as an eating utensil second to the spoon Singularly enough, one of the first table knives produced had a broad blade opposite the cutting edge that was recommended "for the eatinge of pease and jellevs"

Thus it was that he who dined out during the stirring days of the Fifteenth Century brought his eating utensils with him And if he observed the rules of etiquette of his day, he dined noisily in accordance with one of the cardinal principles of Fifteenth Century table manners "Smack thy lips resoundingly if thou wouldst show due appreciation to thine host."

* * * * * *

The knife with stainless Mirrorstele blade, as it is produced by Reed & Barton today, as part of complete table services in flatware and hollow ware, represents one of the highest developments of table ware manufacture All Reed & Barton ware is backed by a full century of experience in the manufacture of fine table ware

REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS

Send for interesting and instructive booklet outlining the history of tableware. It will be sent free of charge.

REED & BARTON
ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

anything about him. You're not sick or going away or anything because I'm telling you, are you?"

"No. . . . That was very wrong in Annie. But you can tell me anything you want to after this, dear. I've been very bad, too, not to let you talk to me."

"Oh, was it true then, mother? Did he take all your money? Were you really wich like she said, mother?"

"Yes, dear. I was rich and he made me poor. I was rich in everything—money and pride and joy and happiness and belief and love. Your father took them all away from me. You are too little to understand yet, Barbara, and it makes me miserable to talk about him. I want you please not to. And some day when you're older I will tell you. But, oh, I can't bear any more today! I can't bear any more!"

I did not go in to them. I could hear Jean sobbing, but I knew Barbara's frantic caresses and comforting would be good for her. Barbara was an exceptionally undemonstrative child, but her sweet little voice trembled with frightened tenderness. "Don't cry, mother dearest! Don't! I'm glad you didn't sing the horrid song. . . . Oh, mother, don't be sad! We'll have such nice times with Mr. Evans you'll forget my bad wicked father. . . . Oh, mother—precious ——"

Then there was such a long stillness that I grew alarmed and went in from the balcony. Jean had fallen asleep, kneeling by the low bed, her face bent down to Barbara's, their cheeks touching. I quietly got her own bed ready, and then, able only to half waken her, she let me undress her as helplessly as a child and I put her to bed and kissed her. But neither of us spoke again that night.

In the morning she telephoned Jim Hatton. He told me afterward, "By Jiminy, you could have knocked me down with a wren's egg!"

"Good morning. . . . This is Jean Mack. Heard from any more last-leggers to buy property for the study of crocodiles? . . . Oh, nothing, nothing; merely being pleasant. . . . If Mr. Evans comes into your office this morning, will you please ask him to bring the famous parrot out with him if it isn't too much trouble? It seems he promised Barbara a visit from the bird. I'll send Jerusalem up for him. . . . Thanks. . . . Oh, yes, I think he's charming, and also most neighborly. . . . No, I find the grove missed me. Jerusalem devoted himself to cucumbers, and the scale got ahead of him."

Barbara shared the receiver and was in high spirits all morning. She implored her mother to put on "the picture dress," a gown of rough gray silk that Jean had ordered from one of her old shops, embroidered, peasant fashion, with little scenes. Jean put it on.

Bethlehem again grew dourly prophetic. "Dis wo'ld's comin' to its end fas'! Her's got a worser look in her eyes dan ebber I see yet. Ise gwine slip roun' an' unload dem two guns, I is."

But it proved a needless precaution. This was another Jean. She was living a new rôle; not playing it, really living it. I knew that it covered some motive, but it was so subtle that it baffled me; and since it never gave the slightest sign of being irrational or moody, I did not worry about it or even mention it in my letters to her father or Doctor Merea. I never wrote Doctor Holmquist; he had preferred to have all his reports through Doctor Merea.

Barbara's first words to Jerusalem's bareheaded passenger that afternoon were, "Oh, Mr. Evans, I walked—a lot of steps!"

Winthrop stood on the little wharf with the big ridiculous parrot cage, and looked up at us on the balcony. "Did you? Splendid!" he said, and to Jean: "How about it, Mrs. Mack? Is this an authorized expedition this time, or am I butting in again?"

For an instant Barbara looked acutely aggrieved at his careless acceptance of her great news. It made me feel with a sharp flash of intuition that in taking Winthrop Evans' greatest interest from Barbara to herself Jean would automatically break Barbara's devotion to him. She answered him in friendly tones that must have astonished him:

"No, indeed. You're a flower in May. Barbara's successfully installed you as a friend and therefore eligible to limitless and unceasing invitations to come to see us."

Barbara had quickly lost her hurt. "See Talky, mother! See him! Isn't that the cunningest wing of wed feathers wound his neck? Can you see it, mother, can you see it?"

"I'm afraid Talky's charms had rather more influence than my own attributes did for eligibility," Winthrop said, awkwardly carrying the big round cage up the stairs.

"Well, I think the pup and the paper dolls and the whistles all contributed their share," Jean said with pleasant, serious sarcasm. "But anyhow, you're installed, and that's the main thing, isn't it?"

Of course he was discomfited, and showed it, but gratifyingly so, as any stranger would have done, betraying no consciousness of the difficult part he was playing.

"Please note that I'm all dressed up," she went on serenely, "and disciplined to do my best to make you like me. Now may I offer you some iced orange juice? Or do you prefer cigarettes—perhaps a cigar?"

I had taken the parrot out to Barbara and she was so wholly absorbed with him that she paid no attention to the others.

Winthrop had his own cigarettes. He told Jean with a stiff attempt at lightness that she need make no effort to make him like her, since he already did.

"I expected you would," she tranquilly agreed. "I've always been remarkably likable to men who have the same strong sense of the practical that my husband did. And as I told you yesterday, you remind me of him very much. But Margo and Barbara are such strong enthusiasts for you that ——"

"Who does Mr. Evans remind you of, mother?"

Jean was extraordinary. She pulled a chair about for Winthrop, said, "Sit here, Mr. Evans. I'm sorry if the stairs bothered you. You look pale." Then to Barbara, quite simply: "Mr. Evans reminds me of your father, dear."

"Oh!" Barbara straightened from her absorbed scrutiny of the sullen parrot and sat back in her cushions, all eyes. "Why does he, mother?"

"Because he looked like him." Jean found some mending in a basket by her chair and lowered her head over a pair of Barbara's white stockings.

"Oh!" said Barbara again. "Was—was—may I ask you something about my father? You said last night I could ask you things now. May I?"

"Yes, dear." Jean stretched a small toe hole tightly over the darner. Her hands shook a little and she dropped them quickly in her lap.

"Was—was my father as pretty as Mr. Evans?"

Winthrop, scarlet, looked as if he were petrified in the wicker armchair—a stone statue puffing cigarette smoke.

"Even prettier, I think," Jean said composedly; "and since Mr. Evans is responsible for this conversation, I'm sure he'll excuse the personal tone of it and be neighborly enough to forgive the comparison. Your father had blacker hair and more of it, and much nicer teeth. You see, Mr. Evans," she went on in a tone of apologetic confidence, "I've never told Barbara anything about her father until last night, after I learned that her old nurse had betrayed my trust and had told ——"

"But, mother," Barbara interrupted breathlessly, "Annie wouldn't tell me what his name was. What was his name, mother?"

"Hugh," said Jean. She spoke the name slowly in a long low syllable. I shall see her always as she sat there, her slender pale plain face seeming as gray as the dress she wore, her right hand, steady now, twisting back and forth at the wrist as the darning

(Continued on Page 92)

Harkness listened in . . .

and Luck played into his hands —

Suddenly interested—keenly interested — Harkness turned from the ocean panorama, to listen in on the conversation of two men standing almost at his elbow.

". . . . . and look here," one of them was saying. "At the bottom of his annual report on condition of buildings, old M . . . . . writes: 'Note: *that* roof on Warehouse No. 2 is just as good as ever.'"

"Well," laughed the other, "the old boy jams that line into his report every year. Can't blame him! Back in 1881, he put that roof over in the face of all kinds of opposition. And of course it's been his pride and pet ever since."

A 45-year-old roof* "just as good as ever"! Here was a tip, Harkness told himself, that was well worth investigating before he put his O. K. on the specifications for his new plant. And what he learned determined his choice of the same type of roof for his own plant (a Barrett Specification Roof).

Service records on file show that many Barrett Roofs of this type, built 35, 40 and more years ago, are still absolutely weather-tight—and not a cent spent on them for maintenance. In addition—

Barrett Specification Roofs are guaranteed by a Surety Bond against repair or maintenance expense for a full 20 years.

Finally, these roofs take the base rate of fire insurance.

You're interested? Then mail a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City. We'll give you the full story—promptly.

Of course, you might, for sound reasons, want a built-up roof constructed according to your own specification.

Even so, don't set this fact aside: the experience of leading architects and builders over a period of more than 60 years has shown that it pays to construct a built-up roof of pitch and felt—both labeled Barrett.

*For 45 years a Barrett pitch-and-felt roof has protected the old north b[illegible]g at India Wharf, Boston, Mass.—45 years of [illegible] racking vibration from docking steam[illegible] still staunchly weather-tight. In all this [illegible] maintenance expense.

Barrett
SPECIFICATION ROOFS

This column is addressed—

to men concerned with School, Factory, or Apartment building maintenance

FOR several years The Barrett Company has performed a rather unique service for building owners.

From time to time, at the request of men interested in the maintenance of large buildings, highly trained Barrett Inspectors have made careful surveys of the roofs of all these buildings and rendered detailed reports.

In many instances such examinations have resulted in large savings in building maintenance; and in the case of factories have undoubtedly prevented the loss of operating time and the damage to stock which often result from roof leaks.

Today Barrett is organized to offer this service to a wider list of owners. (The chances are it would prove valuable to you.) *Any recommendations will be impartial and based entirely on the actual conditions found.*

Ask yourself these questions:

"Have I any definite knowledge of the condition of the roofs for which I am responsible?"

"Are repairs or replacements necessary now? Do I know when any repairs will be necessary?"

"Is there danger of unforeseen interruptions caused by roof troubles?"

"Are all our roofs absolutely fire-safe?"

To answer these and any other questions, The Barrett Company with its 68 years of experience in the built-up roofing field offers you the benefits of its Roof Examination Service, free of charge or obligation.

Note: This service is available for big buildings, structures with roof areas of 5,000 square feet or more that are located east of the Rocky Mountains.

For detailed information regarding Barrett Roof Examination Service, address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City, or—

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector St., New York

Please send me full information about your Roof Examination Service. I am mailing this coupon with the understanding that there is no charge or obligation involved.

Name of Firm.....

Your Name

City ..... State .....

Size of roof area

IN CANADA: **The Barrett Company, Limited**
5551 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec

(Continued from Page 90)

needle went in and out, in and out, in and out. I could not take my eyes away from her.

"Hugh," repeated Barbara. "That's a funny name. It sounds like what Bethlehem says when she's all hot and tired out. . . . Hugh!" She said it again, making it sound a short gasp of exhaustion, and laughed. No one laughing with her she looked at each of us separately, last at Winthrop. Seeming to realize that she had made us all very uncomfortable, she said with remedial gravity, "I'm glad your name's nicer than Hugh. I like Winthrop for a name. Don't you like Winthrop for a name, mother?"

"Yes—for a name," said Jean.

"And just as soon as we get to be old friends, we can call him Winthrop, like we sometimes call Mr. Jim Hatton just Jim, can't we, mother?"

"Of course it takes two or three years to make old friends," said Jean, conservatively consenting.

"Oh, that's long, isn't it?" And then, remembering the unwise conversations held in her presence, she reflected with cheerful regret: "I spect in two or three years he'll be dead. Won't you be dead in two or three years, Mr. Evans?"

"Without any doubt," he said, in an amused voice whose very carelessness made it the more shiveringly convincing.

"Barbara!" the sincerity of Jean's ejaculation brought a quick odd glance from Winthrop, but he dropped his eyes instantly.

"Oh, it's all right, mother. He doesn't mind about dying; he doesn't give a damn if he does. I heard Mr. Jim Hatton tell Margo so. You see"—she turned her bright little voice to Winthrop—"you see, mother's 'fraid all the time that I'll die. I'm not though. I'm not 'fraid of anything a-tall."

In the thankful silence that followed this proud declaration we all took deep and audible breaths of relief; but before any of us found diverting words, Barbara, scrutinizing the three of us like an imperious little empress from her tall chair, said, "Why don't any of you talk? Mr. Evans always talked lots before you came home, mother."

Jean smiled and opened her mouth for what I miserably knew would be more embarrassment for Winthrop, but Talky intervened. I thanked heaven just then for that bird, though I can't abide parrots. But Talky opportunely chose that moment for his own with a raucous piercing comment of his opinion of the situation:

"Well! Well! Hell! Hell!
Well! Well! Hell! Hell!"

It brought blessed laughter and ended all personalities for that afternoon, for he continued to entertain us generously for the next half hour, and then Winthrop terminated his call.

To my surprise Jean remarked that Jerusalem was busy in the grove, and that she and I would row him back to the new house, where his car had been left. Barbara, of course, raised instant rebellion at being left behind with Bethlehem.

"No, dear, it's way past time for your nap," Jean began firmly; but strong remonstrance would have followed except for Winthrop's "Barbara, if my coming makes you naughty I mustn't come any more."

Under his serious gaze Barbara melted amazingly into an adorable cherub. "It doesn't make me naughty; I was just joking with mother, weally." Jean watched silently; but she turned away as Barbara held up her soft sweet little arms to Winthrop and lifted her face to be kissed.

After we had started, Jean rowing, Winthrop in the stern, with the subdued parrot's big cage in front of him, Jean immediately began a businesslike explanation of why she had come:

"I wanted you to understand, Mr. Evans, why I've changed my attitude from what I expected it to be when I talked to you yesterday morning. My faith in your sex isn't inspiring me to thrust my intimate confidences upon you, but I think perhaps they are such that you will be gracious enough to keep them to yourself." I thought she expected him to reply to this ungracious remark, but he said nothing. She seemed hunting for expressiveness. Then she talked quickly and without hesitating: "Margo has enlightened me severely as to my status since I talked with you. It seems I'm sentenced, and on parole. I must either tolerate your society pleasantly or—be chucked into an insane asylum. . . . Please, Margo, let me finish"—this to my histrionic ejaculation of amazed remonstrance. "Not long ago I shot a gentleman for —— Oh, I see that you have been told about it."

He did not deny this statement, nor look at her.

"Did Jim Hatton tell you?" she asked in quick, youthful, unguarded anger. It shamed my heart that it did not occur to her that I might have told him.

He raised his eyes then and looked at her steadily. "No. I heard gossip from several people in the village. No one was definite about it. Your friend, Mr. Hatton, merely told me—after I asked him—that the chap made a nuisance of himself and got what he deserved."

Sitting behind her, I saw the blood creep to the roots of her hair. "That's a very exonerating explanation; I beg the nice old thing's pardon. But I think it's wiser, Mr. Evans, that you should know the truth. The man thought to deceive me with the same Judas tricks by which the man who was my husband made his living. I shot him because—I couldn't help it. Personally, I consider that I did it from justified, decent, human hate. But the majority is against me. They prefer to call it insanity. Very well. Now I have to prove that I'm no longer insane. Margo made that very plain yesterday. And your coming gives me a rare opportunity. That's one reason I've changed my mind. Another one is that these next six months are crucial ones for Barbara. You—*and* your accessories have made your visits so entertaining that I shall actually risk her life if I oppose her. Besides"—she hesitated, and turned her face from him, pretending to look around to straighten her course—"besides, I believe now what I didn't yesterday—that you are—are ——"

"—— dying," he supplied in a quiet voice. "I'm not in the least sensitive about it; and if you feel like shooting me, go as far as you like; a few months one way or the other won't matter at all."

"If you are dying," she went on, as if he hadn't spoken, "I am glad if Barbara is able to give you any happiness."

He looked horribly embarrassed; his lips moved, mouthing words; then he said "I am grateful" with exaggerated humility that made me fearfully aware of the delicate part we were playing, which she quickly resented with a sharp cruel—"Please don't be grateful to me. Personally, I must remind you that the sooner you die, the easier it will be for me."

"Jean!" I cried. "If you ever say anything like that again I shall leave on the next train! I simply won't have it!"

They both laughed—laughed. We talk much of love, but I often wonder if laughter isn't our small human part of a still subtler power than love.

"She won't have to say it again," Winthrop said in a relieved voice, "for I'm quite certain I'll remember it without being reminded." Jean was holding the boat close to the long pine log that served for a wharf, and he was getting out laboriously, with the big cage. With any exertion his lack of strength was apparent. Jean looked away. "As I told you yesterday, Mrs. Mack," he went on, a little out of breath, "the joy of your little daughter has been like a light in the dark, and I count the privilege you extend to me very precious. I won't abuse it. If you ——"

Jean was pushing off. "Good-by, Mr. Evans," she interrupted him brusquely and brightly. "I think Barbara commanded you for day after tomorrow. By that time Margo'll have me drilled and disciplined in the rôle of neighbor, and I promise you I'm going to be a beautiful neighbor—beautiful."

I was sorry again that they had seen fit to tell him the significance of that word in Jean's tragic past, for it made him seem stupid now when she flung it at him in a reckless nerve-edged voice. He turned and started slowly up the little slope toward his half-made house without saying anything. "Goo'-by-y!" shrilled the parrot.

"Now, Margo, if you scold one word," she said, dipping her oars deep, "I swear I'll tip you out here to the alligators. Some day, after I've proved how sane I am to your entire satisfaction, and to my own, too, I'll be able to show that man to you in an entirely different light. But for now—well, as father used to say, 'Any game's a good game if you play high stakes.' So we're all set, Margo dear, for a good game." And she rowed the rest of the way, singing.

Two days later the game of neighbors began. It lasted nearly a year and it indeed proved a good game for everyone except Winthrop. It was a pitiless game for him. I don't suppose there has ever been a stranger suppressed love than Winthrop Evans gave to Jean. His eyes loved her. His hands, that never touched her, told their abject servitude in every simple little task he did for her. His voice betrayed his love even when they argued farm affairs and blights and cultivation. When she sang, in the many soft sea-salty evenings, his silence was an adoration. And when he lifted Barbara in his arms and took her proffered kisses, I am sure Jean knew it was her own lips that he longed for.

Very few weeks went by before I gave Winthrop the same allegiance that I gave to Jean, and the part of a neutral is a difficult one. But from the day that the game of neighbors began, Jean never once stepped out of character. Bitterness, rudeness, sarcasm had been part of another game. This one was serene, tranquil, built on indifference. With absolute invulnerable indifference, she healed her hate and humiliation.

"Jean, surely you know Winthrop is in love with you! You can't feel there's any pretense about it!" I would be driven to exclaim.

"He hasn't spoken of it," she would always remind me jestingly.

"You know that he never will speak of it—after all that happened and all you said to him."

"What of it? Would he be any better off if he did?"

"Oh, Jean, are you going to let that old hatred poison you against all decent honorable men forever?"

"No. I don't hate him, Margo. Now I insist you stop giving me black marks in this hating business when you report to Uncle Doctor. I don't hate the poor creature at all. But surely it isn't a necessary part of the cure for you to force me into a pretense of loving the first man who happens along—while I'm still on probation."

So it went, always the same. We saw Winthrop nearly every day. He became a habit, accepted and expected. Barbara's imperialistic favor brought him into an intimacy that ordinarily would never have developed. Once Jean asked me, idly curious: "Margo, what does he do to keep you so perpetually suffering for him? Why doesn't he protest his great passion to me instead of to you?"

I think she was a little surprised when I told her he had never mentioned such a thing to me. Nor had he. He grew more and more aloof from me in regard to speaking of Jean. One time, when Jean was singing some haunting Spanish love song, I caught such a look of longing in his eyes that impulsively I reached out and put my hand over his. He caught my fingers tightly as if trying to grip my needed sympathy.

"Oh, Winthrop, I'm so sorry!" I whispered inanely, and he answered before he could think evasively, his eyes tight shut,

"Anyhow, she's better off! That's what we did it for. He's a great man, but brains are his limit."

Afterward, when I told Doctor Holmquist this, he only smiled his loose-lipped, egotistical, careless smile. His plan had cured Jean, which meant only added glory for his already great reputation.

From the very first day the game began Jean seemed to use Winthrop with the same canny, calculating motive with which she would have used an X-ray machine, admitting him to an ardorless intimacy such as she might have given a brother. He made no effort ever to see her alone, and I'm certain they never were together except in my presence. As time went on she began using him to test her indifference, to prove to both herself and me how completely she had conquered the thing that had threatened her. She did this by telling him quietly, at different times, the entire story of her tragedy.

These confidences must have chafed him sorely, for they sometimes tried my own nerves almost to the breaking point. She even told him about Delight Delmar, though she left the girl's name unsaid. But once, running across a picture of the now famous screen actress in a magazine, she said carelessly, "Neighbor"—she had begun to call him neighbor from the first—"neighbor, I've probably made you reticent about what you really do consider beautiful. But see here. Surely you call this girl beautiful?"

"Well," he said slowly, glancing at the widely smiling picture, "I expect more men have forgotten her beauty, or hate it, than remember it happily."

She looked at him queerly, as if irritated by his apt answer, and never spoke of the girl again.

And the stealthy seasons slipped by serenely, marked only by a calendar of blossoms—the crimson bougainvillea and the scarlet poinsettias lingered long beyond the winter; the gorgeous flame vines passed more quickly, like a furious fast-dying passion; then came the oleanders, lovely fragrant pink-and-white billows of blossom, and the cool clouds of blue jacaranda, and the blood-red Australian bottle brush. And by the time summer had made the garden golden with the yellow allamandas, and had painted the Aircastle stairway pink with heart-leafed antigonon, and had bordered the banks of the stream with stately white lilies—by that time Jean was ready, even anxious, I think, to return to the ease and comfort and normality of her old life, and to her father.

She had not wanted Bruce MacIntyre to come, nor had she written him. But Barbara wrote him long undecipherable letters, and he wrote to all of us every week. And after Barbara had been able to walk for more than a month Jean suddenly said one evening that she thought it would be nice "to go and see grandfather, who is rich enough now to have us for a visit."

She decided this the day after Winthrop Evans returned from a short trip to Chicago with the quiet news of his almost certain convalescence.

"I'm glad now that you're going to get well," Jean said when he had told us; "but I'm even more glad that I thought you were going to die."

It was that evening—and I feel certain that she did it meaningly—that she sang Mandalay for him.

And in the morning we began planning to go North in two weeks. I wondered why Winthrop came so often as he did after that; his hopelessness was so pathetically evident under his careless friendly manner, and Jean's sincere friendly indifference was so hopelessly invulnerable. When I finally surrendered to my sympathy and made an opportunity to suggest foolishly that he stay away and save himself misery, he said only, "Too far gone, Mrs. Douglas, thanks. The opium slave has to go back to the hell he invited."

But he did not go to the train to see us off. He came down to tell us good-by early

(Continued on Page 97)

STEWART-WARNER
Matched-Unit Radio

Victory—because of perfect teamwork! Just as all members of the winning football team work in complete coordination, so do all the units of the Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio—Instrument, Reproducer and Tubes—work in perfect harmony with each other

Model 400 Reproducer $25

Model 300—$65

The Stewart-Warner Line

Five-tube, tuned radio frequency models with three tuning dials	$65 to $400
Five-tube, tuned radio frequency models with two tuning dials	$65 to $175
Six-tube, tuned radio frequency models with one tuning dial	$80 to $400
The Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Tube	$2

(Prices are without accessories)
(Prices slightly higher west of Rockies)

All cabinets are made of high-grade walnut, beautifully finished.

Console models have built-in reproducers and compartments for batteries.

Model 415 Reproducer $30

Model 345—$80

A Little Living Room Becomes a Football Field

"ONE can't measure the size of the living room with a ruler any more. Right here in our living room this afternoon were twenty-two big, brawny fellows. There they were, struggling, rushing, gasping for breath. We fought with them on the forty-five yard line, we were held tense in our chairs as they crashed over the ten yard line, and we jumped up and cheered when with one great effort they crossed the goal line.

"And tonight, with the quiet and peace of falling shadows, there will enter this same small living room a forty piece symphony orchestra, or perhaps a well known jazz band to set us a-dreaming with beautiful melodies or awaken our fancies with weird harmony."

That is the entertainment that awaits you, that converts your room, your home, into a stadium or an auditorium. All comes to you with the turning of the dials of a Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio.

And the announcer's voice is clear, the orchestral strains are full and true, because in this Matched-Unit Radio every little part, every important unit is matched to perform together in perfect harmony. Not only that—the Stewart-Warner Receiver, the Stewart-Warner Reproducer and the Stewart-Warner Tubes are designed and made with the same thought of unity in mind.

Your nearest Stewart-Warner Dealer, one of our many Blue Ribbon Representatives, will be pleased to bring you these many hours of happiness that come with a Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio.

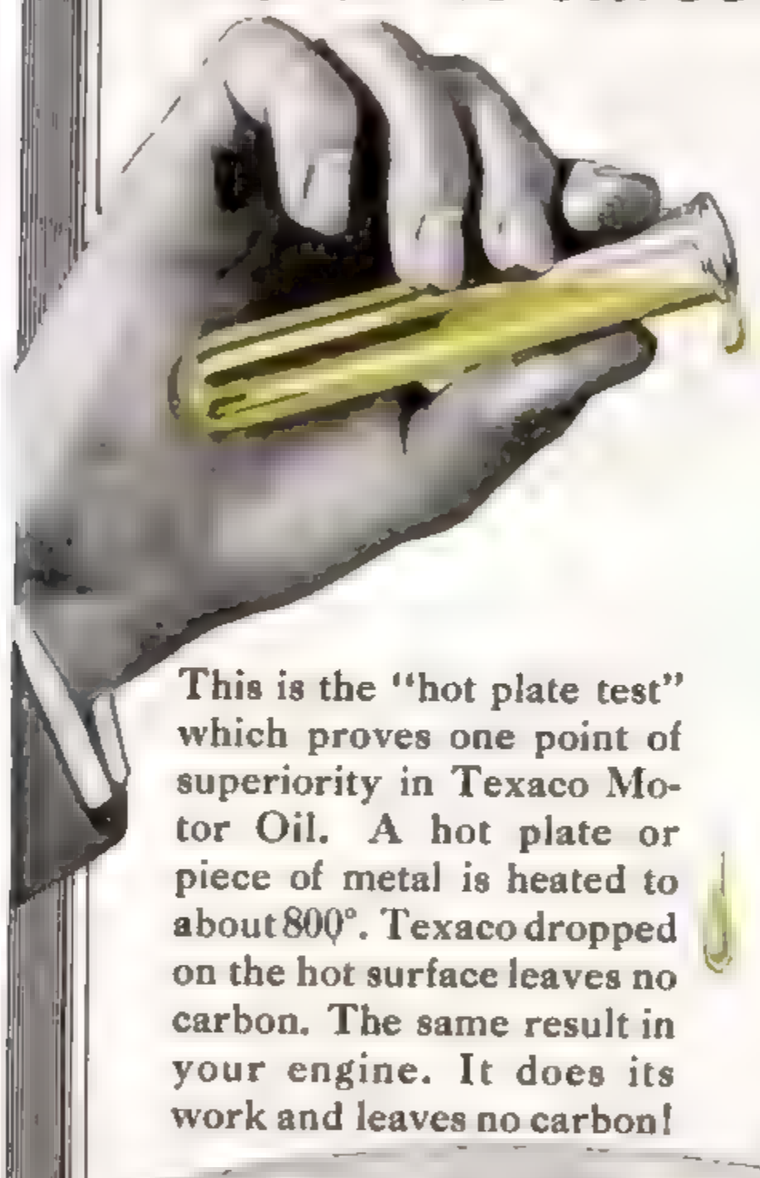
STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
1426 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

TEXACO

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

leaves no carbon



This is the "hot plate test" which proves one point of superiority in Texaco Motor Oil. A hot plate or piece of metal is heated to about 800°. Texaco dropped on the hot surface leaves no carbon. The same result in your engine. It does its work and leaves no carbon!

The Hot Plate Test proves it!

NO. 3

NO. 2

NO. 4

These tests were made with five oils other than Texaco. The smudge of carbon from a drop or two is the indication of an effect that is multiplied thousands of times in the engine. Note where the Texaco Motor Oil was dropped on the hot plate!

NO. 1

NO. 5

TEXACO MOTOR OIL
dropped here left no carbon

TEX

THE hot plate test is a fair test! The presence or absence of carbon on the plate is a true indication of what the oil under test will do in *your* engine.

Texaco Motor Oil leaves no carbon deposits or gummy residues because it is free from all carbon-forming elements—tars and blended cylinder stocks.

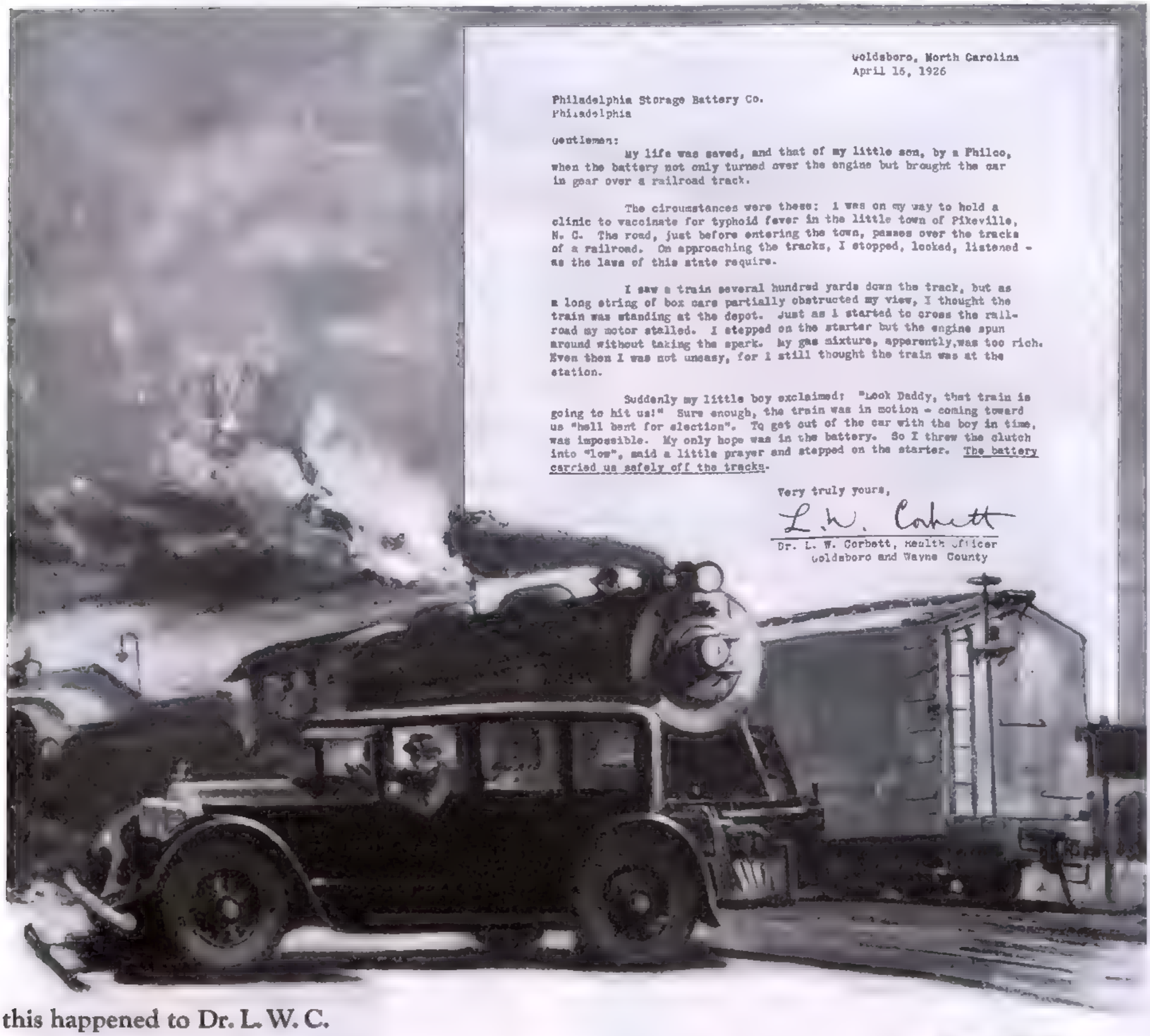
In the engine, Texaco flows freely at low temperatures, and holds its body at high. It protects the cylinder walls and bearings from the first turn of the engine on a below-zero day. It has the body to withstand the highest working temperatures and maintain a perfect piston seal and perfect compression. And when it reaches the combustion chamber, Texaco leaves no carbon.

Drain out your crankcase and start fresh with Texaco. The Texaco Motor Oil Chart shows the correct grade for your car.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

CLEAN
CLEAR
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL

ACO



Goldsboro, North Carolina
April 15, 1926

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
Philadelphia

Gentlemen:

My life was saved, and that of my little son, by a Philco, when the battery not only turned over the engine but brought the car in gear over a railroad track.

The circumstances were these: I was on my way to hold a clinic to vaccinate for typhoid fever in the little town of Pikeville, N. C. The road, just before entering the town, passes over the tracks of a railroad. On approaching the tracks, I stopped, looked, listened - as the laws of this state require.

I saw a train several hundred yards down the track, but as a long string of box cars partially obstructed my view, I thought the train was standing at the depot. Just as I started to cross the railroad my motor stalled. I stepped on the starter but the engine spun around without taking the spark. My gas mixture, apparently, was too rich. Even then I was not uneasy, for I still thought the train was at the station.

Suddenly my little boy exclaimed: "Look Daddy, that train is going to hit us!" Sure enough, the train was in motion - coming toward us "hell bent for election". To get out of the car with the boy in time, was impossible. My only hope was in the battery. So I threw the clutch into "low", said a little prayer and stepped on the starter. The battery carried us safely off the tracks.

Very truly yours,

L. W. Corbett

Dr. L. W. Corbett, Health Officer
Goldsboro and Wayne County

this happened to Dr. L. W. C.

"My life was saved by a Philco!"

No matter whether your car is old or just brand-new from the factory, it will pay you to install a fresh, high-powered *Drynamic* Philco. Your safety—even more than your comfort—demands the highest-powered, longest-life battery you can get.

Philco *Drynamic* Batteries have the famous "margin of safety"—a tremendous surplus of power, capacity and shock-resisting strength in reserve for emergencies. And this means quicker starts, hotter ignition and brighter lights, too, for ordinary day-in, day-out driving.

For safe, comfortable driving, winter or summer—for protection against hand-cranking experiences—get your Philco now. With the famous Diamond-Grid Plates, Philco Retainers and a two-year guarantee, a *Drynamic* Philco costs you no more than just an ordinary battery.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, *Philadelphia.*

Philco *Drynamic* Batteries are made DRY and shipped DRY—but CHARGED Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the acid— just before installing the battery in your car Ask for Philco *Drynamic*—*see the acid poured in*—and you can't get a stale battery

RADIO OWNERS You can run any radio from your house current Just connect a Philco Socket Power AB unit to your radio—plug it *permanently* into a lamp or wall socket—and your radio power troubles are over Takes the place of both "A" and "B" batteries No more recharging—no more dry batteries to replace—no hum—no distortion Visit your nearest Philco Dealer, or write us for details of our Easy Payment Plan

Ride on Philco power at the Sesqui-Centennial. All busses are Philco equipped.

PHILCO Automobile Radio Electric Truck Industrial Tractors Farm Lighting Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant **BATTERIES**

(Continued from Page 92)

in the afternoon of the night we were leaving, while we were in the inevitable confusion of packing the last untidy odds and ends.

"Some business turned up so that I can't get in tonight," he told us casually, offering no explanation, and Jean asked none. He was "all cleaned up," Barbara observed, noting his fresh white shirt and trousers.

"Well, neighbor, I can never half express my gratitude to you," Jean said with bright direct seriousness, straightening from an opened suitcase which she was packing on a chair. "When we began our game I told you you were a rare opportunity, but you've been no less than a blessing in disguise. Here we all are—Barbara very much less of a barbarian because of your influence, and nearly well; you, altogether to the good, with the fatal tubercular focus foiled entirely; me, subdued to Ophelia's gentleness and proved as sane as Portia; and Margo"—she looked at me with a queer smile, wistful, tenderly mocking—"Margo ready to go back to be the most beautiful girl in the world again."

He understood her reference, for she had told him even that incident—of finding my picture, long ago, in her father's desk.

"She's never been anything else," he said quietly, going over to the swing, where Barbara, pink and drowsy, had wakened from her nap when he came in. She snuggled to him and he listened gravely to her eager chatter about the morning's letter from her grandfather: "He's got awful wich, mother thinks. There's going to be a pony, and three white kittens, and two parrots that talk to each other."

Jean watched them. I almost hated her for the satisfaction that I knew she was feeling because the child found no regret at leaving Winthrop in her ecstatic anticipation of the wonderful world to come. But she protested at his going, kissed him and hugged him tightly, promising to send him lots of postal cards—"from everywhere."

When he came to me I put my arms about him and kissed him. His face was cold, clammy. My heart ached for him. Then he went to Jean and they shook hands quickly. I don't believe she had ever given him her hand before. Barbara watched interestedly.

"Aren't you going to kiss mother good-by too?" she asked.

Winthrop saved Jean any reply. He had brought in a wild white lily and it lay on the table—one of the lovely crisp cool-petaled blossoms that grew along the stream. He picked it up, raised it to his lips and held it so a second.

"This is the way I kiss your mother, Barbara," he said in a low clear voice, and handed it to Jean. She took it, going a little pale. Then he was gone, his steps swift on the stairs.

Tears came to Jean's eyes and her lips trembled. "If he really loves me, Margo," she said gently, "I—I am sorry."

We all waved to him as he rowed swiftly upstream, and Jean called cheerfully, "Oh, neighbor, you forgot to take your box of jams and jelly!" He kept on rowing.

"For pity's sake, Jean, don't!" I said. "Send Jerusalem up later with the stuff. I'll go over to the bungalow and get it ready now."

I went quickly, wanting to get away from her. But at the foot of the stairs I turned back for my hat, finding the sun still unpleasantly hot. I wore my soft house slippers and walked without noise, unthinkingly. So, by pure chance, if so it can be called, I discovered the perfidy of Jean's indifference. She stood by the table, just as I had irritatedly left her, the late sunshine from the open door making a golden light about her. She had dropped her head into her open lifted hands, and in her hands, crushed hard against her lips, was the broken white lily. I caught the fragrance from its crushed petals, strong, poignant. And I heard her voice, barely heard it—heard it more with my heart than with my ears; she was not praying as I, being old-fashioned, pray, but she spoke aloud to the Power which her very intensity of supplication made manifest,

"I can't give in! I can't! I can't!"

I felt my way downstairs again, blindly. But I ran across the garden to the bungalow, severely startling Jerusalem, who sat on the back step eating a drizzling mango.

"Sakes, Mis' Douglas! What you done seen? Snake?"

"Jerusalem," I said in a voice that completed his bewilderment, "I have done seen—love! You hurry and bring the boat round this side of the hedge where Mrs. Mack can't see us."

It was Bethlehem who thought of putting in the jelly. I quite forgot about it. But she put the box of jars and glasses in the boat and in ten minutes Jerusalem was spiritedly rowing me upstream.

Winthrop had not yet gone inside his house. He stood with his back to us, a tall white-clad figure, leaning in the doorway as if he had not the courage to enter. It was a bleak man-made unloved home—the tall, narrow, homely little house, in its new garden, which was in what Winthrop called its pinfeather stage, with its struggling young shrubs and sandy ground. At my call he turned slowly, and then came running to the creek bank.

"Hello! Anything wrong? . . . Oh, I see—a jelly shower! Yes, yes, the jelly. Looks like a bright future for my stomach anyhow."

"Jerusalem, take the box up to Mr. Evans' back porch," I said sharply to the shrewd old darky, who was staring open-mouthed at Winthrop. I knew that Winthrop hadn't any idea what he was saying. He looked like a man distressedly hunting a path out of pain. "Go on, Jerusalem. We have to hurry back."

(I must say here that Jerusalem proved himself a thorough gentleman in the nonchalant manner in which he refrained from reminding me, later, of my insistence on hurrying. For, as it turned out, we did not hurry back for more than an hour, because Winthrop left us there, boatless, with the key to his boathouse in his pocket.)

With Jerusalem still on the spot, lost in curiosity, I said, "I'll go up to the house with you a minute, Winthrop. I forgot to have you sign those papers for me."

"Papers?" he muttered. I took his arm and hastened his footsteps. I wondered if he had perhaps taken some drug or opiate. I didn't speak to him again until we got inside the bare, uncarpeted, cigarette-scented living room.

Magazines and papers were thrown about helter-skelter. All sorts of his garments hung about on nails and on the backs of chairs.

"All messed up," he muttered unapologetically of his usually neat room. He scooped some clothing off a chair to the floor and drew the chair toward me, emptying another one likewise for himself. He dropped his limp shrapnel-scarred arms on the table and slouched down in his chair, regarding me uninterestedly, as if not even wondering why I was there.

"Oh, Winthrop," I said, "you love Jean too much!"

"I don't love her much—or little. I love her. No quantity about it. Just as she hates me. Finished—final—just like that. It's impossible to talk about it, the way things are—impossible. God knows, you've been as wonderful as a mother to me, Mrs. Douglas, and you'll understand better how grateful I am if Jean ever—ever —— But I think I'd better be alone now, if you don't mind."

"Winthrop, she loves you!" I said.

"Huh! Did she say so? Of course not!" He lifted his dark eyes, sullen with bitter unbelief, and dropped them quickly, ashamed of their pain.

That I might make what I had to tell him as convincing to him as it was to me, I told him then something of Jean's father—of Bruce MacIntyre's love and my own; of the steel-cold suffering pride that had flowed in the blood of the MacIntyres since the old hills of Scotland were young.

When a MacIntyre's love was hurt, no matter how, his pride grew strong on pain. Hugh Bannister had hurt Jean's love and Bruce MacIntyre had betrayed his own heart. But pride had poisoned both wounds.

"Jean hasn't hurt you willfully," I told him "I know she has fought hard, Winthrop, to heal her shame. It has made her cruel."

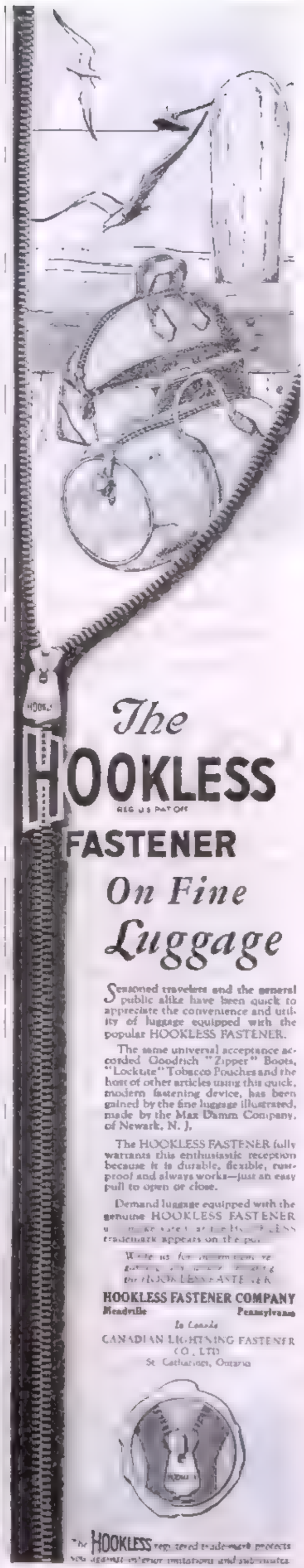
And then I told him how I had seen Jean standing in the failing sunlight, crushing the broken lily to her face, asking aloud for stronger pride, pleading for pride even while her lips kissed the lily where his own lips had left his love for her. And telling him, my tears dropped down into the dust of the cheap little table.

"You must forgive her, Winthrop—you must. She can't help being as she is for that wicked Hugh Bannister left her branded with bitterness. I want you to go to her now. She loves you. That ought to be all you need—all."

He got up slowly and reached down for both my hands, holding them tightly. "It is all I need—all—all—all!" His voice rose, uncontrolled. I bowed my head before the radiance of his face; he was glorified, shining, free from all human ugliness. "It is all I need—not to forgive her, oh, my God, not that! No! But all I need to know that I am forgiven. For, Mrs. Douglas, I am the wicked Hugh Bannister!"

(THE END)

Sand River Group, St. Lawrence River, Thousand Islands



The
HOOKLESS
REG U S PAT OFF
FASTENER
On Fine
Luggage

Seasoned travelers and the general public alike have been quick to appreciate the convenience and utility of luggage equipped with the popular HOOKLESS FASTENER.

The same universal acceptance accorded Goodrich "Zipper" Boots, "Lockute" Tobacco Pouches and the host of other articles using this quick, modern fastening device, has been gained by the fine luggage illustrated, made by the Max Damm Company, of Newark, N. J.

The HOOKLESS FASTENER fully warrants this enthusiastic reception because it is durable, flexible, rust-proof and always works—just an easy pull to open or close.

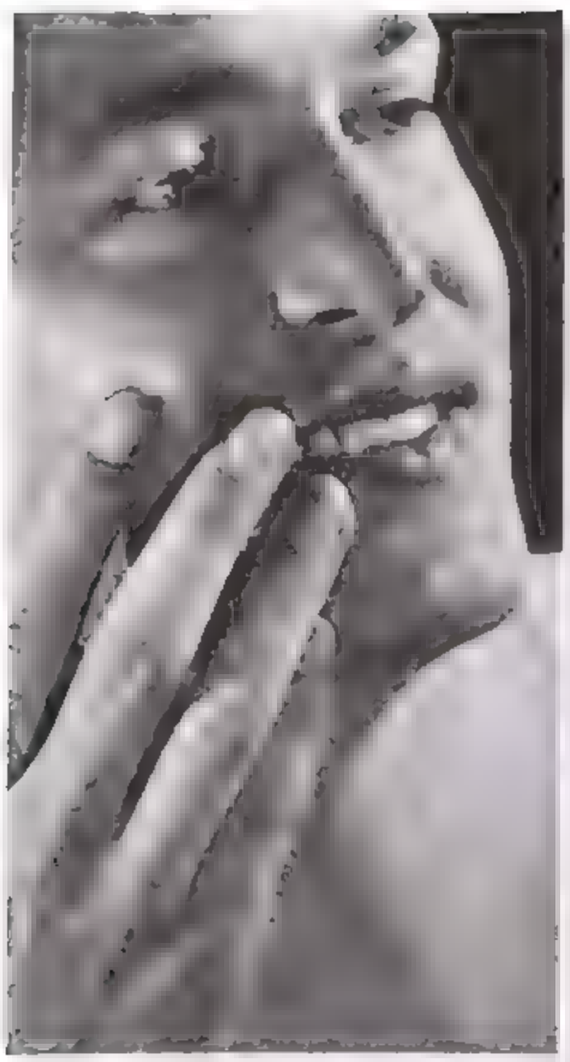
Demand luggage equipped with the genuine HOOKLESS FASTENER [illegible] HOOKLESS trademark appears on the pull.

Write us for [illegible] the HOOKLESS FASTENER

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
Meadville Pennsylvania

In Canada
CANADIAN LIGHTNING FASTENER CO., LTD
St. Catharines, Ontario

The HOOKLESS registered trade-mark protects you against inferior imitations and substitutes



Cool, refreshed, velvet smooth!

A shave will *feel* as smooth as it *looks* if you quickly heal the tiny

UNSEEN CUTS

No matter how smooth your skin, even the sharpest razor leaves literally hundreds of tiny unseen nicks. To prevent after-shaving tenderness, these must be healed quickly.

At the first touch of Ed. Pinaud's Lilac your skin tingles with the rush of healing circulation. Then, the tingling gone, your face feels cool, refreshed, every tiny cut healed! Used daily—Pinaud's Lilac actually toughens your skin—without in the least coarsening it.

You'll like its clean, lilac odor! Get it *today* at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

{ *Lilas de France* }

Heals those unseen cuts

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

(Continued from Page 23

kicked out the rungs beneath us. We allowed no ham and eggs to be served during the dinner hour. The Welsh rabbit also was barred during the supper service, and so was that last gasp of the dying gladiator, the club sandwich.

Personally I like all three; but we were ever striving to increase the aura of exclusiveness emanating from Rector's, so we were forced to drop three faithful favorites into the Bosporus. However, if you could order *des œufs au jambon*, you would get a mysterious order which would prove to be ham and eggs when translated into English. A slight dash of hypocrisy is the alloy which strengthens sincerity. But let a man order ham and eggs by their correct labels, and we blanketed him with the chill of the Alaskan night.

However, you could eat ham and eggs until your ankles groaned under the excess baggage, provided you did so after theater hours. Then the restaurant was yours to do unto as you could afford. Our embargo on the three dishes mentioned was due to the fact that a man eating a Welsh rabbit, ham and eggs or a club sandwich never ordered anything else. His meal was usually bracketed by his imagination. I know not what food Alexander ate that men called him great, but it could not have included these three superb creations of a moron's dull moment.

The Chef's Favorite Perfume

Another rap against the Welsh rabbit was, like a fat man's snoring in a sleeping car, its presence must be shared by everybody in the vicinity. It is impossible to confine the aromatic effulgence of a Welsh rabbit to one table. It radiates its toasted rays throughout the room. The same is true of corned beef and cabbage, which, if cooked in our kitchens, might have affected the aristocratic fragrance of the casserole specialties. I say this, knowing that ham and eggs and corned beef and cabbage finished first and second in a recent culinary beauty contest. I was one man who voted for them.

But our French chefs would no more have thought of cooking corned beef and cabbage than Tiffany would have dreamed of selling building material. The art of French cooking seems to be to destroy the original flavor of the food and substitute a chef's idea of what the dish should be. It is possible to paint a lily, but you cannot enamel a cabbage.

However, different lands, different customs. I could never understand the chef's hatred of cabbage and his strong admiration for that hardy, bulbous, ever-blooming rosebud of the onion family, the garlic. I will say that garlic never actually appeared in the food. That would be a *faux pas*. It was a hidden jewel, doomed to blush unseen, but not to waste its fragrance on the desert air. He rubbed it on the steaks, rubbed it on the chickens and rubbed it on the lamb. He rubbed it on the pots and pans in which he prepared ragouts and stews. I remonstrated with him, but he continued to rub the meats with it. He held the small button of garlic between his thumb and forefinger and rubbed with the intense thoughtfulness of a man seeking to erase the mistakes of Nature by slow, rhythmic pressure. My arguments failed to move him and I fled before he rubbed it on me. I often suspected that he rubbed it in his tub before taking a bath. Doctors now say that garlic has great curative powers, and they are right. Garlic cured me—of garlic.

Before taking you out of the kitchens, I would like to give you a recipe which was the last will and testament of many thousands of eggs during the reign of the Rector dynasty. This recipe is for stuffed eggs à la Rector:

Boil four eggs until they become hard. Remove shells and allow eggs to cool. Slice in halves, lengthwise. Remove the yolks and force them through a very fine sieve. Add to the yolks an equal amount of *pâté de foie gras*. Mix well together. Then press the mixture back into the eggs and place eggs in a deep silver or glass platter. Spread over a liberal amount of sauce Mornay. [I gave you the recipe for sauce Mornay in a previous article.] Place under grill and allow the sauce to come to a rich golden brown. Serve from the platter directly to the dish.

When prepared rightly, this is a dish to snatch away from a king. It is most appetizing and not difficult to prepare. It is a little heavy for afternoon tea, but makes a beautiful bridge-whist luncheon, especially if the cards have been running right. It is also very nice for basket parties in the motor car. But for a picnic in the woods you must leave out the sauce Mornay. Instead, substitute a Russian dressing, which can be carried out in a separate preserve jar and poured over the eggs when ready to eat. Here is a splendid recipe for Russian dressing à la Rector. By this time you may have noticed that, whether the dish be French, Russian or Mongolian, it is always à la Rector. We always placed this tag at the end of a recipe for the same reason that the little boy put the elephant in the puzzle—to make it more difficult:

Take two-thirds mayonnaise, one-third chili sauce, the quantity depending on the number of persons in the party. Put in a heaping teaspoonful of chopped green peppers, minced very fine. Also an equal amount of minced olives and the same quantity of shallots. Mix all very well together.

That's your Russian dressing and just about the simplest tune you ever played on your kitchen piano. A shallot is of the onion family, but smaller, and hasn't got the sharp tang of the onion. By this time I am not certain whether I am writing an autobiography or a cookbook. I might mention that these recipes are from a period when there was no dieting, few vegetarians and no health foods. All food was supposed to be healthy and the ladies ate without thought of the morrow and its extra poundage. It was an eating generation, and though many dug their graves with their teeth, they enjoyed it.

The nearest we had to whole-wheat and gluten breads in those days was a sort of Graham. There were no breakfast foods and cereals. The good old stand-by in American homes was oatmeal, and you could take it or leave it. People ate steaks in the Western mornings and apple pie in the New England dawns. Business men would eat terrific meals around noon and then stagger aimlessly through the rest of their office hours, wondering what had happened to the climate. The age was the renaissance of gout. There was a plethora of heavy meats and a corresponding fullness of ponderous side dishes.

A Check on the Bad News

The average span of life is ten years longer today because of the balanced eating. There has been a tremendous increase in the eating of vegetables and greens. In those days folks didn't go in much for greens. I quote McIntyre, of McIntyre and Heath, in their famous sketch, The Ham Tree, as an indication of the general feeling about lettuce, asparagus and the rest of that family. The two were making their way to Europe by easy stages in a wheelbarrow. Their food had run out and Heath was supplying forage in the shape of water cress, scallions and dandelions. This diet got to be too much for McIntyre, who finally remonstrated to Heath about their food, and Heath informed him that they were vegetarians until they got to Europe.

McIntyre retorted bitterly, "I don't mind being a vegetarian, but I ain't going to be no weeditarian."

Vegetarians or weeditarians, people should eat plenty of salads. The dressing does not add greatly to its food value, but serves its purpose as a garnishing to the flat, leafy flavor of all heads of salad. The best dressing is the French one advocated by Berry Wall. You should check up on the food you serve yourself as carefully as we tabulated all the food served in Rector's. Our checking system was perfected after many years of trials and failures.

We discovered the successful checking system by accident. It happened in Chicago about the time the cash register was invented. We bought one of the first registers at the suggestion of the maker.

The first machine was a big improvement at our cigar counter and attracted a lot of Illinois attention because of its novelty. It reversed the procedure of a shooting gallery, because you first got your cigar and then the bell rang. It worked so well at the cigar counter that my father suggested that a new machine should be made which would register all individual food sales on a guest's check. Up to this time everything had been more or less haphazard and there was a great amount of leakage due to carelessness.

The manufacturer constructed an improved machine for Rector's which was a revelation in the restaurant industry. Every dish which passed the checker's station was stamped upon the check and registered in the machine. There was never any cash in this cash register, because the check was paid by the waiter to the cashier at another station.

At the end of the business day we would add up the dinner, cigar and bar checks and compare the result with the total on the machine. It always balanced to a penny.

The Original Yes Man

My father invented this system, now in use all over the world. It saved us thousands of dollars a year, because it absolutely removed all chances of carelessness or dishonesty on the part of employes. It simplified bookkeeping, because, like the manipulation of a donkey engine, the whole mechanism centered in one throttle. It also added to the gayety of nations by canceling that solemn moment at the end of the meal when the guest cowers under a waiter, who, with pad and pencil poised in air, has the manner of a judge about to deal out a heavy sentence to a culprit. As the check was added up by the register, the waiter was merely a messenger boy bringing in bad news.

Each check was divided into three parts by perforations. The checker retained one stub, the second stub went to the cashier and the guest was awarded the third, which acted as a receipt. New York establishments laughed at us when we inaugurated our system in Manhattan, but they soon adopted it. We had a battery of registers in the New York Rector's, three food machines, one bar and one cigar machine. Downstairs, where food and wine were handled in bulk by the purchasing department, we had two old-fashioned bookkeepers with spectacles, green eye shades and round shoulders. All transactions downstairs were done by count, weight, measure and personal inspection.

The subterranean bookkeepers kept their daily balance, which dovetailed in with the registers above. If 150 squabs were sent upstairs to the dining room and there were 200 in stock at the start of the day's business, there were naturally fifty left. The registers showed 150 sold, which made the daily inventory easy. That's all the system we used. Its advantage can be discerned when you realize that it gives you a daily percentage of your profits or losses, which is vital information in any man's business.

Machines were of great assistance up to this point. But from then on everything depended on personality, atmosphere and management. Adding up the check correctly doesn't mean that you are going to

(Continued on Page 100

Now more than ever *you need all that General offers*

Speed If you like an open road, in a car that can travel as fast as you care to drive it, you will enjoy it twice as much on Generals. If you have ever felt your tires at the end of a fast run you know that speed means heat. By using only the purest friction and tread rubber in generous quantities, General reduces internal friction (the cause of heat in tires) to a minimum. With Generals you can travel far and fast with the comforting knowledge that they won't wither from heat when you need them most.

Comfort Since the automobile has become a daily necessity of our business and pleasure, comfort is an advantage much sought after. General pioneered the development of low-pressure tires long before balloons were in the picture. Today car owners are enjoying the results of this long experience by getting the greater comfort of General's low-pressure without sacrificing any of General's big mileage. And with General this applies to all regular sizes as well as 4-ply and 6-ply balloons. If you are seeking real comfort, you will find it in Generals.

Safety With traffic becoming more of a problem every day, safety is a vital factor. Traffic is heavier, streets are smoother and safety is essential if we are to decrease the daily casualty list. The General tread grips the road with a double grip and broader traction—furnishing double protection against skidding. General's tread design is the result of engineering research and gives the maximum traction properly combined with long-wearing qualities. That is why Generals give you the greatest protection.

The extra factor that everybody wants

Whether your particular hobby is speed, comfort or safety, there is one advantage too commonly sought to be called a hobby—mileage. Everybody wants big mileage and if there is any one reason to point to for General's commanding position in car owner preference it is users' records of almost unbelievable mileage.

It's the second 10,000 miles
that makes the big hit

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

(Continued from Page 98

retain your patron's good-will. As an example to the contrary, we cite Europe's attitude toward our war debt. On one occasion we were informed by an irate diner that he merely intended to buy a meal and not the entire restaurant. We soon discovered that a dollar's worth of fixtures was a smaller amount than a penny's worth of good-will.

We had one slogan in Rector's. That motto was: The Guest is Right, Right or Wrong. No waiter was allowed to argue with a patron. The waiters' instructions were to report all complaints immediately to the maitre d'hôtel, who hurried to the guest's table and straightened out all difficulties by the simple method of agreeing with the guest. I might say that the maitre d'hôtel was the original Yes Man of New York and his job depended on his ability to bob his head in the affirmative like a crow in a cornfield.

Politeness and courtesy were responsible for making Rector's the success it was. Our waiters wore full evening dress with the bifurcated coat tails. They were not allowed to wear eyeglasses or white vests and were compelled to shave cleanly every day. Any man caught wearing that crowning atrocity of haberdashery, the dickey, was suspended for ten days. A dickey is a contraption to take the place of a full-dress shirt and has neither sleeves nor body. It is simply a false front fitting under the vest and usually bulges like a balloon tire.

That Apple-Sauce Joke

That veteran of one-night stands and tank towns, Corse Payton, had the habit of giving waiters a free ticket to his shows in lieu of a cash tip. One afternoon he was out of free paper and wrote the pass on the waiter's dickey. The waiter presented the dickey at the door; it was honored and taken up like a regular ticket. Five minutes later the waiter came flying out of the theater at the end of a boot. Payton had kicked him out for not having a shirt.

Corse Payton was the creator of the famous ten-twenty-and-thirty-cent stock companies known in the profession by the shorter description of ten-twent-and-thirt. Corse played in his own ten-twent-and-thirt repertoire all over the country. He would tackle any show ever written, from burlesque to the melancholy Dane. He was a fine-looking man, very well groomed, and was fond of making speeches in Rector's. He had the voice of a tragedian, and it was in the voice of a tragedian that Corse stood up in our place one night and announced: "There are good actors and there are bad actors, but I am America's best bad actor."

And it was as America's best bad actor that Corse was known thereafter. He knew the value of publicity and never failed to go after his share. Corse had his stock company up in Boston when Charles Frohman presented Maude Adams in that city as the star of L'Aiglon. She made a tremendous success, but the work was very exacting and difficult, especially the two matinées every week. Her doctors advised her to take a rest lest she suffer a breakdown, but Miss Adams refused to quit. But it was agreed that she should conserve her energies by playing only one matinée each week instead of the usual Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances. Frohman had a huge sign stretched across the front of the theater reading, "Miss Adams will positively give only one matinée a week."

Corse Payton's theater was directly opposite. The next day there was a bigger sign on Payton's façade, with this inscription: "Corse Payton will positively give only one matinée a day."

There is an expression sweeping America today which I heard Corse Payton use twenty-five years ago. Chauffeurs toss it at traffic policemen, traffic policemen catch it in mid-air and hurl it back, bad boys shout it at truant officers and good little girls shrill it to their fond parents. Even granny tells it to grandpa and there isn't much doubt that grandpa has mumbled it to the manicurist in the barber shop. That expression is "apple sauce." You possibly have used it yourself without knowing how it originated. It started with Thatcher, Primrose and West, who had one of the greatest minstrel organizations ever assembled. The expression "apple sauce" means anything that is old, trite and out-of-date. This was the routine of the apple-sauce gag:

THATCHER: Mr. Interlocutor, a teacher has twelve pupils and only eleven apples.

WEST: Yes, Mr. Tambo, a teacher has twelve pupils and only eleven apples.

THATCHER: That's right. Now she wants to give each pupil an equal share of the apples without cutting the apples. How does she do it?

WEST: Let me see. A teacher has twelve pupils and only eleven apples. She wants to give each pupil an equal share of the apples without applying a knife to the fruit. How does she do it? I must confess my ignorance. How does she do it, Mr. Tambo?

THATCHER: She made apple sauce.

Thatcher used to get a huge laugh with this joke. Naturally, all the other rival minstrels grabbed it, used it and finally hammered it into an early grave by too much repetition. Audiences refused to laugh at it any more and it was discarded. So any other joke which is old and no good is also called apple sauce. There is something about this expression which is very satisfying. When a motorcycle cop tells you that he is going to give you a ticket, not knowing that you are the mayor's friend, you tell him, "Apple sauce." When he hands you the ticket, he says, "Apple sauce." When you tell the judge you were going only two miles an hour, the judge hands down a verdict of, "Apple sauce." And when you fork over fifteen dollars and bounce out of the court room, the little birdies in the trees seem to be chirping it. I have never seen anything, outside of a sneak thief's skeleton key, which seemed to fit so many situations.

In my last article I spoke about the personnel of my restaurant—the cooks, the head chefs, the waiters and the captains. There was one crew I forgot to mention, and this outfit was the band of nighthawks operating the fleet of scooped-out and seagoing hacks. The scooped-out hack was the open Victoria, while the seagoing vehicle was the closed hack, more like a brougham. Like Robin Hood's band, they were a merry bunch of outlaws who trimmed the rich—but failed to donate to the poor. There were fifteen or twenty outside of Rector's every night, rain or shine. Their scale of prices depended on their victim's condition of sobriety and knowledge of geography. Their tactics originated the famous expression "run-around." A man who is giving you the run-around is trying to stall you off by using evasive methods.

A Profitable Side Line

A stranger got into a Rector cab one night and asked to be driven to the Hotel Astor, which had just been built and was directly across the street. The cabby was Gas-House Sam, who sensed that his fare was ignorant of the location of the hotel. So Sam click-clicked to his horse and away they went around the block, passing the hotel at the start and passing it again on the completion of the lap. Sam looped the hotel eleven times before he pulled his steed up on its thin haunches and helped his fare out. The charge was three dollars and the run-around proved that a long ride is costlier than a short walk.

Another famous cabby was Ten-Cent Dan. He got his name because no tip was too small for him to accept. I don't doubt, if one of Ten-Cent Dan's fares had been minus the necessary tip, Ten-Cent would have cheerfully accepted trading stamps. Mississippi also drove a cab and made his stand outside Rector's in the last days of that institution. Mississippi's name will be known to boxing fans all over the country, for he was a great colored fighter. He still drives a scooped-out hack along Broadway and wears a low, battered high hat and a linen duster. He has fallen upon lean days, for the horse hack gets little patronage. Two years ago, Mississippi was on foot, but Al Jolson came to his rescue and bought him another horse and cab. Last winter must also have been hard times for the ex-fighter, because he was again on foot and was selling raffle tickets for fifty cents apiece, the proceeds of the raffle to be utilized as a fund to bail out his horse, which was being detained by a heartless stable owner as a pawn against a feed bill of $15.20. The raffle was a success, for Mississippi once again is perched on the box, looking in vain for old customers who will never return.

A Pocketful of Marbles

Bounding Dick, Tenderloin Bill and Frank the Gyp stopped whipping their horses years ago. I do not know what these men did for a living after the taxicab succeeded the oat burner. One cab driver's specialty was rolling drunks. This meant that he sought inebriated fares, whom he proceeded to drive through the park to a dark spot and then frisk. If the victim howled, the cabby never objected to going direct to a police station and being searched. Nothing was ever found on him and he was always discharged.

But so many complaints were lodged against him by fleece-lined customers who had lost their fleeces that an investigation was made and it was discovered that all his customers were paying for two cabs instead of one. Every time he started for the park with a fare, he was followed by another driver in an empty cab, who would drive by the first cab in the park just in time to be handed the victim's watch and money. After the driver came back from his triumphant trip to the police station, the two would divide the plunder. His last drive was a little longer than he reckoned on, for it landed him up in Sing Sing. His horse got a suspended sentence.

This cabby was a fine actor, for after having been given a clean bill of health at each police investigation, he would turn on his accuser and demand his money for the trip. On one occasion his accuser spent the evening in a cell because he failed to dig up the price of the ride. It would have broken the cabby's heart to know that he once drove Jim Murray home and that Jim got there safe. This was due to Murray's refusal to drive through the park. Even if the cabby had known Murray, he would probably have thought Jim was an eccentric who played marbles in his old age.

Murray always had a marble or two in his hands and he kept them constantly rolling between his fingers. He would roll them with a contented look on his face and then drop them back into his coat, only to dive into another pocket to pick out another marble and roll that in a peaceful manner. He could never have qualified as the champion boy marble shooter of New Jersey, for the marbles never left his hands. Every marble was a perfect pearl and the biggest was worth $20,000. Murray was a miner who made his money in Butte, Montana, in the days of Fair, Mackey, Marcus Daly and the others.

Although Diamond Jim Brady wore a fortune in Oriental pearls at different times, yet Pearl Jim Murray carried from 100 to 200 pearls in his pockets and their value was not less than $1,000,000! He never had them strung or mounted, but loved to roll them in his fingers and seemed to derive great pleasure from their smooth, satiny touch.

It is a remarkable thing about the pearl, that, although it is the manifestation of a sick oyster, yet it is the only precious jewel which is perfect when found. Rubies, diamonds, sapphires and emeralds must be cut and polished, but the pearl is never touched except to fondle.

I never read of a famous string of pearls without thinking that the man who bored the holes in the jewels had murdered the pearls. They are too marvelous in their original state to be made to suffer from having a hole bored through them. Murray must have thought the same way, for he never wore a pearl in a ring or in his cravat. However, there were others who did not think so. Whenever Mrs. Jackson Gourard appeared in Rector's she wore a string of pearls that was more like a hawser. Lillian Russell and Anna Held were two other ladies who also carried beautiful necklaces of Oriental pearls.

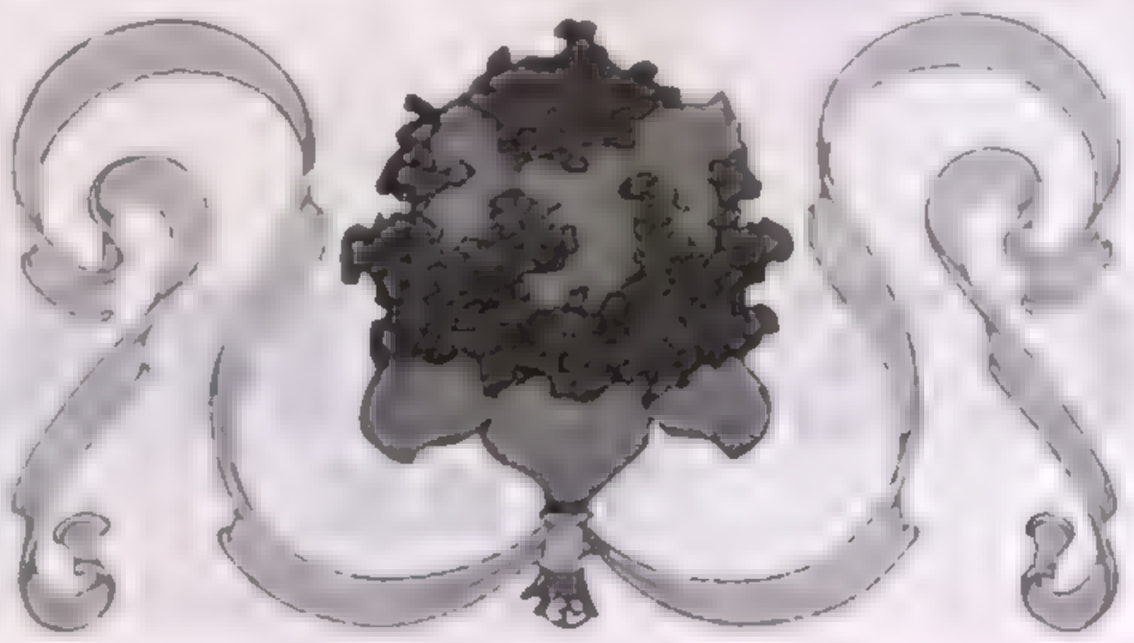
Mrs. George Kessler was another who agreed with Diamond Jim that "Them as has 'em, wears 'em."

If they had them, they wore them in those days, and they were perfectly safe. It was before the time of the thieving finale hopper and the crooked lounge lizard. Jewels were just as safe in Rector's as a corner stone in a town hall. Although some notorious international thieves often dined there, they never operated during their hours of relaxation, even though they may have brought their war maps along to plan future campaigns.

Mistakes Will Happen

The only thing ever stolen in Rector's was a jeweled purse which disappeared on New Year's Eve at the instant we turned out the lights signifying that the old year was gone. When the lights went on, the pocketbook had gone along with the old year. It was returned five years later, when the waiter who had taken it made the second mistake of deserting his wife. She turned informer and wrote to the New York police, who found the purse in a safety-deposit vault in a small town in Massachusetts.

Only one theft in all those years is a remarkable record when you consider the lavish display of jewels, and all the more remarkable when you compare the old days with the new. The wise man or woman never wears his or her jewelry in public these days. If they are fortunate enough to have diamonds, they keep them in a vault and show their prosperity by wearing the keys to the vault around their necks as an indication of their wealth.



Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr Rector. The next will appear in an early issue

Keep Fire INSIDE the Chimney

Now comes another winter with its hot stoves and furnaces which increase the danger from defective chimneys and flues. Twenty-two million dollars' worth of property was destroyed last year by fire starting from this source.

This is the time to see that your chimneys and flues are clean and in repair. Make sure that there are no cracked or crumbled places from which Fire can strike. Be careful not to over-heat pipes and flues. Take care not to force them beyond their normal capacity. Build new chimneys from the ground and make the walls extra thick.

Do everything you can to prevent fire, and more than that, protect yourself from financial loss in case fire does succeed in overcoming your precautions. Insure in a reliable company. Your local Hartford agent is thoroughly fitted to advise and serve you in all matters relating to insurance. The Hartford policies that he will offer you provide complete protection from financial losses resulting from fire.

INSURE IN THE

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

LIKE a tall miracle of lace, Yosemite Falls cascades its waters down a breath-taking drop into the river-bed below . beauty, enduring.

WATER falling from a precipice into a crystal pool...a thing of beauty, before which we stand in awe. That spectacle, inspiring, immutable, tells a story of beauty in nature... a beauty that endures ... In our crowded modern lives, how can we wrest from Time some beauty that endures? On those material things with which our lives are made richer—cars, furniture, in a hundred other ways—Duco, the enduringly beautiful finish, translates that hope into a reality.

How you can get DUCO

On Your New Car

Duco is the smart finish on more than 35 makes of automobiles.

On Your Present Car

There is a refinisher near you who can renew the appearance of your car by factory methods.

On Your New Furniture

More than 90 manufacturers produce Duco-finished furniture, and it is sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

Other Uses of Duco

Duco is used on many articles in the home, and in industry. A few of the hundred-odd uses are: on electrical conveniences, pianos, railway equipment, etc.

For Handy Home Uses

Duco can also be secured for brushing on at home, from good dealers everywhere.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint and Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

TOUCHDOWN!

(Continued from Page 21)

me my board for doing the chores at his home. Meanwhile, for three months of the bitterest winter I ever spent, my daily rations cost me just sixteen cents. The figures are not from memory but from an old pocket memorandum book in which I kept my accounts.

A man does well to lay aside his modesty, real or pretended, when he writes of a subject as closely related to himself as football is to me. I am coaching my thirty-seventh football squad this fall, and I have known the game for more than forty years. Necessarily, I shall have to limit my story largely to my own experience, in the East before 1892, in the Middle West thereafter; and necessarily these articles, when finished, will, in a measure, be an autobiography.

In the first article I carried football up to 1880. In this second paper I have put the game aside to talk about myself for several pages, bringing my own story forward to 1884. I have to go back four years now and bring the game and myself together.

We still call it football, though everything but the name and the ball have changed. Originally it was *foot*ball, literally and narrowly, but it long since ceased to be. Touchdown might be a better name for it today; even armball would be more accurate, for we carry the ball much more than we kick it. The dimensions of the field, the time of playing, the number of players, the method of scoring, the uniforms of the players, the umpiring and all other details have changed with the fundamentals of the play.

To appreciate how it has changed it is necessary to know what it changed from. Rugby became the intercollegiate game in 1876. Despite its revolutionary carrying of the ball, Rugby was football. The ball was kicked frequently by the forwards, more frequently by the halfbacks, and always by the backs. It was kicked high with the wind, low against; out of bounds to put the opposition in a hole or if stalling for time; by drop kick or from placement for goal from any point short of center field. Booting the ball over the goal was the primary object of the game, and tries were constant even at great distances. There was a whirling punt, called a tumbler, too, so kicked as to revolve upon an axis. A change in the wind altered the ball's course and made it hard to judge. Most of the time the ball was kicked from the ground, either while in motion or when dead, and without touching it with the hands.

When Brains Entered the Game

The eight forwards of the team of fifteen were spread in a straight line equally spaced across the field. Behind them were four halfbacks and three backs at equal intervals, the outside men almost on the side lines. The players were uniformed in stockings, knee pants, jerseys and caps; at one period stocking caps with Zouave tassels, and they wore no padding or guards. The oval Rugby ball rested at an angle of forty-five degrees in the center of the field as the game began. The opposing forwards lined up fifteen yards in front of it, the offensive team a yard behind. The field was 140 yards by 70 yards, and unmarked except upon its exterior boundaries.

The ball was kicked off by drop kick, place kick, punt, dribble or fake, and there was no shrill whistle from the referee to bring the stands to their feet, nor stands to be brought to their feet. The few spectators stood along the side and goal lines. When the chosen kicker-off had measured his distance the referee shouted, "All ready? Play!" The kicker-off might kick for distance or he might, and often did, only touch the ball with his foot to put it into play, then scoop it up in his arms and run with it, tossing it to one of his own men just as the enemy closed in on him; and the second man tossed it to a third often, and on until the ball carrier was spilled by a tackle. Originally the runner had thrown the ball blindly over his shoulder as he was tackled, but order and method soon appearing, the passing became the prettiest spectacle of the game.

The ball being down, it now went into scrummage, as the English called it, somehow early changed to scrimmage here. We still use the term, but it means something very different. The original scrummage was a weird and unscientific institution. The ball belonged to neither side. Instead, the referee placed it upon the ground and the opposing lines of forwards, eight each, closed around it in a tightly wedged mass. The ball could not be touched with the hands and there were only three alternatives. The first tactics was to push straight ahead, with the object of forcing the opposing line back and the ball with them. The second was to wheel to one side suddenly, throw the enemy off balance and take advantage of the opening. The third was to heel the imprisoned ball back out of its narrow cell to one's own backs, who could run with it.

This was distinctly bad form and regarded as begging the issue. It was done only when the forwards were badly blown and in need of a rest, and the English called it shirking.

It may have been interesting to the forwards, but it was dull business for the backs and the onlookers. For long periods the ball could not be seen and nothing happened. All the spectators could distinguish was a ton and a half of heavyweights leaning pantingly against one another. Eventually the ball would pop out by accident or surrender, a back would seize it for a run, be tackled and downed, and back went the ball into scrummage.

This pushing, puffing and panting was manifestly senseless, for a novice could perceive that it was a distinct advantage, whether sporting or not, to kick the ball back to one's own back field, or craftily to leave a hole in one's own line through which to decoy the ball. And realizing this, American collegians immediately acted upon it, thereby making the scrummage more ridiculous than ever.

Orthodox Sparring Between Ends in Scrimmage, Columbia vs. Princeton, 1890

Here was the first great break with the English game, and here the fundamental difference in point of view between an American and an Englishman which explains the whole evolution of our football from Rugby.

The British play a game for the game's sake; we play to win. That doctrine has been carried to outrageous lengths at times and all but killed football; but within bounds, it was the making of the game. I hate a man, a team, a school or a people who cheat. I should prefer to lose every game rather than win one unfairly; but there is a finer distinction than this between the British and the Yankee points of view.

Charley Daly, who went to West Point after four years on the Harvard team, made the army eleven and later was its coach, once described football as "a game of war within the limitations of the rules and of sportsmanship. Either by force or deception, it advances through the opposition to the goal line, which might be considered the capital of the enemy."

He stated one of the two basic contrasts in our national ways of looking at things. Deception never quite has been considered cricket by the British sportsman. With us it is the heart of the game. By means of it the under dog may topple the top dog, brains may defeat brawn. It provides the unexpected, the surprise *dénouement* that we like in all our drama. Contests that are decided purely by superior force are apt to be dispiriting.

Nor could we see rime or reason in such a play as the English scrummage, where success in the initial objective usually presented the advantage to the opposition. George Fitch reduced this philosophy to its ultimate absurdity in one of his Siwash stories in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST long ago, wherein Gaston Siwash implored dear Alphonse Mugglesdorfer to take the ball, and Alphonse begged dear Gaston not to think of it.

The second contrast lies in the respective national attitudes toward the rules. The British, in general, regard both the letter and the spirit. We, in general, regard the letter only. Our prevailing viewpoint might be expressed something like this: Here are rules made and provided for. They affect each side alike. If we are smart enough to detect a joker or a loophole first, then we are entitled not only in law but in ethics to take advantage of it. Those words "with a fine disregard of the rules," cast in the tablet set in the brick wall at Rugby, make a very un-English phrase. They would feel more at home, I suspect, over the gate of one of our college stadiums.

The Rise of Touchdown

Out of this philosophy came the first important change in the rules, the abolition of the scrummage, and the bulk of the endless succeeding changes. The story of American football might be dramatized in two ways. It has been a continuous effort, first to beat the rules, thereby forcing a constant readjustment to equalize the disturbed balance between the offense and the defense. Secondly, it has been a tale of the rise from obscurity of the sterling young hero, John J. Touchdown, and the coincident fall of the great Lord Goal. The touchdown was so lowly in 1876 that it took four of him to equal one goal, with the added stipulation that in the event of a tie, a goal from touchdown outweighed not only the touchdown itself but three others of its kind. In other words, the touchdown's only real value was the opportunity it presented of a free try at goal—a try, by the way, which could be made from as close to the goal posts as the kicker liked.

When a numerical value first was assigned after the season of 1883, a goal from the field counted 5, a goal from touchdown 4, and the touchdown itself only 2. The following year the touchdown doubled in value to 4, went to 5 in 1898 and finally to 6 in 1912. Meanwhile the goal from field fell from 5 to 4 in 1904, then to 3 in 1909, and the goal from touchdown from 4 to 2 in 1885, to 1 in 1898. In these changing valuations is the accurate measure of the shifting emphasis of the game from kicking the ball to carrying it.

There is the further fact, of course, that Rugby at home was restrained, like all English life, by a body of traditions as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, as well as by the Rugby Union code. Here it had no traditions, few and relatively simple rules, and virtually no neutral officials capable of interpreting and enforcing them.

The best evidence of this last was the appearance of interference in the American game. Interference and the abolition of scrummage were two of the greatest changes in their effect ever made from the Rugby Union code. If there was one distinctive

(Continued on Page 105)

Chicago, Ill.—Car turns over after SKIDDING *on wet pavement. Driver was shaken up, but not seriously injured.*

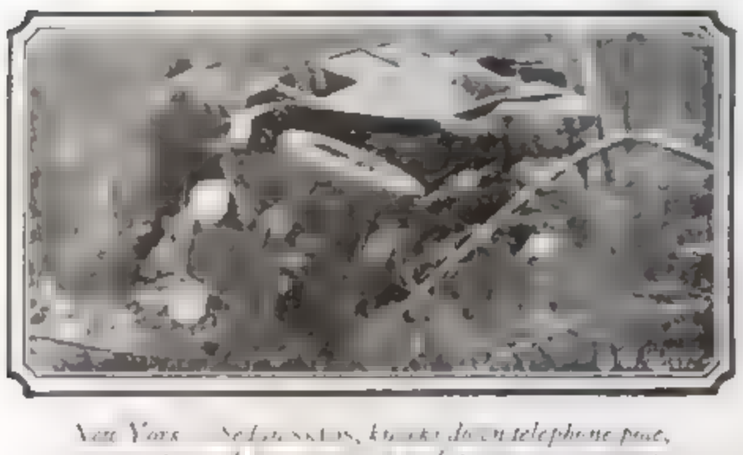
Wet rubber *slips*-WEED CHAINS *grip*

Lyons, Kansas.—Truck locked and four cars were wrecked when car skids off road at Durfee hill about four

Wet rubber *slips*-WEED CHAINS *grip*

Syracuse, N. Y.—Two men and two men on their way to football game escape weather's miracle to-day SKIDDED on wet road and turned four

Wet rubber *slips*-WEED CHAINS *grip*



New York.—Safety skids, knocks down telephone pole, crashes through iron railing and plunges in swamp. Two drivers escaped serious injury.

Wet rubber *slips*-WEED CHAINS *grip*

Ohio highway officials place another white cross to mark spot of fatal automobile accident. These crosses now line the highways of Ohio to caution motorists to drive carefully.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY Inc.
for your safety

THERE CAN BE NO COMPROMISE WITH *safety*

(Continued from Page 103)

feature of Rugby, it was its rigid prohibition of off-side play. The scrummage was abolished by the Intercollegiate Football Association at its meeting in Springfield, Massachusetts, that convenient halfway point between Harvard and Yale, on October 12, 1880, before the opening of the season. The original off-side rule, on the contrary, remained unchanged in the rule book until 1906, but it was honored only in the breach. That rule read: "Every player . . . is off side if he enters a scrummage from his opponent's side; or, being in a scrummage, gets in front of the ball, or when the ball has been kicked, touched or is being run with by any of his own side behind him, i. e., between himself and the goal line."

Interference, which was a direct and categorical violation of this rule, grew out of Princeton's use in 1879 of two players to convoy the ball carrier, one on each side, but never in advance. It was introduced in the Harvard game, and Walter Camp, who refereed, warned the Princeton captain that it was illegal. He seems not to have been sure of himself, however, for Yale was using the same play later in the season. This entering wedge having been accepted by common consent, Princeton in 1884 sent its interference boldly ahead of the ball, and again the opposition copied instead of challenging. When I played on the Yale freshman team in 1884 the man with the ball ran individually, but by the time I played on the varsity, interference was in the process of developing into the keystone of offense, as it soon became and has remained.

When the scrummage went out, the convention provided that one of the forwards, or rush line, to be called the snapper-back, was to pass the ball back to a back, to be known as the quarterback, with his foot. Note that word "foot." This was the first step toward giving each position a name. The designations, halfbacks and backs, had come with Rugby from England; but as the English played the game, there was no need to distinguish one forward from another, their duties being alike. The snapper-back, of course, was our center. As the defensive rush line was permitted to harass him as he passed the ball, and the men immediately at his right and left protected him as much as possible, the term "guards" suggested itself. Inevitably the extremities of the line began to be called end men, shortened later to ends. This left the players between the guards and the ends alone unnamed.

Their position was advantageous for tackling, and tackles they became, although neither guards, tackles nor ends were mentioned by name in the rules until thirty years later.

A Joker in the Rules

In abolishing the scrummage the rules body did not foresee what a revolutionary move they had made. Princeton discovered a joker at once. The convention had provided for the retention of the ball, but not for its surrender. Followed one of the most comic games on the records, the Princeton-Yale block game of 1880, and the even more absurd block game between the same teams in 1881.

Both had defeated Harvard and the championship was at stake when they met on the Polo Grounds, New York, Thanksgiving Day, 1880. By rule, in case of a tie, the championship went to the winner of the previous season, a precedent which caused much mischief. Princeton had defeated Harvard by one touchdown in 1879, while the other games between the Big Three had ended in ties, so the convention had awarded the 1879 championship to Princeton on its 1878 showing. Now the New Jersey school needed only a tie with Yale to retain the silk banner in 1880.

Safeties counted nothing, and once a side got the ball, there was nothing but a fumble to prevent their keeping it indefinitely. If pressed back upon their own goal line, they had only to touch the ball down behind their goal, bring it out without penalty to the twenty-five-yard line and resume play. The Princeton goal being endangered early in the first half by a long run by Walter Camp, the Tigers at once adopted this block defense. Eleven times in the game Princeton touched the ball down for safety, six times in fifteen minutes while Yale was on top of her goal, and the Tigers retained the ball throughout most of the second half, the game ending 0 to 0 as they had hoped.

The rules convention would put a stop to that sort of nonsense. At its next meeting it penalized the safety touchdown. In case of tie, two extra innings of fifteen minutes each were to be played, and if the score still remained even, the victory should go to the side that had made the fewer safeties. At the same meeting a kicked ball that struck the goal posts or crossbar and bounced over the bar was declared to be a goal. Until then such a kick was a failure.

Two Teams With One Thought

But Princeton found a new joker in the deck. Both she and Yale had beaten Harvard again when they met at New York in 1881, and a tie would serve the same purpose as in 1880 and in 1879. Rugby originally had recognized an imaginary extension of the goal lines and the side lines, creating a square at each of the four corners of the playing field running on into infinity. These squares were known as in goal, and though they were behind the goal line, they were not of it. The ball passing into one of the squares, it became a touch in goal and Rule 21 of the 1876 code stipulated: "Immediately the ball, whether in the hands of a player or not, goes into touch in goal, it is at once dead and out of the game, and must be brought out as provided by Rules 41 and 42." These rules specified that it be brought out to the twenty-five-yard line, as in the case of a safety, yet a touch in goal plainly was not a safety, and therefore without penalty.

They knew their rules at Princeton. Within four minutes after the kick-off, Camp sent a long high punt toward the Princeton goal. The Yale ends were down on top of the Princeton receiver almost as quickly as the ball descended, and he hurled it quickly to a Princeton halfback who had been stationed purposely in goal. It now was Princeton's right to put the ball into play on the twenty-five-yard line either by carrying it or kicking it, but the Tiger had no intention of kicking it back into Yale's hands. They chose to carry it, thereby retaining it, and retain it they did for the balance of the first half. During that time the ball scarcely moved from the twenty-five-yard line.

In the second half, it now being Yale's ball, the Blue countered with the same tactics and held it for the entire forty-five minutes, all but the last three minutes being played within a space of ten or fifteen yards. When the second half ended, the referee called for the two extra fifteen-minute periods. Princeton getting the ball from the kick-off, resumed its time killing, and before the first of the two extra innings was played time had to be called on account of darkness. A disgusted crowd had hooted and hissed for a while, then settled into a sullen silence. The ball had been kicked only six times in an hour and forty-two minutes of play.

Yale's willingness to play a block game in its own half was explained after the season, when she claimed the title on the same precedent in which Princeton trusted, but with this legalistic distinction: Rugby now was played with eleven men to a side. Princeton's 1878 championship had been won with fifteen men. Manifestly the championship should revert to the team that had won in the last preceding year in which eleven players had composed a team. That year was 1876, when, it will be recalled, Princeton had reduced to eleven temporarily to humor Yale. You have guessed it—Yale won that season.

This controversial game was Walter Camp's last at Yale. He had played six years and been captain three times, in '78, '79, and after the lapse of a year, again in '81. He might have played in '82, but before that season the convention decreed that no one should be permitted to play in championship games for a longer period than five years, the earliest limitation of the kind in the rules.

Camp was outshone by Eugene Baker until the latter graduated in 1878, but thereafter he was supreme. He and Chummy Eaton, left end, worked in pretty unison always, passing the ball back and forth between them as they ran for long gains. Eaton was injured in the Harvard game of 1879, and Frederic Remington, later the great artist of our frontier, took his place in the Princeton contest. The season of 1880, Eaton's father and mother refused to allow him to play. That year an unknown, "W. L. Adams," appeared at left end for Yale with much éclat. It was Chummy under another name.

The 1881 block game was followed by a great hullabaloo in which the newspapers joined, their first serious notice of the game. The solution first was advanced, according to Parke Davis, in an open letter in a newspaper, signed An Englishman, which was reprinted widely. The writer denounced the block tactics and suggested not only that a touch in goal be counted as a safety but that one side be allowed to keep the ball for four successive scrimmages only.

A special convention, called early in 1882, disagreed; but at the regular fall meeting that year the Englishman's suggestions were adopted, with this difference: If on three successive downs the team having the ball should not have advanced it at least five yards or lost ten yards, it should forfeit the ball to the other side at the spot where the fourth down was made.

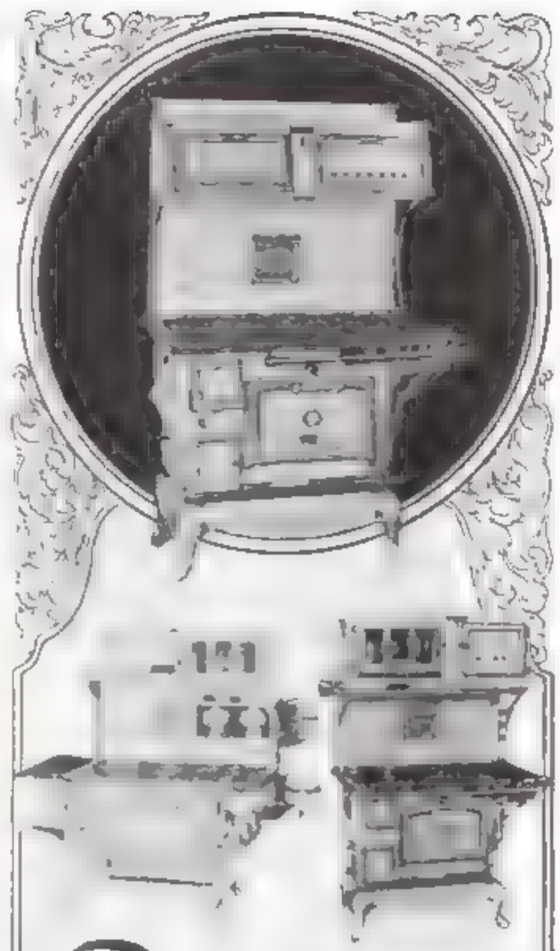
The five-yards-in-three-downs rule was as momentous in its effect as the abolition of the English scrummage and the entry of interference. From this point on American football lost all resemblance to the importation from which it sprang. The immediate result was the appearance in 1883 of rehearsed strategy and the introduction of signals to designate these prearranged plays.

Expert Accountants Needed

The rule furthermore forced the laying off of the field in five-yard sections in 1882 by chalk lines, giving it the appearance of a gridiron, which term shortly was invented by a reporter unknown to fame and came to designate all football fields.

Football might have wound up on the financial page, somewhere between Galveston spot cotton and the Savannah rosin market, if the rules committee had not come to the rescue in 1883 and given each scoring play a numerical value. It had been bad enough with a game decided by touchdowns, one goal equaling four touchdowns, and in case of tie, overriding them. With the appearance of the safety, only a national bank examiner could unscramble the result. A safety was assigned the value of 1 point, a touchdown 2, a goal from touchdown 4, a goal from field 5. The next year the respective values changed to 2, 4, 2 and 5 and remained unaltered until 1897.

It was this year of '83 that I saw my first game, Princeton versus Yale at Manhattan Field, New York. I had no real expectation as yet of being in college the following year, and no certainty that it would be Yale if I did go, so I attended as a neutral. I knew next to nothing of the game, and though Yale won, 6 to 0, the only three memories that have survived clearly that span of forty-three years are of Princeton. I still had the bulging-muscle complex, and the calves of the Tigers' legs, exaggerated by their orange-and-black-striped hose, impressed me much. My other recollections are of the skill and precision with which any Princeton player passed the ball to a team mate when tackled, and of the famous ambipedextrous Alex Moffat.



Fuel Economy

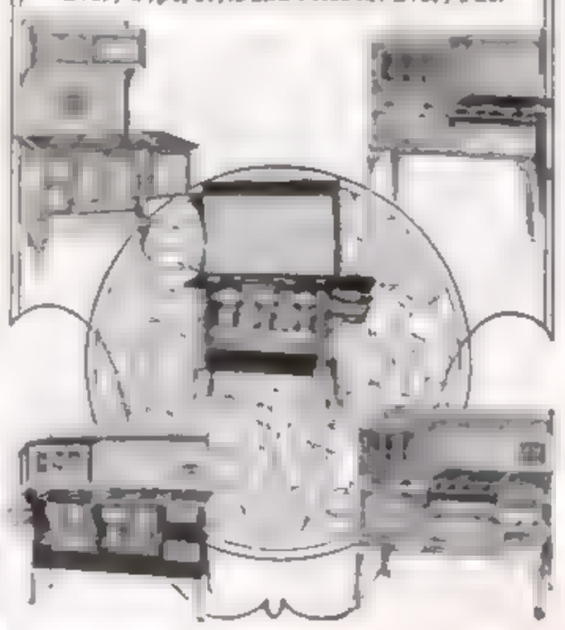
Perfect cooking is one thing—fuel economy quite another. Yet these are the two vital qualities that determine the merits of any range.

Beauty of design alone would not merit the ever-increasing demand for Alcazar Ranges. It is the obvious saving in fuel they assure, combined with their splendid cooking and baking qualities, that has made this line the choice of thousands of experienced cooks.

There is an Alcazar exactly suited to your needs—models for kerosene oil, for gas, for coal or wood—and also the famous Duplex Type, burning coal or wood with gas, or wood or coal with kerosene oil, singly or together. See the Alcazar dealer in your town before you decide—or write us.

Alcazar Range & Heater Co.
436 Cleveland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Alcazar
Quality Kitchen Ranges
Every Type, Style and Price for Every Fuel



Foot-Joy

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"The Shoe that's Different"

WHY is it that in the thousands of letters we have received from pleased wearers of Foot-Joy shoes so many use the same phrase, "I wouldn't know I had feet"?

Why do so many speak of the fact that they no longer experience that feeling of tiredness at 5 o'clock at night? Here's the reason: The benefits men find in Foot-Joy Shoes are definite and exact. The experience of one is the experience of all. When you consider, too, that Foot-Joy Shoes are style leaders and are made for all occasions there is little wonder that they are taking the country by storm.

Ask us to send you the Foot-Joy book, showing styles for all occasions.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

Also makers of
The famous Anatomic Shoes for Men

Name

Address

The previous week at Princeton, in a game with Harvard, Moffat, who was captain of the Princeton '83 squad, had made a football record by kicking five goals against the Crimson—a goal from touchdown in the first half and four drop kicks in the second. He could kick with equal facility with either foot and he booted two of his field goals with his left. Three of them were from difficult angles. The first was kicked from the forty-six-yard line, the second and third from the forty-yard line, the fourth from the thirty-eight-yard mark. This same Moffat had invented the spiral punt in 1881 and changed thereby the whole science of punting. He was the first of the great gridiron heroes of the Tiger.

Michigan, the West's football pioneer, came East in 1883 and played Harvard, Yale, Wesleyan and Stevens in a row. Michigan's first invasion had been in 1881, when they played Harvard, Yale and Princeton, all within six days, losing all by small margins, one of the records of the game that never is likely to be broken. Dearth of competition at home forced the Wolverine to forage afar. Interclass football had been played at Ann Arbor several years before the school was able to drum up its first outside opponent in 1879. The victim was a newly organized eleven from Racine College, and they met on the Chicago lake front in the old White Sox—or, as they said in the 70's, the White Stockings—park, Chicago's first game. The following fall Michigan and the University of Toronto played at Detroit—that city's first game.

College football in the East up to 1884 still was pretty well restricted to the Big Three, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Wesleyan and Stevens Institute; but this season two recruits joined the parade. Richard Harding Davis promoted a team at Lafayette and fired the opening gun in the now historic feud with its neighbor, Lehigh, and Dartmouth invited the Yale '84 eleven to Hanover to demonstrate the game, courteously improvising a team for Yale to demonstrate upon. The score of the demonstration, 113 to 0, made a terrific impression upon my freshman mind, but it was completely satisfactory to Dartmouth. Enthusiastically, the Hanover school took the game to its bosom.

My reputation as a pitcher at Phillips-Exeter had penetrated to Dartmouth. The president of the athletic association wrote me in the summer of 1884 suggesting that I would be certain of a place on the baseball team and adding: "There is no first-class college in New England where a man can get along on less money. A large number of the fellows pay their own way, receiving, of course, considerable aid in the way of scholarships, and so on."

Athletics vs. Scholastics

The recruiting officers already were at work, it will be seen, and not always so unobjectionably, apparently, for in 1881 the intercollegiate convention had agreed to bar players whose college expenses were paid. Dartmouth, however, was not a divinity school. Months before, I had written President Noah Porter, of Yale, and in due time he had answered me personally in his own hand. How executives of that pretypewriter day were able to keep up with their correspondence still mystifies me. "To good scholars the college has given from the Ellsworth Fund $175 a year," President Porter wrote. "Beyond this the college, as such, can do little or nothing; but opportunities for self-help present themselves and are soon discovered by those who keep their eyes open to discern them."

In June I presented myself at New Haven for the entrance examinations and passed. You may get a picture of the youth I was from an incident in the examination room. A boy sitting alongside me asked me in a whisper the answer to some question. I looked at him in shocked amazement. As a younger boy, in playing raggedy mole, in which we raced around a block, other boys cut the corners when out of sight, but I scrupulously ran the full course always.

A would-be divinity student, twenty-two years old and with thirty-two dollars to his name, I arrived at Yale in September, 1884, and turned out for the squad. The college bought its first athletic field that year, the one hundred and eighty-third of its history. Being situated in the heart of New Haven, it had had to go far out to the farther bank of the West River to find sufficient cheap vacant land. Paying good money for a playground caused talk and revived faculty criticism of the attention being given to athletics. Prof. E. L. Richards, who promoted the present Yale gym, dug into the records on his own initiative, proved that disciplinary cases had decreased sharply and progressively since 1875, and silenced the conservatives.

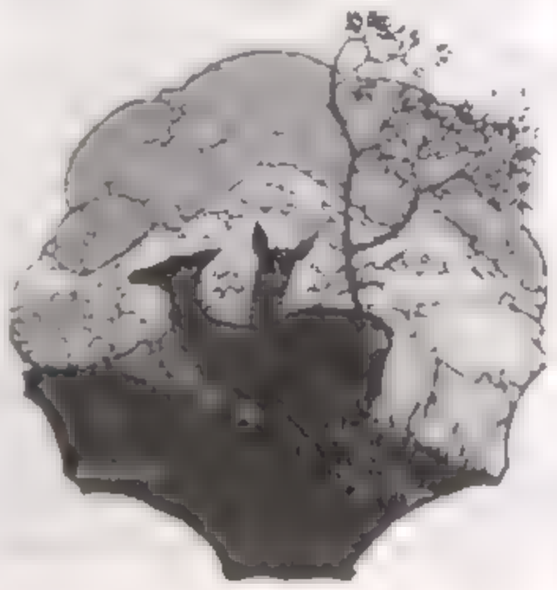
The old gym was a primitive thing where freshmen were marshaled in street dress and forced to swing Indian clubs and dumbbells. No bath followed and the drill probably did as much harm as good. One of the joys of growing to sophomore stature was escaping the gym. Informal football and baseball practice customarily was held on the gym lot, where Harkness Dormitory now stands. Conditions at Yale were representative of the larger colleges.

When Captains Were Leaders

There were no coaches, trainers, rubbers, or even a water boy. Occasional graduated players were drifting back to advise the football team, but the captain still was a captain, not a coach's foreman. He chose the team, ran it, and was not always above playing favorites. Once elected, he was answerable to no one. Walter Camp was in business in New Haven and interested in the team, of course. Once under Camp's captaincy the Yale squad came near dissolving in mid-season over a quarrel between the forwards and the backs. Camp and his fellow backs favored the newer running mass style of play. The rush line was unanimous naturally for the old open, kicking, passing, individual running game in which they could be as spectacular as the backs.

Camp was particularly fearful of a muddy field for the Thanksgiving Day game with Princeton, and with Eaton, Channing and Fred Remington, his fellow backs, insisted on drilling the line in mass formations. The line revolted. That night Camp summoned the squad to his room in Durfee Hall, told them that the responsibility was his, that he either would run the team or get off, resigned and left the room. Ten minutes of heated debate followed. The rush line was as little convinced as ever, but so disturbed at the threatened loss of Camp's leadership that they coaxed him back. Camp led the eleven against Princeton and won, but Yale played the old open game.

Camp resigned another time. There were no training rules or training table, but the squad had pledged themselves not to leave the campus for ten days before the Princeton game, and to be in bed by eleven each night. Catching Johnny Moorehead sneaking back from the theater one night late, Camp called every man out of bed and quit on the spot. Moorehead offered his own resignation instead, and Camp reconsidered. As Moorehead played in the Princeton game, he seems to have been restored to grace.



At Princeton as early as 1879 the students had so criticized the football squad for smoking that the players gradually gave up tobacco during the season. In those years at Princeton the team customarily practiced at noon and jog-trotted half a mile to a mile at sundown. A full three-quarters-of-an-hour period of continuous playing against the scrubs was Yale's daily practice, and injuries were disregarded. There was no freshman rule, but no particular attempt was made to interest the incoming class. Two or three dependable substitutes were all that a team thought of needing. The freshman who made the varsity was either a natural player or had played in prep school. The bulk of the newcomers never had seen the game. If they turned out, they were expected to teach themselves.

George W. Woodruff, who later made football history as Penn's coach, now attorney general of Pennsylvania, turned out the fall of 1885 at Yale, a huge freshman youngster, in a straw hat, running pants and whiskers, to get the hang of this game of football. They put him at guard on the scrubs and trampled him into the soil of Connecticut. The second day Woodruff noted an interesting coincidence. On every third play or so the varsity center, he saw, would nudge the guard opposite Woodruff. That invariably was followed by the guard taking the ball and catapulting through Woodruff's position for long gains. Pondering this, the giant freshman suggested to the scrub center that they try it the first time they got the ball. They did, and to their agreeable surprise, Woodruff burst the varsity line for a smart gain. They tried it a second time and Woodruff went through for a touchdown. Uncertain of what to do next, he lay flat on the ground with the ball beneath him and flatly declined to surrender it to anyone until Captain Peters galloped up, demanded the ball and ordered Woodruff to report on the varsity the next day. He was Yale's right guard for the next four seasons.

A Quarter a Day for Meals

The tuition at Yale then was fifty dollars a term. As a future divinity student I was given an abatement of $20.20. I found an unheated garret room for which I paid one dollar a week. Not yet having found work, I allowed myself five cents for breakfast, ten cents for the noon meal and five cents for supper. It was a starvation diet and I fell ill for the first time in my life. Chills and fever overtook me in class. There was no college hospital and Jesse Lozear, now of Pittsburgh, led me from class to his dormitory room, put me to bed and called a doctor. The doctor was not long in recognizing a case of undernourishment, and ordered me to drop my nickel-and-dime-meal nonsense.

I was up again in two or three days and shortly after fell into a job of waiting table for my board in a students' dining club. Most of the boys were from distinguished or wealthy families. Gill and Solley, of Orange, were members: probably I owed the job to their friendship. Harry Beecher, quarterback of the '85, '86 and '87 teams and a grandson of Henry Ward Beecher; a grandson of Secretary Seward; a grandson of Chief Justice Waite; Henry L. Stimson, later Secretary of War in Taft's cabinet; and J. O. Heyworth, who directed the Emergency Fleet's wooden-ship construction program during the war, were other members. I found a few chores to do and my older brother and sisters were able to help a bit for the first time.

I did not make the Yale eleven of '84, nor did I play until '88, but malnutrition was not the cause.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Stagg and Mr. Stout. The third will appear in an early issue.

284 The Book of Hosiery

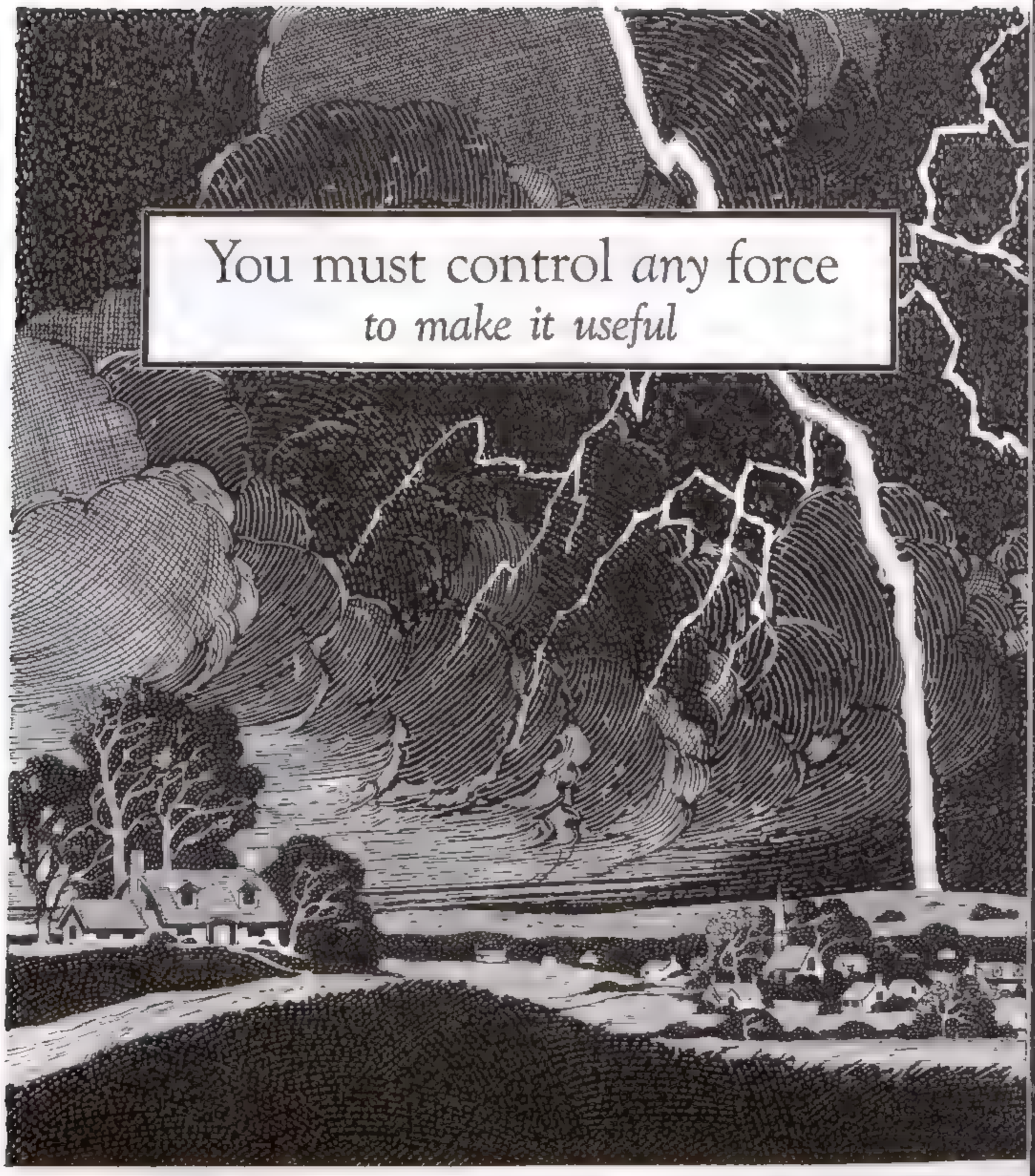
MORE feet to the mile are traveling in Phoenix hosiery today than ever before. And one reason for that is this remarkable men's sock, number 284, which retails in stores everywhere for only

75 cents a pair

It is made of the long strands of pure Japanese silk. It is skillfully reinforced at the places where extra wear naturally comes. It hugs the ankle and fits the calf. It comes to you in an elaborate assortment of smart colors, to blend with any dress scheme. Today it is carrying millions of strenuous feet over long miles of hard travel and at low cost.

PHOENIX
LSB ©

PHOENIX
SILK SOCKS
MILWAUKEE



You must control *any* force *to make it useful*

Science controls *Light* *with* HOLOPHANE

Life without light would be impossible. But light itself is useless until it is in the right place. For instance, no matter how much light is around you at this moment, you cannot read these words unless there is sufficient light *right on the words themselves.*

Every problem in artificial illumination is two-fold: first, you must create enough light—and second, you must convert that light into illumination by directing it to useful destinations.

For creating light you have the wonderful Mazda Lamp; for directing its rays to their proper destinations you have Holophane Reflectors and Refractors. Never think of one without the other.

Holophane units are made of prismatic glass, and are offered to you in many designs, each a *specific* answer to a *specific* (but typical) lighting problem. How they function is explained by the diagrams.

Ask yourself this question: "What am I doing to deliver the light I pay for to the places where I want it—on my desks, my machines, my merchandise or whatever it may be?"

Remember that it actually costs you less to install Holophane units than not to do so, because the improved illumination they provide from a given amount of current pays for them many times over. Write us about your lighting problem and you will promptly receive expert advice for specific application to your case. *Holophane Company, New York and Toronto.*

A ray of light passing thru a glass prism is bent from its original course.
Holophane has developed a wide variety of prismatic-glass units in each of which the prisms are shaped and placed to direct the light exactly as required by some specific lighting problem. For instance, above is the light distribution (as seen from above) of a Holophane 4-Way Refractor for use at street intersections.
Another example—above is the light distribution given by a Holophane 2-Way Refractor for use between street intersections.
And here is the light distribution (as seen from the side) of a Holophane Show-Window Reflector
Holophane makes a specific unit for practically every lighting situation, whether it be a factory, office, school, show-window, street or other place. Above is pictured the Holophane Filterlite, which many large insurance and other corporations are adopting as standard for all their office lighting.

HOLOPHANE CONVERTS LIGHT INTO ILLUMINATION

LOOSE ISLANDS AND LAX COURTS

Continued from Page 37

than to keep an ocean steamer wallowing a hundred miles offshore, and the distance is very little greater. Above all, the schooner traffic can operate practically at will, and almost unwatched.

This schooner traffic could be virtually wiped out if our neighbors would apply their own laws. Maritime law in most of these ports is based on the principle of proper documentation of vessels, proper clearance, and proper entry upon return from voyages. Were these marine proprieties observed by the countries concerned, the schooner traffic would be driven off the seas and the ocean flow of foreign liquor reduced to a negligible trickle. Then there would be nothing left to cope with except border smuggling and the infinitely larger and harder problem of interior enforcement.

Interior enforcement faces the twin problems of too small a Federal personnel and too lenient treatment of offenders. Optimism and politics are responsible for the first, overloaded courts and public opinion for the second.

The Prohibition Unit, which is under the Treasury, is charged with half of enforcement. That is to say, it supervises breweries, industrial alcohol plants, denaturing plants and the various classes of manufacturing and distributing permittees which are offshoots of these. All this is in the nature of preventive administrative enforcement.

But in direct enforcement—in the detection and prosecution of lawbreakers—the function of the Prohibition Unit ends midway in the game. The prohis secure most of the evidence, make most of the cases and arrest most of the violators. That is as far as they can go. From that point on it is up to the Department of Justice, which controls the entire Federal prosecuting machinery; this includes Federal judges, U. S. attorneys, commissioners and marshals.

Now the prohibition people are continually girding at the Department of Justice for laxity of prosecution, and the D. J. is girding back by saying that most prohibition cases are badly made and won't stand up in court. As a matter of fact, both accusations are more or less true, and both are more or less excusable under the present ridiculous system of divided responsibility.

An Almost Perfect Alibi

Leaving out badly made cases—characteristic of the past rather than the present, by the way—it still remains that the Federal judicial machine has made a sorry fist of its share of prohibition enforcement.

There is just one alibi for this bad showing, and it is a fairly complete alibi at that. The Federal judicial and prosecuting machinery was never designed to handle the mass of petty police-court cases which, well made or ill made, are constantly being dumped into it by our prohibition people. The trial machinery has been somewhat expanded, of course, but the increase has been wholly inadequate to meet the exigencies of retail enforcement, with its hundreds of padlock injunction suits and its thousands of hip-pocket hearings and small-time prosecutions. Small wonder that in some centers of saturation even the most aggressive district attorneys and the most willingly overworked courts cannot clean up the congested dockets, despite the legal purgatives of consent decrees and bargain-day pleas and fines.

The difficulties of the Federal prosecuting machinery have been stressed because it is well to be fair even to a system. The alibi, as we have said, is a fairly complete one; but it is not wholly complete.

No court can be blamed if the punishment provided by law is too light to act as a deterrent. On the other hand, judges are very much to blame when they permit their own moist predilections or wet local feeling to influence the sentences they impose.

Damp judges and wet judges are responsible for overleniency in punishment and for overlight bail. But it is the United States attorney who is mainly at fault when offenders are not brought to trial with reasonable promptness. It is true that the most zealous prosecutor in America can't keep ahead of the game in the face of a swamped court docket and an increasing number of indictments. However, zeal in the trial of prohibition cases is scarcely an attribute of all U. S. attorneys. Some of them hate it, many of them dodge it, and every one of them has something else to do besides enforcing this one law.

Local conditions vary so that it is patently unfair to compare the record of one prosecuting district with that of another, unless every last factor is analyzed and weighed. Zeal or apathy is measured, not by figures, but by what Bismarck used to call the "imponderables." When a Federal prosecutor begins sending the big fellows to Atlanta for two-year stretches you know that he is both on the job and back of it. When a prosecutor in a rich wet territory whirls about among the hip-pocket boys and the speak-easy brethren like a legal dervish, while the big-time stuff continues its unchecked flow, then you may know that something is amiss.

Fines Part of the Overhead

For example, a fairly big operator has been indicted six times since 1922. He has not yet been tried on any of these indictments. But the brief-case boys in that jurisdiction are being sent away as fast as they can line them up in court. He who drinks may read.

Here are some prohibition figures from the last report of the Statistical Division of the Chief Investigator's office:

There are 21,307 criminal prohibition cases pending in the Federal courts of the country.

Seventy-four per cent of the cases brought to trial are resulting in convictions and 32 per cent in jail sentences.

The average jail sentence is forty-seven days and the average fine is $184.

In major conspiracy cases, for which the maximum jail sentence is two years, there are 163 people awaiting trial. In the month of April, 125 were convicted of conspiracy.

Enforcement by prosecution is too often a farce. Too much delay before trial; too many booties out on bond and back at work; too many soft-hearted jurors with bibulous consciences; too little prison, too light fines—fines which become simply a license fee and are added to the cost of liquor.

Sometimes these fines run as low as five or ten dollars; sometimes even lower. Last year a certain court imposed a fine of one cent in 17 per cent of its convictions. What price enforcement under such conditions?

The prosecution of the great criminal class which has been engendered by the bootleg industry is woefully weak. But so is all American criminal prosecution. Every step in our procedure is calculated to assist the criminal in his warfare against society.

The prohibition violator starts in with all these advantages. In addition, and far too often, he has the added advantages of wet prosecutors, wet jurors and wet judges—in other words, of a thoroughly wet community. So long as such conditions obtain in even a few parts of the country nation-wide enforcement will be impossible.

One physical difficulty with present-day enforcement is that criminal technic has improved much faster than enforcement technic. Especially is this true of the chemical phases of the traffic and in the methods of secret manufacture and distribution.

Motor Oil can increase it—weaken it—or kill it

The better the oil, the more power an automobile engine will develop—and the longer it will live. Yet the majority of motorists never question the quality of any oil offered them—they accept *anything*. That is why poor lubrication is today the largest single contributor to America's automobile graveyards—and the greatest single cause of repairs.

Maximum Power . . . Maximum Mileage . . . Maximum *Safety*—at least 1000 miles of *real* lubrication—that is what every filling of Pure Pennsylvania Oil gives you!

"the highest grade 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL *oil in the world"*

THESE ARE THE QUALITIES that make pure Pennsylvania a great oil, a *safe* oil;

. . . it has the highest flash test . . . consequently a low consumption under extreme heat;

. . . its free flowing tendency at normal starting temperatures assures a ready supply of oil at every point;

. . . it shows the lowest "breakdown", or thinning out when heated—therefore it retains the safest body and oiliness at efficient operating temperatures.

To your motor these qualities mean: a more efficient sealing of pistons, development of greater power, minimum of dilution, and attendant low consumption of gasoline.

That is why a single filling of pure Pennsylvania oil gives at least 1000 miles of lubrication before you need change it—and that without an oil rectifier.

Take no more chances of getting poor oil. Demand pure Pennsylvania and identify it by the emblem shown above. This emblem was created by the producers, refiners, and marketers of this remarkable oil. Every drop sold under it is 100% pure Pennsylvania—and nothing else.

You will find this emblem on many brands—for "Pennsylvania" is not the name of any *one* brand. It is a grade or *kind* of oil which comes from oil wells located in Pennsylvania, Western New York, Southeastern Ohio, and West Virginia.

Men who display the pure Pennsylvania emblem are good men to deal with. Find the one nearest you—then drain and fill up. Maintain the oil level—but don't drain again for 1000 perfect miles. Then you will agree—it is a great oil, it is a *safe* oil.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY *for a lubrication booklet you will enjoy reading.*

© 1926, P. G. C. O. A.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
308 Chambers Building, Oil City, Pa.

Please send me the booklet, "The Inside Story of Motor Oil," worth money to every motorist

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

S.E.P. 10-2-26

"We found the French doors badly warped"...

"THE owner was furious . . . thought the doors didn't fit," said a Boston architect. "Trouble came from hanging the doors while plaster was still damp."

Having no supporting cross-rails, French doors are especially apt to warp in dampness. Science shows that wood contains tiny cells or *tracheids*. These cannot change in length, but with moisture, heat and cold they shrink and swell in width, causing warping. It is this inherent characteristic of wood that the Laminex process overcomes.

In all Laminex doors, the upright stiles and cross-rails are built on a core of interlocking blocks with the grain crossed in adjoining sections. All parts, including the plywood panels, are welded with Laminex waterproof cement and held under tremendous hydraulic pressure for 24 hours.

There is only one door that'll give Laminex results—that's Laminex! Carried in stock by leading millwork and lumber merchants in popular designs. Look for the replacement guarantee label and brand on end of door. Send for literature and sample of Laminex to test. Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane. Foreign: Woco Door Co., London; E. J. Van de Ven, Paris; Paul Solari & Co., Genoa.

The famous soaking test as originated by Prof. Bror L. Grondal, proving that Laminex is unaffected by moisture. Under this sensational test, repeated in all parts of the country no Laminex door has ever warped or come apart.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY
Tacoma, Washington

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

C. D. 6, for example, was a government formula for completely denatured alcohol. It contained benzol and kerosene in such combination that the U. S. chemists considered it punctureproof—in other words, impossible of successful redistillation. So it was sold for manufacturing purposes without permit or restriction of any kind. And then, only a few weeks ago, down in New Jersey we turned up the biggest single wet-cleaning plant that has yet been uncovered by the Government. They were buying C. D. 6 by the carload, quite legally, and turning out an astonishingly good grade of alcohol by the thousands of gallons a day—cleaning it with chloroform and mineral oils in such fashion as to make the government chemists green with professional envy.

Here is a new change which has been rung on our old friend Islay. Islay, be it remembered, is a concentrated extract of Scotch whisky; a powerful malt with all the Scotch and all the alcohol left in, but with every possible drop of water squeezed out. Consequently it is about twice as strong in alcohol as its parent whisky, and needs only the addition of water to expand it twofold.

Now recently some international philanthropists on a near-by island have gone one step further with Islay. Having squeezed the water out they proceed to distill off the naughty alcohol, leaving a residuum of solids which dries out to a brown powder. Result—a concentrated nonalcoholic Scotch powder—as innocent in the Volsteadian sense as celery salt—which may be sent by mail or parcel post. Once in this country, however, this brown sediment soon finds itself in bad company. Add a little powder to a bottle of alcohol and water, shake well before using, and you have Scotch whisky while you wait.

Chemical ingenuity is not confined to the hard-liquor booties. Wine and beer makings in compact form are on the market too. Some of the illicit brewing talent have perfected a wort which has the old hops and malt-sirup method licked a mile. Wort is in itself nonalcoholic. It is simply an unfermented infusion of barley, malt and hops, skilfully blended. It is a boon to the kitchen brewer. All he has to do is to add yeast to the wort, bottle it up, and wait a few days for something foamy to happen.

Nor are the wine people far behind. They have something called a wine must, which starts out innocent of alcohol. But the vinous intent must be intrinsic to the product, because within a few days after it reaches the consumer there is practically nothing he can do to prevent its turning into wine with a very real kick in it. Why it is called must no one seems to know. Perhaps because it simply must go wrong when it leaves home for the big city.

Two Drinks to a Hairpin

Smuggling practices still follow the old established principles, but every now and then some new device bobs up. Most of the ingenuity seems to be devoted to the small-package shipments from abroad. French cognac sometimes gets through in unobtrusive packages. The best of this is bottled in miniature glass flasks with a drinking cup attached, just right for the vest pocket and just large enough for two drinks. They come twelve to the package, and are marked anything from hairpins to soap.

Some time ago French dentifrices and mouth washes began to appear here and there. They were usually bright green in color and the little bottles were curiously and gorgeously shaped in characteristic Gallic fashion. Many of these analyzed 70 per cent alcohol and were perfectly potable and highly intoxicating; provided you didn't mind a pepperminty and slightly soapy taste. One sample marked "*pour fumeurs*" was genuine absinth.

Most of the big-time ocean smuggling, of course, is by direct frontal attack—that is, by speed boat from hovering schooners, then a quick dash through the Coast Guard, a quick landing and a still quicker get-away with touring cars. But there is a substantial amount brought in by coasting vessels, including large steamers, which enter and dock and discharge their main cargoes openly, the while they are smuggling ashore a lot of contraband liquor on the side. There's many a vessel which has sedately unloaded her legitimate cargo on the side next the wharf while half her crew was at work on the water side busily passing sacked liquor through the portholes to waiting barges and speed boats.

But the prize variation on this theme was the maneuver of the South American tramp steamer which entered a Pacific Coast port a few weeks ago. She came in light, anchored in the roadstead for a couple of days, and then moved over and tied up alongside a barge. This barge was alongside another barge, which was lashed to a third barge, and so on, until there were four barges between the steamer and the shore

The whole performance looked a little fishy and finally attracted the attention of a bright young customs officer. This young gentleman watched for several days. No sign of life on the steamer or on the barges. Nothing happened; absolutely nothing.

Under-Sea Bumpers

On the fourth day a barge in the middle of the flotilla cast off and was towed upriver. The bright young person knew nothing, but believed everything against her. He had her boarded a few miles inland. Under her undisturbed deckload of lumber she was chockablock with 6000 cases of whisky, and there was a newly patched hole in her port side just above the load water line.

Back to the steamer went our young sleuth. Midship on her starboard side, just above the water line, was a brand-new patch of metal. They had cut through the steamer side with a blow torch and through two and a half barges with saws, and had unloaded the entire rum cargo without showing even a ripple of activity on the part of anyone concerned.

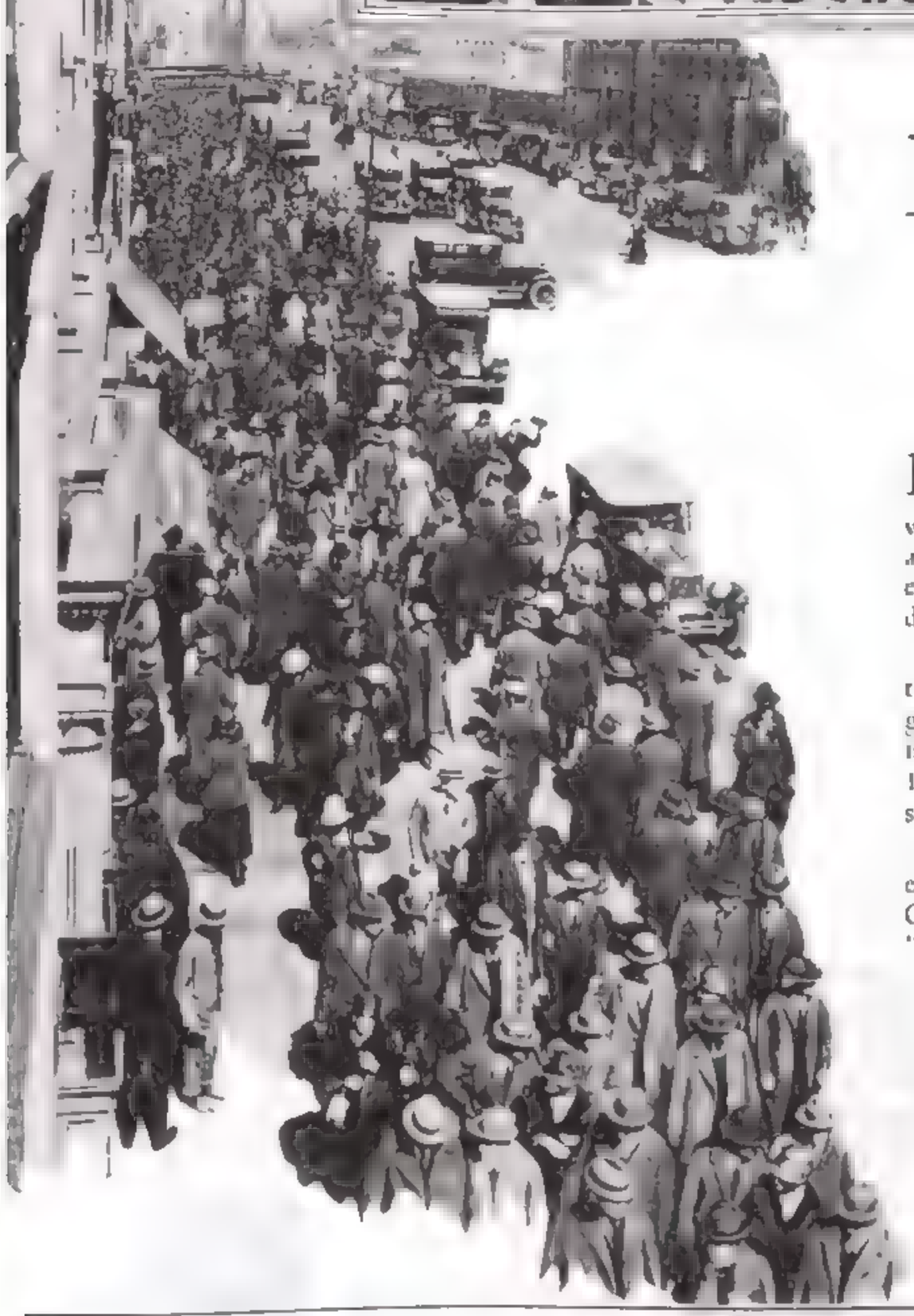
Another device is the submersion tank. The principle is quite simple and almost undetectable. Long, cigar-shaped metal tanks holding hundreds of gallons of liquor are keel-hauled and chained along the undersides of a vessel. Enough air is left in each water tank to cause it to rise slowly to the surface when it is released and when it is wanted. Any slow old tub of a towboat or steamer, equipped in this fashion, can enter a harbor and lie at anchor unchallenged. Only a diver can find out what's going on. When night comes on she can cast off her tanks one by one as the contact boats come alongside and make their buys. The contact boats then tow ashore at low speed the semisubmerged tanks, practically invisible and capable of being cast off and sunk at a moment's notice in case of pursuit.

When we get ashore again we find the booties resorting to all sorts of new stunts and variations on old ones. Most of these are connected with manufacture and distribution, for diversion of government-controlled stocks of alcohol and whisky has reached and probably passed its zenith some months ago.

Drug-store selling is still a problem, however. This commonly entails collusion with doctors. Each physician is allowed to write 400 prescriptions a year, at the rate of 100 each ninety days, and with a limit of one pint to one patient in ten days. Most doctor men, to their credit be it said, use the privilege sparingly and conscientiously. Some of them even refuse to use it at all refuse to apply for government prescription books, in order to protect themselves from their semipatients and their importunate acquaintances.

But there are enough of the quack type of medical men to cause a lot of drug-store leakage the country over. This class of gentry sells whisky prescriptions to all and sundry at two or three dollars a throw. They even sell their books of 100 prescription blanks, signed but undated, to the

(Continued on Page 113)



In City Crowds, too

Note now the sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks just like healthy country folk. They follow the "Quaker Oats and milk for breakfast" habit that's become a national urge.

BECAUSE of limited cooking time for breakfast, especially in the busy cities where every second has a task, oats, the all-important, were often supplanted by easier to prepare but less nourishing and delicious foods

And that pointed to a grave dietary mistake, especially among active workers and growing children Authorities agree oats is the greatest food that grows. Contains 16% protein, 58% carbohydrates; is well supplied with minerals and vitamines

So as to meet that situation, Quaker Oats experts perfected another kind of Quaker Oats . . . "Quick Quaker." It has made "oats and milk" a national dietetic urge.

3 minutes to 5!

Country folks, with more leisurely lives to lead, never straved from this important food. City people were most affected

Now with Quick Quaker, oats are on the "quick" list.

It cooks perfectly in 3 to 5 minutes. That's quicker than the coffee. Thus the richest breakfast now is measured as the quickest

Start today

Millions now use this new Quaker product. Millions of sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks stand to commend it

Having indifferent breakfasts, foods that may lack in body-building elements, foods less attractive and delicious, simply because they are easy to prepare, is no longer necessary

You cook Quick Quaker in a hurry. Put it on the stove when the fruit is being served. When the family is ready, it is ready; steaming, flavory and delicious.

Start today with Quick Quaker. And thus start every day as it should be started—with food that delights the appetite and "stands by" through the morning. Note the new flow of morning energy, the greater vigor that you feel

All that rare Quaker flavor is retained. Quick Quaker cooks faster than Quaker Oats as you have always known them That is the only difference.

Quick Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. That's faster than toast! So the world has turned to oats. No reason any longer to go without rich, sustaining breakfasts

Grocers have two kinds: Quick Quaker and also Quaker Oats, the kind you have always known.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
80 East Jackson Street, Chicago

Coal Dealers too-advise you to consider these money saving heaters

WHETHER you are considering replacing your present heater or contemplating new building, a study of the tremendous economy of Spencer Heaters, which burn low priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite, will convince you they are the cheapest of all heaters to own.

Supporting your consideration of these heaters (which save an average of $7 on every ton of coal you burn), you have the endorsement of thousands upon thousands of owners, architects, heating contractors and coal dealers.

"We have spent considerable time in investigating the claims for these heaters," writes Mr. W. W. Graves, of Graves & Strang, Inc., New London, Conn., coal dealers, to a man about to select a new heater, "and we know rather intimately the practical workout of the heater. Without any question, every claim made for them may be realized in operation. They are true Buckwheat coal burners and operate without any forced draft being applied.

"Our experience proves that in a Spencer as much heat is developed from a ton of Buckwheat as can be produced with any of the larger sizes of Anthracite in any other heater.

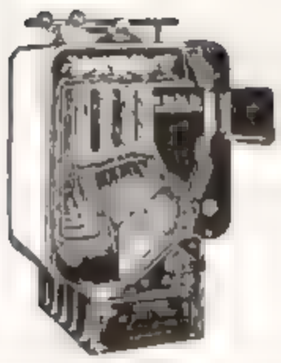
"The magazine feed is no misnomer. It does work out as claimed and thereby reduces the labor and time necessary for attending to the fire.

"It would be time well spent for you to look seriously into the claims made for Spencer Heaters with the idea of installing one of them."

Today, when greater thought is being given to the subject of heating methods than ever before, increasing thousands of property owners are turning to Spencer Heaters. And especially significant is the fact that more than 50% of all Spencer Heaters are sold to replace heaters of other makes.

Remember, whether you are interested in heating a modest cottage or a large apartment or industrial building, there is a Spencer type and size to meet your needs. Sold and installed by heating contractors.

"The Business of Buying a Heating System" is an interesting and informative book that explains most fully what you can expect to save with the right type of heater. Write for a copy.



SPENCER Single-Grate Heater

SPENCER FEATURES!

THE following features of Spencer Heaters are fully described in a valuable book, a copy of which awaits your request.

Saves an average of $7 in the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no more tons.

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty-four hours, because coal feeds by gravity as needed

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances.

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed

Smaller radiators can be used

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor.

Type for every need from small home to large buildings

No night fireman required in large buildings.

Easily installed

Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small size coal

Proven by thirty years' success

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY

Factory and General Offices: Williamsport, Pa. *Offices in Principal Cities*

Division of LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Typical Experiences

"If all the world could know how satisfied those who have Spencer Heaters are, you would have your hands full in meeting the demand.

"I have had one in my house for fourteen years and it is a great satisfaction and comfort. I am a great rooter for the Spencer Heater."

H. W. Perrin
Manager Anthracite Sales
The M. A. Hanna Company, Phila., Pa.

••

"We have in operation several Spencer Heaters and quite a number of our customers are using them successfully.

"We burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal and find the Spencer most economical from an operating standpoint.

"In the recent coal crisis our customers who had Spencer Heaters were never in want of coal because we could give them the small sizes which the Spencer is designed to burn."

Rudolph Reimer, Jr., Vice-Pres.
Commonwealth Fuel Company, Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

••

"I burned only No. 1 Buckwheat, which never varied from the standard price of $6.90 per ton the whole season, and was always obtainable on short notice.

"My next door neighbor with a house no larger spent $400 for coal for the season and did not have enough heat, while my own coal bill was less than $150 and we had too much heat, as automatic regulation had not yet been installed."

A. E. Michel, Douglaston Park, L. I.

••

"I am using No. 1 Buckwheat coal in my boiler and find it entirely satisfactory. I also find that I do not use any more Buckwheat coal in the Spencer than I would Stove or Egg coal to heat my house with any other kind of boiler."

Philip C. Whiting
William B. Whiting Coal Company
Holyoke, Mass.

••

"It may be of considerable interest to you to learn of the results I am getting from my Spencer Heater.

"Of course, there has been no difficulty in getting Buckwheat coal, and this coupled with the fact that it is a magazine feed, which only requires firing once in twenty-four hours, reduces the heating problem to a minimum."

J. Harry West
Vice-President and Treasurer
Enterprise Fuel Company, Baltimore, Md.

Upon request, the names of some Spencer owners in your locality will be furnished.

Ask us to mail you a copy of "The Business of Buying a Heating System". It is one of the most informative books ever prepared to help the property owner.

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal—Averages $7 less per ton—Less attention required

(Continued from Page 110)

druggists at a wholesale price of $200 to $300 a book. When a whispering customer comes to the back of the store all the druggist has to do is to take a blank from one drawer, stamp the date, and slip it into another drawer. These prescription blanks have also been counterfeited extensively and sold to druggists direct. To keep abreast of this game the Government occasionally changes its engraving and watermarking.

The latest practice in bootleg alcohol making illustrates a significant tendency toward decentralization of risk. Just as at sea they now use a lot of cheap schooners instead of a big expensive steamer; just as on land they use a lot of battered touring cars instead of a few big vans; so now some of the best bootie minds are farming out their alcohol production and depending on a lot of little safe producers instead of a few big, and therefore dangerous, sources of supply.

The cutting and bottling plants still have to be more or less centralized. But alcohol can be made almost anywhere. So a practice has sprung up, chiefly in the larger cities, whereby the big cutting-plant proprietors set up a lot of little fellows in business. They furnish the small stills and other equipment necessary for the kitchen-sink scale of production. Sometimes they advance the money to lease small houses in the suburbs and to put in installment furniture as a proper front. These little piecework plants are located anywhere and everywhere—in cellars, in barns and outhouses, in suburban homes, in apartments and flats and tenement kitchens. Any room with a gas range and running water can turn out a few gallons a week at the very least. Then the cutting-plant people send around their collecting cars and pick up the sweat-shop alki, just as the big creamery with its milk route collects the farmers' milk cans. Thus is bootlegging brought home to the people.

The larger the city, the safer the delivery. It is the smaller towns and villages that usually invent the cleverest ruses. Brief cases and shopping bags have long been the commonplaces of bottle delivery. But one retail purveyor who made a specialty of answering hurry calls from hotels worked out a container which did away entirely with bags and packages. It consisted of a series of flat, curved aluminum cans which hung under his coat and was held up by suspenders, just like a soldier's ammunition bandoleer. It was a gigantic form-fitting flask, with a capacity of one and one-half gallons of hotel hootch at seventy-five cents the drink.

Gin on the Water Wagon

Running liquor into the smaller inland cities where there are only a few entering highways is always a hazardous undertaking, provided the local police or the prohis are on the job. The bootleg cars are fitted out with every sort of auxiliary compartment where a case or a can or a bottle may be stowed away. The latest wrinkle is to install a number of small connected tanks in the underbody of the car, but with nothing showing in the tonneau or under the seats. Some of these tank touring cars recently picked up have a capacity of fifty gallons.

Bootie cars used to rely on speed to get away and on shock tactics to avoid arrest. They fired on police cars; they threw overboard great quantities of oil while rounding curves, so that pursuing cars would skid to destruction; and they fitted airplane smoke-screen attachments to their exhausts. Recently a resourceful car runner with A. E. F. experience mixed a little tear gas with his smoke screen. The result was conclusively in his favor as far as that particular get-away was concerned. But every officer in the state promptly went gunning for him, and they finally put him away for a good stretch.

So nowadays speed and force are in disfavor. It is a contest of camouflage and wits. Touring cars travel in slow-moving convoys of two or more, oftentimes with a battered-up and worthless old wheezer bringing up the rear. In case of pursuit this covering car is stalled Hobson fashion in a narrow stretch of road, and the driver takes to the woods. The thousands of dollars' worth of liquor gets to town and the forty dollars' worth of flivver is left for the officers to push off the road.

And here is a new one for urban distribution of alcohol and gin. There is nothing commoner than city deliveries of spring water in large carboys, especially in office buildings, clubs and speak-easies. Now there's no telling gin or alki from spring water when it's in a big glass carboy with a nice new official-looking label across the cork.

Thousands of gallons of white have been delivered in that way. The scheme possesses the genius of simplicity—a lack of concealment to insure concealment, which is the highest form of camouflage. It was invented in New York, which doesn't usually invent things but merely adopts them from the more resourceful West.

Prosperity on the Farm

Moonshine manufacture is on the increase again. For a year or more, during the flood of diverted industrial alcohol, moonshining—which is the actual manufacture of whisky from the original mash—fell off a good bit. It was far easier to run denatured alcohol through a still than to make it from the ground up. But now the good old, bad old mountain still is coming into its own again.

Moonshine plants depend for concealment primarily upon inaccessibility. They are tucked away in woods and swamps and mountain canyons. Always they are guarded by lookouts stationed in trees or towers. And sometimes the approaches are protected by traps or spring guns. The prohibition people raided a still in the Virginia mountains some time ago and brought back a Number 4 bear trap, which had been planted in the trail and covered over with leaves. The trap was powerful enough to bite clean through a man's leg.

The moonshine plant in the woods is a sizable affair, sometimes covering an acre of ground with its mash tubs and boilers and condensers. It is hard to find, and when found is often hard to subdue. For the true backwoodsman has behind him the tradition of resistance to the revenoors. He is likely to shoot first and run afterward, which gives him the edge of courage, at least, over the city cooking-plant bootie.

Sometimes abandoned farms are bought up and ostensibly worked as a cover to the real business of running a still in the farm buildings. One of these high-proof farmers excited suspicion by making a lot more money than was warranted by the few hogs he kept. Furthermore, there was a peculiar and characteristically still-like smell along his road, though not near any of his buildings.

His hogs were always well fed and very fat, and very, very jolly. One evening a disappointed but imaginative revenoor was mournfully watching the farm from a distance, when inspiration came to him. He worked his way round to the hog pen and unlatched the gate. With squeals of unseemly delight the hogs rushed out and tore pell-mell for one of the old barns, where they proceeded to root at the baseboards. The officer walked over and found a hinged section which swung outward disclosing a feeding trough full of alcohol-soaked mash, or tailings, which had been emptied from the big moonshine still on the floor above. The hogs dived in up to their shoulders.

Now for a long jump to the other end of the game—the retail selling business as conducted by the speak-easy. Speak-easies have always been with us, even before prohibition, just as moonshine liquor has always been with us. But they have increased tremendously in number since the big cutting plants began to finance these resorts on a chain-store scale in order to provide a

If you could examine the delicate structure of a child's foot—

FAULTY shoes worn in childhood, when the feet are very easily molded, are responsible for much foot suffering in later life. Eminent authorities say that many minor but stubborn physical ailments other than foot troubles are nevertheless caused by feet which have lost their natural perfection. : : :

BUSTER BROWN
for Boys HEALTH SHOES for Girls

IF you could examine the marvelously delicate structure of bones, muscles and ligaments in a child's foot you would readily understand why children's shoes should be selected with utmost care.

The New Buster Brown Health Shoes have many easily recognized points of superiority. A pliant "sprung-up" arch succeeds the old stiff steel shank and permits necessary exercise of muscles and ligaments. New last measurements give scientific weight distribution, and train the little feet to point straight forward, as they should. A 100% wool heel pad cushions the heel against damaging shocks. The new counter hugs the heel closely, keeps it correctly centered and prevents rubbing and blistering. A specially designed flanged rubber heel guards against "running over", a condition that is the first cause of many foot and minor bodily ailments.

The New Buster Brown Health Shoes are fashioned in the season's most delightful styles for children. The good features are in-built and are noticeable only in a more pleasing smoothness of fit, more graceful lines and added poise of the wearer.

Brown Shoe Company

ST. LOUIS *Manufacturers* U. S. A.

Also Manufacturers of Brownbilt Shoes for Men and Women
16 Great Specialty Factories Daily Capacity 60,000 Pairs

Buster's Picture in every pair

Sold by the better shoe and department stores everywhere.

Calfskin Calf Elk Blucher, correct and irresistible for school wear

There's a Quicker Way than this

If your car has Bijur Lubrication you never have to waste time and money on chassis greasing. You oil every bearing *daily*—in a moment's time—by one pull of a plunger from the driver's seat. You need not even stop the car.

Bijur Lubrication is the coming thing. Packards have it now. Later on other cars will have it. Cannot be attached—must be built in by the manufacturer.

BIJUR

LUBRICATING CORPORATION

NEW YORK CITY

Originators of Instant Chassis Lubrication

An Hotel of Distinction

THE last word in modern hotel construction and service. Right in the center of business, shopping and theatre district and convenient to street cars, bus lines and railroad Union Station. Has the quiet refinement of an exclusive club.

400 ROOMS BATHS

Rates from $3.00

Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers

St. Louis

The MAYFAIR Hotel

steady outlet for their increasing stocks of redistilled alcohol.

A speak-easy is any room or restaurant or pseudo club where an unlawful drink may be bought. Some speak-easies are comfortable flats or apartments; some are regular restaurants, and some are genuine old-fashioned bars, brass rail and all. The New York Prohibition Administrator estimates that there are 15,000 speak-easies in New York City alone; this is more than double the number of saloons in the city in 1918, more in fact than in the whole Empire State before prohibition.

This is scandalous enough on the face of it, but it's not quite so bad as it looks. You can't compare speak-easies and saloons as to volume of business. The average old-fashioned saloon sold a hundred times as many drinks a day as does the average speak-easy. You can't line 'em up three deep before a bar as in the old days. The speak-easy counts its sales in small hundreds while the old saloon rang them up in large thousands. But at that, it's an argument you can use either way—wet or dry.

Here is the true story of a young Australian ex-bootlegger who ran a speak-easy for a few months and then sold out because he could not make money. He went into the game determined to sell only genuine liquor; so he failed. He was a sporting-minded foreigner with no respect for our laws, but with a conscience which balked at bad liquor.

His name, shall we say, was the Hon. Thomas Tolliver, and he began business in a mid-continental city where it was by no means impossible to get real whisky through the sievelike border which does not separate us from our neighbors on the north. But we shall let the Hon. Tommy tell it in his own way.

"I studied the city for a few weeks to decide on a location. I didn't want to cater to the night life. I wanted the business man and the club crowd and the commuters. Finally I went to a real-estate man, and hemmed and hawed around a bit, not knowing just how they took these things in the States. But the estate agent knew what I wanted in two minutes. In five minutes he gave me a list of places to look at, and in five hours I had signed a lease. I had a nice big basement under a restaurant, with a stairway leading down from behind the kitchen. It was a perfect cover, with two entrances and with nothing showing from the street, and with a lot of people entering and leaving the restaurant even in the wee small hours."

Identifying Customers

"I anticipated difficulties in remodeling the place. But not at all. The estate agent sent me to a cabinetmaker and the cabinetmaker showed me a stock of public-house fixtures that made one's mouth water. I bought all my furniture and fittings and mirrors and what nots from that man, and I let him send me joiners and plumbers to do the work.

"There were a dozen men working in that place first and last, and none of them so much as smiled. Nor did they bother me afterward. In two weeks the work was finished. I had a lot of tables and chairs, and a fine modern bar along one side of the room. The bar was very expensive, being of mahogany and fitted with lager-beer pumps and ale taps. But it paid, because it seemed like old times to my customers. I find that when a sportsman is once breaking the law, he likes to break it with all the old brass-rail perquisites. It seems more satisfactory and wicked to him, and he will spend more money.

"Somehow in this business one thing leads to another. Barmen and waiters came out of thin air and applied for jobs. I hired three shifts of them. Every barman was a go-between for some wholesaler. So was the iceman and the soda-water man. I didn't have to search for liquor. It was flooded on me. But I turned them all down and let the word go out that I was buying only authentic undiluted spirits. I finally got them, but it was a long stern chase. Even so, I did not take the words of these wholesalers, but had every case analyzed by my own apothecary, who came one night a week and set up a young laboratory in my storeroom upstairs. He also drank many a peg of my good whisky.

"When I was ready to open up I sent cards to a large list of club men and business men. This list was prepared for me by a chap with whom I had played about a bit in Paris during the war. He knew everybody, and sent a lot of good fellows to me. And one man brought another.

"I had a lookout, of course, and a system of identifications. I used several methods, such as secretly pin-marked cards, consecutively numbered pocket corkscrews and all those old devices. But the easiest and safest identification was the army method we used in the war. This consists of tearing a slip of paper irregularly in half, sending one half to your customer and keeping the other half -similarly numbered—to compare with his when he shows up."

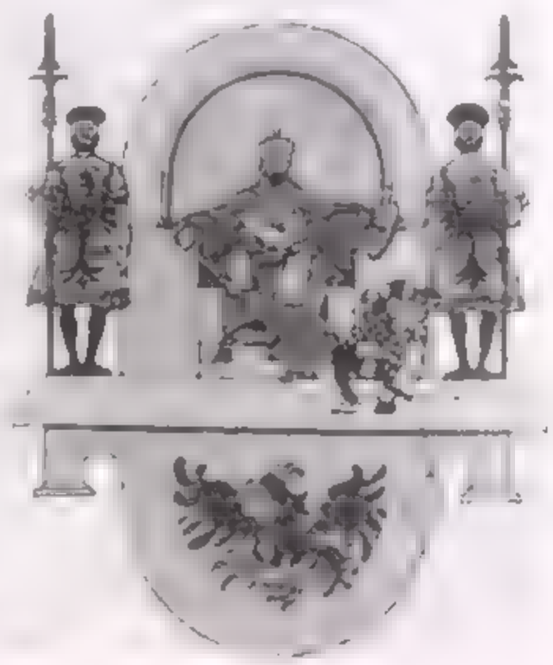
The True Spirit of Protection

"I did very little business the first week. The police johnnies on the beat all dropped in, and to some of them I had to pay a weekly stipend thereafter. But I had been told to expect this, and I was really surprised to find that 75 per cent of these men were satisfied with a couple of drinks when they dropped in from their posts. The bobbie type is much the same the world over, I fancy.

"Two of these policemen became very good pals of mine. One day a fire broke out in the restaurant above. The uniformed officers burst in, dashed toward my bar, seized every bottle in sight and rushed it upstairs to my secret cache in the attic. Customers helped, of course, and by the time the fire brigade arrived our place was a sedate club with a few bottles of ginger beer and soda water for my customers to mix their own if they so chose. We kept very little on hand in the bar in any case; only enough for a few hours' supply in advance. And the beer taps were fitted with secret valves which permitted an instantaneous shift from real beer to this near beer.

"My 'protection' as you call it, was easily arranged through the police sergeant of our precinct. They were quite sporting and fair about it, and charged me only what my volume of business would bear. This ran from two to three hundred a week. But I did have occasional trouble with off-duty officers and detectives from outside jurisdictions. After one or two of these had mulcted me of fifty-dollar notes I hit upon a good expedient. When the next blackmailer arrived I ostentatiously tossed my note case with all my money in it to the head barkeeper for safekeeping. Then I told my man I was ready to go with him to any police station in the city. We entered a taxicab, but he soon weakened when he realized that I really had no money with me. He had to pay the cabby's fare.

"I paid my barmen sixty to seventy-five dollars a week and they took in additional tips of seven to ten dollars for each working shift of eight hours. Waiters got twenty-five dollars a week and about the same in tips. My place ran three eight-hour shifts, and was never really closed except during the third shift, or dogwatch. This was from seven to nine in the morning, when we threw out the sunrise corpses and cleaned up the place. About nine in the morning the 'trembler' boys would be tapping on the door for their morning life-savers.



"I sold only genuine spirits. At that, they were pretty new and raw compared to the liquor at home. I know a great many men in this line of business, and I should say that not one in fifty does as I tried to do. And when they do they fail. One can't sell unadulterated whisky and brandy at fifty and seventy-five cents a drink. Yet you must do that to compete with the others. No one seems to know or care what they guzzle nowadays, so long as it doesn't land them in a nursing home.

"I had to pay good prices for my genuine stuff. Scotch cost from sixty to seventy-four dollars a case of fifths of a gallon; Bacardi and brandy ten or twelve dollars a bottle: uncut U. S. government rye whisky cost me $120 a case of twenty-four full pints. All these we would sell at an average price of seventy-five cents the peg; whole bottles sold at a retail profit of two or three dollars. Genuine champagne retailed at twenty dollars the bottle. It was all Pomery or Veuve Cliquot—no Mumm's obtainable.

"I never had much trouble getting my stuff delivered. Most of it came in the daytime, and was hurried in along with a lot of supplies for the restaurant upstairs. Occasionally the touring car would have to wait around until some suspicious-looking character could be enticed away from in front of the building. But I worked out a plan to take care of this. I laid in a dozen police whistles. Then I hired a small boy and sent him around the corner. He would blow his whistle, toss it over the fence, and take to his heels. This put the wind up the neighborhood, and every officer and every citizen would rush to the spot where the boy was not, while my case goods were carried up to the storeroom."

A Bootlegging Diogenes

"After a few months I had a lot of friends and a lot of customers. But I was not making enough money to pay for my investment. My waiters were cheating me and cheating the customers. My bartenders were stealing whisky and diluting the bottles with water. I could not be on the job twenty-four hours. I needed a partner, but I could find no one who would go in with me unless I would agree to sell synthetic drinks. I found I could detect dilution, especially in rye whisky, by shaking the bottle. Undiluted, the bead lasts about thirty seconds; when it has been cut it holds a soapy head for perhaps two full minutes.

"I learned things, but I learned them expensively and after it was too late. I found that the waiters and bar helpers didn't begin cheating until they had been in the place long enough to fix up a deal among one another. So I discharged them every fortnight and took on a new crew.

"The waiters were the worst. They would pad the customer's check unmercifully, particularly if he had a bit of a skinful. But there was one old warrior who protected himself most craftily. He always carried a waistcoat pocket full of five-cent pieces. With each drink he transferred a nickel from his left to his right-hand pocket. He paid from his pocket account only, and he was consistently right, no matter what his condition.

"And so it went. I had a customers' list of over 1000 people. I had fifty or seventy-five people in my place every day. But I could not make money with decent spirits. So I sold out to a cutting-plant operator who ran half a dozen other places like mine and who averaged $300 a day net profit from each one."

Mother's Shawl Was Always Kept Handy in the Early 80's

What a bother home-heating was in those days! Fire always needing attention. And even then how uncertain heating comfort was. Windows open one minute to let out stifling heat—shawl on the next minute to keep warm.

But in the middle eighties a wonderful thing happened. Automatic heat regulation was invented, bringing immeasurably greater comfort to the home. What a great change it was to have the constantly uniform temperature of the Minneapolis Heat Regulator and none of the bother of hand regulation! Better health too—in these Minneapolis-equipped homes. And lower fuel cost because it meant the end of heat waste.

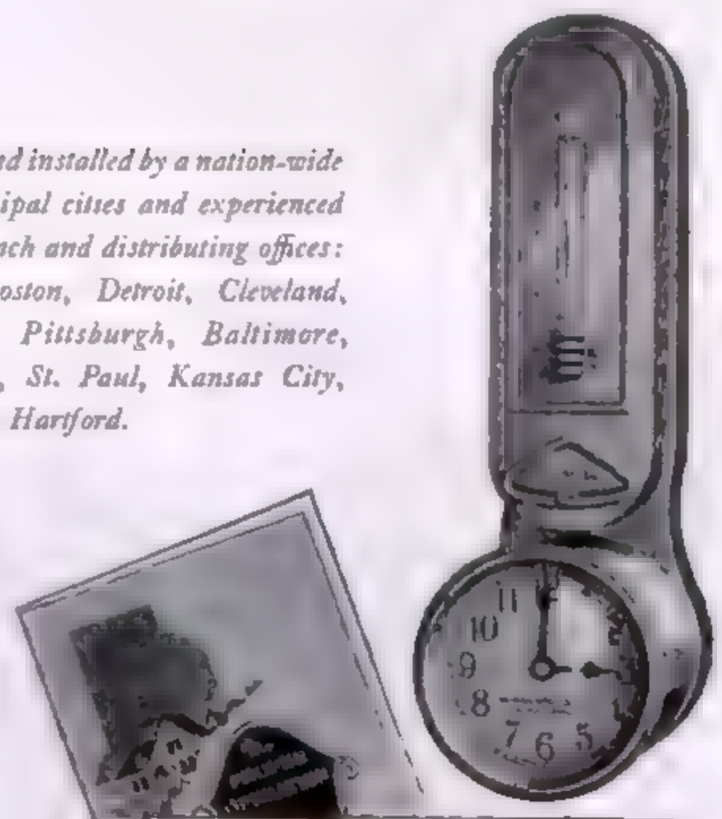
Later, Minneapolis heat regulation added still greater comfort to the home by means of clock control, and today this is considered one of the outstanding Minneapolis features. The clock puts the time element into heat regulation. Lowers the temperature at a predetermined time, at night. Raises it in the morning so you can start the day off with comfort.

for COAL—GAS—OIL

To enjoy your home more, see that your heating plant—the one you now have or the one you are going to buy—is equipped with the Minneapolis. Whether it burns coal, gas or oil, satisfactory regulation is certain with the Minneapolis Heat Regulator. If you purchase an oil burner and want the benefits of complete automatic control and dependable safety be sure to choose a burner that is Minneapolis-equipped.

The Minneapolis Heat Regulator is sold and installed by a nation-wide organization with branch offices in principal cities and experienced dealers in almost every community. Branch and distributing offices: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Buffalo, Syracuse, St. Paul, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Portland, Seattle, and Hartford.

40 ways of saving fuel are described and other valuable advice on operating the home heating plant is given in this booklet. Clip the coupon and mail it today for a free copy.



Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co., Est. 1885
2803 Fourth Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me your free booklet "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant" and full information on the subject of automatic heat control. I have checked the kind of fuel I am now using or have under consideration.
☐ Coal ☐ Oil ☐ Gas ☐ Coke ☐ District Steam

Name.....

Address

City State

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR for COAL—GAS—OIL

THE FAT NUN'S BLUE PARROT

(Continued from Page 25)

The nightmare shoved him into the vacant room. He heard the bolt click after him, then waited, alone, more and more frightened by the dark.

In chains and rags, Ow Jun Yuen, a loose little heap of misery, began to toss and twitch as the lamp drew near. Filthy, unshaven, blubbered with woe, he did not have the air of a man strong enough or bad enough to hurt living creature. His face was meek, tired. Waking, he stared like a child in a fever who cannot tell what has gone wrong, where the pain is worst.

"Don't be alarmed," said a voice. "I'm only a girl."

The schoolmaster saw two nimble hands whip away something red; then a face, lovely and sparkling, boyish, roguish, full of high spirit, and yet as tender as that of a young goddess of mercy. It was floating toward him.

"You did not kill my uncle, did you? Of course not."

She knelt beside the lamp on the floor. If this dream lady were a fox or a sending of the black art, she did not scare him. Her eyes appeared to emit light, rain influence, courage, health, belief.

"No, never." Little Ow raised himself on one arm. "I never killed anybody."

Opening a packet, she gave him food and a tiny brown earthen jar.

"Peck away," she said, "and drink wine. We must be alive, sir. . . . Had any man a grudge to do you harm?"

The prisoner ate fiercely and took a brave pull at the jar.

"Your words," he mumbled, "are dangerous." But having gorged and sunk into thought, he found that her eyes not only demanded the truth of him but shed a clearness on it for the first time. He sat up, hauling his chain. "Why, how did you —— There was; yes, there was a man. Tortoise egg of a brain, I forgot. Danger or no danger, you shall hear, great lady. It must have been."

He began slowly, with a timid glance round the room; then fixed his eyes on hers, and like a very dirty small boy confessing to a mother, unburdened:

"Yes. A rich man, Liu Buk Yun by name," he whispered. "Rich, mighty, a vast coarse mouth devouring the poor. He, Liu Buk Yun, spied my daughter at a New Year's play in the temple yard and came to take her, buy her—my one child, my dearest—and give her to his son for a second or third wife, a byplay. No man walks our earth, I told him flat, who can take my daughter so. He went home snorting fire."

The pedagogue in chains grew bolder as he talked:

"His boy, the rich man's booby son, full grown, had encumbered my school, but never worked out of infant class. And now one night when I was busy teaching, he would break into my house and carry my daughter off. He climbed a vine to her window. My plucky girl—she was alone, for her mother is no more—poked a bamboo right into his big chops and cried 'Thief!' till neighbors came running. The spoiled booby let go his vine, fell, cracked an arm, a leg and ribs. Menservants carried him home, where, his blood being gutter-foul, he died. His father hauled me into court; but for once, a wonder, the judge was too honest or afraid of a howling scandal, so money could not win. . . . Tonight I see, great lady, I see! Who got the knife made in secret? Liu Buk Yun. Who had my name written on the cutler's page? Who hired the blow struck, a year later, on the anniversary, the day of his son's death? Liu Buk Yun, and this time he will take my head."

The young face of her who knelt there grew brighter, a heavenly comfort among shadows in limbo.

"Not this time, sir, nor ever. Keep your head and now give it rest. You will bring many more budding souls to open like your own, fearless and true."

Before dawn, a chief jailer, numb with cold, was lying in his bed again, watching a mystery that cowed him. The dread power in black held a brush and wrote or painted on his wall.

"Work, signed." It froze him with one look through the bloody mask. "Read there, by day. Let the schoolmaster go at liberty."

It broke his lamp on the floor, creating darkness and utter silence. Morning brought no interpretation.

"Was it a fiend, Excellency?"

The judge himself, though called in to rebuke underlings, and though he arrived angry, did little but pucker his mouth.

"Right over my bed, sir. Unheard of!"

On the masonry, depicted in three or four strokes, but lifelike, its color drying, cocked a blue parrot.

"Well—ah—not quite that," amended the judge, in his tone of the roundest and weightiest. "Uncommon, we may say; not unheard of. I remember a colleague who—ah —— In fine, there is or was a phenomenon, a night walker through walls, or absurdity of the kind. The brood may persist. But hold your tongue. By the bye, did you say we had an actor, a shoemaker—no, a schoolmaster, in here? Yes. On the whole, yes. If the evidence was trifling, he might as well jog home to his—ha—elementary singsong. He can't be worth a great deal of our sleep."

VI

BRIGHT and early in that morning her uncle's partner found her at his door. She carried a parcel of clothes belonging to his younger son, and thanked him demurely. That he did not ask her why she had borrowed them may go to the credit of a shopkeeper who was by nature most inquisitive.

"You extraordinary maid!" he thought, blinking affection. "You stealer of old hearts!"

Their talk, pleasant, random, led nowhere. Recalling it when she had gone, however, the merchant smacked his knee and began to laugh. This child, who gave no information, took what she wanted. The names of all rich men in town or countryside, their families, houses, habits, characters; he had sat paying out, reeling off their history, and never once felt her unwind the thread of discourse.

"Oh, Sly-Boots!" He loved a good bargainer. "The devious one! What can she be driving at? Which man of my—ho-ho—my catalogue?"

As for the Blue Girl, she made her way quietly through narrow, crowded streets toward a mark.

"Liu Buk Yun—purse-proud, cruel, debauched. His only son died a year ago. It hangs together," she concluded. "And now for the shop of bad odor in Pure Effulgence Lane."

A ramshackle quarter of the town, hopeless, abandoned by peddler and beggar, sank into gloom. At its core, like a worm-eaten passage long empty, burrowed the lane of Pure Effulgence, dark beneath old mats, torn paper, foul weeds of cloth cramming a rift overhead. The walls, blank or tight-shuttered, gave hardly room between. Here no trade could flourish, or even be. Yet here in the dimmest corner a signboard flamed red, green and gilt—Expanding Loveliness—and a shop gaudy with frieze and scrollwork yawned open to display abundance. Things costly, delicate, far too fine; silks, brocade, jars of paint for the face, ornaments for the hair, vials of scent, jade bracelets, earrings, gold phœnixes, whims in kingfisher plumage, in silver, in ivory mingled all colors and all degrees of brilliance. A woman, her back turned, was piling fancy goods. Neither shop nor lane held anything alive at midday but that one woman. The Blue Girl went by like a mouse behind a cat. Her heart thumped. Safely round a corner, she took to her heels and flew.

"You have seen enough to be frightened."

In the wholesome crowd again, she slackened pace, but made for the town wall, through the town gate, and then alone up rough hillside to a gorge that hid all view of the roofs.

"Danger."

A brook went rushing white among ferns, making them sway to the cool breath of its motion.

"Danger." For a long time she sat there, while the brook carried her thoughts downward and townward. "If my dear Ching Wun were with me to give courage! It is no shop, the place below; a gay door of hell. Can I prevail against it?"

She felt weak, young, lonely, afraid. But stillness up here through the mountain gorge, foam slithering, runlets tumbling jocular into pools, wet fern and spikenard waving, brought her gradually a contentment like the voice of her old nun.

"If you fear a tiger's hole in the rock, you will never catch his cubs."

How often had she heard that proverb, without hearing? Now it spoke not to be denied.

"Loathsome. But we must go in. How can I go, without jewels and rich trappings? What said uncle's partner? A great clan, their name Si or Hsi; with a daughter, pampered, of my own age or more; their house twenty li from town. I cannot, but I must."

That evening was mild and warm, with no moon but a heaven full of stars uncounted layers deep. Countrymen spoke highly of them, drew indoors gaping and, between words, at the next breath, sank into oblivion like things forgotten a thousand years ago. Starlight drenched the earth in slumber. A bat flying would have seemed too loud, too wakeful.

On a hill the Hsi family's old house reared gray among black trees. The power of the night, heavy and drowsy, gave it a grim air, as if it were no habitation, but solid rock.

"A window, though, and life."

High in the upper story burned, as it were, a thread of dim yellow fire.

"You cannot choose. That or nothing."

Where other feet and hands could not have taken hold, up the wall swarmed a lithe dark figure, clinging to ledge, frame and crevice. Window shutters made no barrier to the nun's pupil. She went gliding over the sill to the floor.

A night lamp, round like a little moon, showed the chamber to be of goodly proportion, the furniture plain but rich. In a bed, beneath white mosquito gauze, lay a girl sound asleep.

"Like a rosebud in a mist. What fortune! The right room!"

Waking beauty admired for a moment, then caught aside the veil, and with finger tips light as a moth's wing touched again and again the cheek of beauty that slept.

"Do not fear, my lady."

The girl in bed gave a sigh, a stir of languor, a frown of dreamy protest, all captivating. Her long eyelashes winked.

"Go away, please. Let me —— You're not my maid. Who are you?" She bounced upright, staring, and caught the Blue Girl's arm. "What is it—robbery?"

The Blue Girl shook her head and laughed. "No, fairest. A poor meddler who has come to borrow."

They sat on the edge of the bed together. No man pretends to have heard all their whispering; but as it continued, as goodwill and fun brightened their eyes, they began to shake in a high gale of merriment.

"You have done all those things? A champion, a world walker! Here am I, three years older than you, and nothing but a slugabed! Tell me more. Take anything you want, my dear!"

The lady of this fine chamber jumped up, scurried barefoot across the floor, knelt by a camphor box, and rummaging, tossed out magnificent fabrics on a pile.

"Take more," she begged. "Why do you pick the worst? Here, this, and these. Apricot becomes you; or try the pink, the lilac-and-green."

They romped like children dressing for a play.

"No, no, you tear them! One dress, that will do."

With a small bundle under her arm, at last, the Blue Girl perched in the window.

"But you'll come again?" Her new friend spoke sadly. "Come back and teach me, World-Walker, for I also have a dragon to fight. Promise! Won't you?"

"If only to return your clothes and jewels, dear Slugabed. Much more, to see you again."

Dropping her bundle into darkness, then kicking her legs out after it, the visitor promised with a nod of radiant energy and sank. The window framed nothing but a tree black in starlight.

VII

DOWN Pure Effulgence Lane the woman who kept shop for Liu Buk Yun had, three days running, a customer that bade fair to be worth attention. It was a girl extravagant in lilac-and-green silk, her face dead-alive with powder. She bought pigment to redden the lips, muzzle grease, of not more than a few cash in value; but spent her time and talk without end, rolling a fatuous glance into this or that mirror, preening her hair, doting on trash wherever gaudiest roundabout.

"No coin." The woman in charge, a plump, smooth creature, too motherly to be real, had studied this kind. "All her money on her back. No brain or breeding. A pretty enough piece, but fool eyes. We may venture."

So thought a matron who guarded the shop of Expanding Loveliness with care, and as wife to a professional fighter and gambler, knew her world well down at bottom. If she mistook—she afterward said—let those who know everything blame her.

On the afternoon of the third day, she led the talk with caution:

"Sweet child, are you not very dull, gossiping here with an old body like me? As Nature's darling, you were meant to be gay, to have all the fun of the fair, to turn many a heart dizzy with admiration."

The sweet child, simpering, looked most inane:

"If I thought so —— If I knew how ——"

"My Golden Honey," begged the matron, "let us be confidential!"

They were, at great length, with nudging and giggling.

"It is too easy! Your fortune is made. Come in here with me."

The fortune maker parted a curtain hanging from a high shelf and beckoned. The girl shrank, but came after her.

"Do you really think so—really?"

"Goose! Follow and trust me. You will carry all by storm."

At the rear of the shop they entered a dark recess, or cupboard, which gave them standing room, though a tight fit. Here the matron passed her fingers along bare woodwork. Had she spun round, she might have caught close behind her a pair of eyes not at all stupid, watching. Her fingers met a knob, revolved it three times one way, four times another. The back wall slid rushing down into the floor, and the cupboard, as by one jerk of transformation, became a narrow tunnel.

"O-oh!" squeaked the girl. "Protect us!"

Turning now, the woman saw only a fool in a fright.

"It is nothing, my dainty pet," she explained. "Sorcery, a trick of devils. Take my hand. Move with care." The gloom had a stale, dry, worn-out smell, unfit to breathe. "Now here, pause. Wait."

The frightened fool was hard at work thinking.

(Continued on Page 118)

Found ~ *a way to capture all the flavor of these* ☆ Prize Tomatoes

WE make Catsup and Chili Sauce in a different way. By this method we hold all the delicate flavor of the tomato. It is a simple method—but it is rapidly winning thousands of new friends to Monarch.

YOU know how it is with vegetables. Perhaps you are cooking them for today's dinner—or maybe for canning. But if you want to get the best out of them there is one rule that must be observed. *Cook them while they are fresh and firm.* The older they get the less palatable and nutritious they become. Every hour takes its toll of flavor and food value.

This is especially true of tomatoes. Tomatoes are fragile and delicate. They commence to lose their fresh goodness within an hour or two after they are picked.

That is why we work with the utmost speed when we make Monarch Catsup and Chili Sauce. From our own selected seed we raise prize tomatoes. Then, when these tomatoes are red and ripe, they are picked, washed and inspected—skillfully blended with Monarch spices and pure sugar—cooked to perfection and bottled—*all within an hour after they come from the vines.*

Thus we seal in every bit of the tomato flavor. To the tomatoes we add nothing but pure spices and pure sugar to give just the right amount of snap and zest. This high-speed method—*from vine to glass within an hour*—is expensive. But it is the only way, we have found, to capture all the tomato flavor.

Ask for these two old-time favorites the next time you give your grocer an order. See for yourself what a difference there is in catsup and chili sauce made from *freshly picked* tomatoes.

MONARCH
Catsup and Chili Sauce

Also Monarch Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Teenie Weenie Pickles, Peanut Butter, Salad Dressing, everything in Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Canned Fish and fine table specialties.

Quality for 70 years

© 1926, R M & Co

The kettles in which Monarch Catsup is cooked are glass lined. The heating coils are coated with pure silver. The pipes from the kettles to the automatic filling machines are glass lined. Contact with only glass and silver does away with any possibility of metallic flavor or dark color in our Monarch Catsup.

FREE MONARCH TOMATO SEEDS

The tomatoes for Monarch Catsup are grown from pedigreed seeds, tested and selected by Reid, Murdoch & Co. Fill out and mail the coupon below and we will send you FREE and postpaid (after Dec. 15, 1926) a packet of Monarch Tomato Seeds, sufficient for a Teenie Weenie Farm to grow these big, luscious tomatoes, with instructions for making frames and starting plants.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Established 1853
Chicago • Boston • Pittsburgh • New York

Mail Coupon Today

FREE Prize Tomato Seeds FREE

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
P O Drawer R M, Chicago, U S A

Please send me free packet of Monarch Prize Tomato Seeds, with instructions for planting. I understand the seeds will not be ready until Dec 15.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

City _____ State _____

Our MONARCH QUALITY FOODS are never sold through chain stores.

(Continued from Page 116

"Bother! I can't see what the old harpy's doing with her feet."

One of the feet gave a stamp, no doubt on some hidden bar or lever; a door swung open ahead and light filled the corridor—a sudden blast of light, and smoke and noise.

"That you, my duck?" A man's face popped into view.

"Yes, and a young lady. Go with my husband, dear."

Light and smoke, a confusion of talk, a drum clacking, flageolet and rebec wailing, a high falsetto voice that sang, cash jingling in fan-tan bowls, rattle of dice, laughter, made hullabaloo from end to end of a vast room, where old men, young men, hags of women, girls, were crowding round many tables or lounging apart in corners. Hot and vitiated, the air swam with perfume, tobacco, lamp oil, whiffs of rice gin and the fainter yet more clinging suavity of opium.

"Well, fresh one, you like to join our game?"

The door had closed. Leaning against it, the harpy's husband, an obese giant seven feet tall, grinned at the newcomer. His face, brutal and scarred, wore the look of a man who believed nothing but in his own strength and to whom life was one coarse joke.

"Yes, sir." The girl hung her head. "Yes, sir, if you please. But I am afraid."

"Ho-ho! We don't eat people," roared the man. "Jolly companions every one. I'll take care of you. If you want help, sing out for Tall Yi; that's my name, and they don't play rough while Tall Yi's on hand. Here, you!" He leaned forward to snatch at a girl in pink frippery with a Full Moon guitar beneath her arm, who was hurrying by. "Come here. Shove a new friend of mine about."

The Full Moon player dropped a cringing little bow. Her face was bluish white and had no more expression than an egg.

"Master, with all my heart."

The girls flitted away together. A sad round of merrymaking, thought one, as she followed this dreary puppet who talked by rote; gamblers at the brass cube of *pò-tsz*, at the Sky Dog dominoes, at Nine-Tally cards, at the Cow Herd, at *Haá Luk* dice; the crash and thump and wail of music; the falsetto voice ever yowling an abhorrent song; the cloud biters who lay as if dead, or worse, who gabbled like feverish monkeys; the midnight lamps burning by day—the whole rancid, rowdy, pent-up scene brought on a weariness of melancholia.

"What fun!" said the Blue Parrot. "You squander your time like a queen!"

"Oh, yes," drawled her guide; "great fun."

"But you are tired? The racket pains my head too. Where can we rest?"

Wandering through the crowd, they had reached the far end of the hall, where began a maze of doors and passages.

"In here."

A forlorn room contained a bench, a broken chair, dust; and high up the wall an iron-barred window. The girl in pink shut the door, bolted it, then put her Full Moon guitar on the floor and herself on the bench like things equally wooden.

"I am always—glad—to sit down."

To an image anything but glad the nun's Parrot spoke: "What's your name?"

"All names are false now, indoors."

"Then what's your name now?"

"I am called Peach."

"Where is Liu Buk Yun, your owner?"

"Stop! I don't know. Stop!" The blue-white Peach had an emotion left in her. "You—you—you must not. He may hear. My family think I am dead. So I am. Let be"

"Very well."

They sat looking eye to eye in dusk that grew deeper. Music from the hall whined at them like a brute scratching to get in. By and by the nun's Parrot, as if alone, began to speak or meditate, her voice running on and on, low, quiet, almost indifferent, yet conquering that other sound. What she told—outdoor gossip, news of town and farm, of buying and selling, of crops, of children, of berries ripe on a mountain—was trivial, yet somehow the chronicle wove an incantation. The wooden slave girl moved on her bench, turned, fidgeted.

"Cruel!" she said. "You are cruel!"

Her tormentor laughed, but the laugh was not unkind. "Then, Peach, my dear, tell me the way out. We'll both go tonight."

"Never! It can't be done. I don't know."

"Oh, yes, you do!"

There was no evading of those eyes. "The back door," Peach leaned forward to whisper—"the back door is locked. Always Yi the Tall, who answers it, carries the keys at his girdle, inside. The front way, into the shop—I know the trick of it, which buttons to wind, which floor board to stamp on; but they do us no good. He will be there, Yi the Tall; or at the other end, his wife."

With a whisk of silk, Blue Parrot was on the bench beside her, conspiring, lips to ear.

"Keep near the front door tonight as much as you may, and be ready, for we go out. . . . Now answer true. Is Tall Yi chief servant, right hand, of Liu Buk Yun?"

The bond girl whimpered. "Stop! Yes, he is. . . . No more. Let me go."

"We go together. Now slip on ahead, but stay near the front and watch for me."

Uproar in the hall had swollen, redoubled, the singing, fiddling, piping, drumming; more lamps hung lighted in the clusters of green and gold *fi-choi*, of enameled feather-work like arborescence overhead; gaming continued at many tables, though round more skipped waiters and kitchen imps to lay supper; while roistering through and disordering all with horseplay came in a fresh band of young men, half tipsy, who by their dress and behavior seemed fighters of low origin, outcasts, members of no guild, riffraff. The crowd having swallowed up little Peach and her Full Moon, our friend in lilac-and-green paused near one of the quieter games and looked on. Behind her, against the wall, sat a man bent double who held his forehead in his palms.

"Do you suffer, sir?" On her tour of the hall she had remarked his face and thought it the only decent one there.

"I do, child." He now glanced up with a wry grimace, comic, woebegone. "The pain is not in my tummy, but in my soul or purse. Your most obedient to command, for ten days I've been playing Heaven Dog. Ruined, swept out. All my earnings gone to—to engorge another gentleman. A fool at fifty is a fool indeed."

As though admiring her shoes, the girl bent down toward him. "To engorge Liu Buk Yun, sir?"

"Very dainty feet!" cried the gambler. His eyes took swift account of all who might overhear, then gave her warning. "My dear girl," he murmured, "you guess right; but never employ that name too freely in his own den. Drop it!"

"Have you seen him here?"

Again the man darted suspicion to right and left. "Not for three or four days. Drop it, I tell you!"

Though disappointed, the girl, while she moved on, felt a growing indignation. Who then was Liu Buk Yun—a bugbear, a tyrant, a god, to scare mortals and never be named? One mortal in the room did not fear him. No, that was a brag; for having drawn in her chair at a supper table among nondescripts and begun to feed, she acknowledged a tremor of anxiety

"It is all," she thought, "too vague. What have you learned? How can you ask your way?"

In a surprising manner, her way opened. Through the crowd lurched half a dozen of those tavern brawlers, highland bullies, who sang and shouted.

"Hallo!" cried one, passing behind. "A new girl, hey, sweetheart?" He clapped her on the shoulder.

"New? Let's look." Another reached across the table, knocking dishes off, caught her by the chin and yanked it upward. "Let's look. How now? Here, Face!"

Her temper flew to the winds. "Enough of you all!"

What came next, came like an explosion of fire. They who jumped or crawled into safety, report that a continuous bright ring whizzed level through opium smoke. It was the blade of the nun's gift, the Last Word. To our own day they tell how the brightness cut heads off three or four young men. It did not. At a point in circumference the ring flickered or swooped; and there from the head of one chin-fondling boy soared a black disk high toward rafters. The disk being the crown of his cap, he hugged the floor. His companions backed away and overthrew chairs, tables, fiddlers, girls, to make the ground ready; for by an art which had forsworn them and a training neglected, they knew without argument a real slice of the sword.

"Oh, Yi! Help! Come here, Yi the Tall! A master! Come, look out, rough play, a champion in the clothes of a girl!"

Their shouting died as the tall Yi broke through them like a buffalo among pigs. Naked to the waist, his yellow body as if oiled, with knobs and ridges of muscle under sagging fat, he held above them a bare sword, or hanger.

"Girl, man, fox," he crowed, "let me deal with it!"

Into the clearing he hopped, enormous, light on foot. He laughed, his countenance glowed with joy not of battle, of butchery.

"A master, eh? Well, master that!"

His blade swept down in a curve higher than the knees. Over it the girl danced as over a skipping rope. She replied with a backhand cut from below, so easy that her point seemed to deliver a mere nick by chance. The tall Yi dropped his weapon, howled and sprang backward, his left hand clutching a powerless right arm from which the blood squirted in jets.

"No one stir," commanded the champion, "or I finish this man!"

He endeavored, kneeling, to bind the arm with a strip from his belt.

"I shall anyhow," she added, "unless you render up the truth."

That glow of joy, that butcher's readiness, had enlightened and convinced her.

"You, not any school-teacher, but you! You killed my—you killed Ngan Si, the merchant?"

In silence, in a gape of wonder, every man and woman turned on him. The yellow carcass forgot its red arm.

"No!"

They watched an ugly face of a liar surprised.

"Out with it! You killed the merchant? Speak out!"

Her blade, the Last Word, shone to and fro like a tail switching at him. If he denied again, she was beaten; right or wrong, she could not end him here; only the power of the eye might conquer.

"What if I did?" Before spirit, a lump of flesh gave way, and the tall Yi groaned. "Yes. I do as Liu Buk Yun orders me."

"All bear witness!" The girl's voice rang. "All have heard!"

She took his keys, took the sword off the floor, and with her own waved him to rise and go. The crowd left a lane. Into the room where Peach had rested the giant went, growling.

"Tend your arm or you'll bleed to death."

He roared back, "Ain't you meaning to help me, boys?"

The trade-fallen bruisers, a half-hearted mob, ran at her. Then began a spectacle of many driven by one; for with a sword in each hand, the one put forth wings like a dragon fly, wings of steel, vibrating, whirring, filmy as the smoke they cut, brighter than the lamps a dragon fly darting beauty and terror. The many, the boys, tumbled into his room after him. She locked the door.

VIII

ONE more person entered the hall that night A sweet-spoken woman who kept the magazine of Expanding Loveliness found herself brought in without ceremony by the ear. There was plenty of noise, but neither music nor game, while haggard captives waited for morning. Only three persons went out. They closed the shop, made every shutter fast, left all tight as a drum, and in the black burrow of Pure Effulgence, parted.

"I got back my own," said the ruined gambler, "with usury." Grinning, he held up a lighted lantern and a bag. "Share with me, young Pearl of Warriors?"

"No, thank you, sir. No blood money. But you will guard this poor thing to her home? I still have an affair on hand. Go with him, Peach, and walk safely." A scared little ghost in pink followed the bobbing lantern.

When day had come, an early riser, a ventripotent and grave dignitary, the prefect, stood in his office and frowned upon the table. A document lay there which no secretary or courier had brought or even seen before. It was a letter, properly addressed, but short and blunt in phrase. The prefect read it again:

> Send right away to the shop of Expanding Loveliness. Break into the back room. Get the head man there, one Yi the Tall. He ordered the knife, he killed the merchant Ngan Si. His master Liu Buk Yun, who hired him, I cannot find as yet. Dispatch. Punish. Or you will receive another call, sir, from

For signature the letter had a thumb-nail drawing, vigorous, lifelike, saucy, of a parrot colored in blue.

"I'm a light sleeper. I heard no one moving," thought the prefect. "Is my house, like the jail, porous to emanations? Are we to have no peace? But we must act." He hurried to the door and called in anger: "Here, if you please, quickly!"

At the same hour, alone in a hired room, she who had written the letter bent to examine finery, her lilac-and-green silk.

"By the favor of heaven," she concluded, "it hasn't caught a speck, neither blood nor dirt."

Having brushed them, she folded the gorgeous borrowings away; then, with a yawn, a sigh of content, lay down to forget the world. All day she slept, and at evening woke merry as a cricket.

"Now for your dear Slugabed," she proposed. "After last night's ragtag and bobtail, how charming that there is anyone like her!"

Real crickets were trilling over the hills by starlight when she had gone from town and crossed open country. Again the black trees and the old gray house towered, with one vertical chink shining far up at a window. She tucked her parcel under her jacket and climbed.

"What? A mistake?"

Before, this window had shone at the right hand; now it shone at her left. It was not her friend's window. Hanging by a vine, she peered through the crack and saw into a room, the wrong room, where a young man sat pondering a book. Elbow on table, cheek on hand, he outthought some old and crabbed page.

"He looks," quoth Blue Parrot, "very kind. A fighter—not like me, ignorant against ignorance; a fighter with learning. He won't hear."

Her friend's window was open, dark. She mounted the ledge, touched the floor with bare toes and went quiet as breathing. A vapor of mosquito net rose in the corner, but no one lay abed there. The girl put down her bundle on the camphor chest near by and retreated.

"Who —— Eh?" A door swung, lamplight wheeled in, a shadow caught her by the arm. "What are you up to?"

The shadow—it had a firm hand, a cool voice—drew her into sight. "Now then?"

It was the young reader from the next room. Alert, handsome, rather inquiring than reproving, he bent his brows on her.

"What's your trick?"

She could not find a word for shame, but pointed to the camphor box.

"A girl?" said he. "Why, look here, who's dreaming, you or I?"

"Let me go, sir. I borrowed clothes. I have returned them, there."

(Continued on Page 123)

"The joy men get from pipe-smoke is something good to see"

Olga Petrova

Always a joy because it's always

Quality created the demand— Demand made possible the price

NOW 12¢

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

"The Invisible Bedroom"

Used by day—none would guess that this handsome, deeply upholstered, latest mode Kroehler Davenport, contains

A Full-Size Bed

One simple easy motion reveals it—with deep pliant springs, a soft, downy mattress, and fresh, inviting linen all in place. It is the modern space economizer used today in millions of homes

Famous Kroehler Hidden Qualities

Guaranteed Spring Steel Understructure.

Seat-supporting springs are large wide coils of Premier quality, high tempered steel. They rest upon and are interlocked with a strong, yet flexible, spring steel understructure. This is sturdy quality construction—vastly superior to ordinary web construction because it is positively permanent and will not sag or tear loose from the frame.

Spring Edges

Double-stuffed and closely stitched. Heavy sheeting over springs

Hardwood Frames

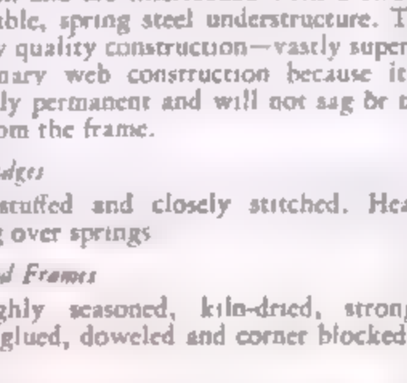
Thoroughly seasoned, kiln-dried, strongly braced, glued, doweled and corner blocked.

Cushions

Luxuriously comfortable, spring-filled loose cushions, padded with clean, white felted cotton. Closely assembled, interlocking spring construction. Retains its shape and never becomes unsightly

Filling Materials

Germ-cured vegetable fibre filling (moss, flax and cotton), clean and sanitary.



KROEHLER

Davenport Beds

Time for *new* living room furniture

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE NEWEST DESIGNS AT YOUR KROEHLER DEALER'S STORE

ARE YOU moving into spic and span new rooms? Are you planning for winter's indoor hours by rejuvenating your present rooms—by replacing your present living room furniture with new pieces?

Remember that October is the month of golden opportunities in upholstered living room furniture made by Kroehler.

Everywhere Kroehler dealers are now exhibiting the newest patterns—the latest upholstery coverings. Thousands will add to the comfort and beauty of their homes with this luxurious quality furniture which sells at such surprisingly moderate prices. Will you?

More Value for the Money

The beautiful designs on these pages are just a few from the celebrated Kroehler line of quality living room furniture. They show the very latest modes in frames—in colors—in fabrics. Made of identical materials and identical designs by slow, costly "small shop" methods the prices would be much higher. *But*—because this beautiful furniture is made in the mammoth Kroehler factories—where the largest volume of upholstered furniture in the world is produced—where finest quality raw materials are purchased in vast quantities—where every operation and method is modern and scientific—manufacturing costs are reduced to the lowest point—and your dealer can offer you this beautiful, *quality* furniture at most attractively moderate prices. And it is furniture that is built to last—built to highest standards as is proven by these

Famous *"Hidden Qualities"*

When your dealer sells you a Kroehler Living Room Suite or Davenport Bed he is offering you fine furniture. It is built not only to look fine—and give you luxurious comfort—but to *last*. The quality goes all the way through. Just glance at the Hidden Qualities listed on the opposite page. They tell why a Kroehler Suite keeps its handsome appearance and deep, luxurious comfort for years and years—why it is a paying investment. Remember *now* is the time to buy your Kroehler suite—the biggest furniture month of the year—the season of wonderful displays and inducements.

See this handsome furniture, in period and overstuffed designs at the nearest Kroehler dealer's store. See, also, the wide variety of rich, *quality* coverings, in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, jacquard velours, frieze, moquette, leather and leatherwove. Dealers sell for cash or on easy terms. You will know the genuine by the Kroehler name plate on the back. If you do not quickly locate Kroehler Furniture, write us for dealer's name and a copy of *"The Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements."*

Address KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, or Stratford, Ont. *Factories* at Kankakee, Ill., Bradley, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Dallas, Texas; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif. *Canadian Factory:* Stratford, Ontario

KROEHLER

& Living Room Furniture

The Ox Woman

On an East Indian farm, where the crop is tea, a wooden plow turns up the rich black soil. A woman drives, another woman pulls—and a black ox pulls beside her.

Six hours under a tropical sun, a bowl of cold rice—and six hours more. Then the woman goes to her bed of rushes, and the beast to his mud stall. Tomorrow will be the same.

America knows nothing of such hardships, yet even American women still do too many tiresome tasks. Sweeping, for instance, which a vacuum cleaner can do for 1¾ cents an hour; enduring a hot kitchen on ironing-days, when an electric iron costs only 5½ cents an hour; pedaling a sewing machine, which an electric motor will run for ¾ of a cent an hour.

Turn *all* your hard work over to electricity.

This monogram was first used 27 years ago—in the early days of electricity. Today it is on millions of motors that save men and women from physical drudgery—and on the MAZDA lamps that beautify our streets and homes.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 118)

The young man dropped her arm and began to laugh.

"What, my sister's friend, the World-Walker? Pardon me, for I'm her brother, known as Bookworm. Sit down and have a cup of tea."

"No, thank you, sir. I can't stay."

"Ah, now, quite all right. Let me fetch the lamp."

He dodged out. When he returned, the room was brighter but emptier.

"Excuse —— Eh? Gone? Hallo! Devil a word! Why, she'll break her neck! It must be an adept."

He craned over the window sill. A bunch of garden leaves wet with dew hit him in the face. He could not see who had thrown them, but heard her run away, laughing.

IX

FATHER and mother knew not what to believe. The mountain villages hummed with talk, with news of the girl, boy or fairy who had overthrown Yi the Tall, defeated other champions, taken single-handed the stronghold of Liu Buk Yun and driven that mighty rogue to escape for his life.

"You did it?" exclaimed the girl's father. "You, alone?"

"Your fat old vagabond," cried mother, "she prophesied a wild bird in our tame nest!"

"How could you dare?"

"Is it true? How many heads cut off, do they say?"

"Not one." Their daughter laughed. "I was horribly frightened. The rest is true. Keep it all secret or we'll never catch Liu Buk Yun. . . . Oh, yes, I must go after him, somewhere to the north. Our work's not ended."

Though bursting with the glory of her secret, the old couple held their tongues; and when later she took the road, they watched with even more pride than grief the last motion of her blue dress, her tawny back hamper, as down she climbed from sunlight beneath oak and chestnut boughs.

"Fame, wife. She'll bring us fame."

"A word," said mother, "won't fill a house."

They returned slowly to their door. Through the woods, alone, the Blue Parrot began her second wandering, of which the fame has filled many houses. To overtake one man, a subtle fugitive hiding among millions, was a task which in theory demanded supernatural wisdom.

In practice, with knowledge of the country and by hard thinking, she might narrow the search.

"If Liu Buk Yun ran away north," she reflected, "he will cross the Lake, then maybe the River, maybe not. A smooth, pale, smiling man; round-faced, with sleepy eyes and broad liquorish mouth; a tremendous eater, a tremendous talker, so loud and genial as to grow tiresome. An eater. If he passed by Dame Sweet-Tooth's Inn, he could not resist. And he would think her an obscure, out-of-the-way person."

Two days of rapid journey brought her down over banyan hills, out on a marsh, where in sunset burned like new brass a great forlorn sea of muddy water. Boats lined a pier, fencing it raggedly with their masts. A hut perched above them or toppled toward the mud that stank of sulphur. This was the tavern kept by Dame Sweet-Tooth, a ragged little witch whom travelers praised from shore to shore, extolling her cookery, her rice and pork, her Sui-Sun tea.

"What, my young precious?" the dame shrilled in welcome. "And where's Ching Wun, our venerable sister?"

Late that night, private, the girl asked her own question: "A pale, smooth, plump man, who eats and talks more ——"

"Oh, that claptrap? That bottomless food bag?" The dame threw up her hands and shook with laughter. "He ate me out. My ears are still ringing. He called himself a merchant from the north. . . . Yes, dear, he crossed the Lake five days ago, in the boat called Fortune's Minion."

All the next day, drifting in a hot calm or sailing before puffs of hot wind, another boat carried her across the Lake. Two sailors, a rough, sun-blackened pair, watched with doubtful awe this lone girl who was not afraid of them.

"Nor, as it might be, of anything," they reported, "for behold what she did."

At twilight they nosed the bank under a small town with a bad name, drove their mooring pole into ooze, lighted their fire pot and cooked supper. No mortal of any sagacity would go on, after dark, in that neighborhood. The girl ate with them, talked and joked, perfectly at ease; but then she got on foot and said, "Going for a look round. Back by and by."

The boatmen shouted, warning her. She jumped among the eel grass and up the bank, out of sight.

What happened on shore that evening many persons have told in many ways, distorting fact into fable. The owner of a mulberry grove near town was walking home not so early as he would have chosen to be abroad, when a water spirit with an extraordinary pleasant voice halted him. In the dusk he saw her none too well; but she was taller than he, and her feet made no sound on the path. Without threat or harm—except a deadly chill gust up his neck and scalp—she talked with him, asking a few questions. He took infinite care to speak the truth. Had any stranger, for example, come to town in the past five days? None, madam; none whatever. Thanking him sweetly, the lady of the mist floated off toward the road under the black trees. When he ran, his joints came untied, so that he fell.

Under an arch of trees the Blue Parrot paced back and forth, limbering her legs, thinking; thinking not of Liu Buk Yun but of a youth who had read a book in a high room, who had caught her.

"A boy of good family, polite, brave; no doubt he scorns ignorant wayfarers."

The thought humbled and saddened her, yet was not bad company in this dark tunnel of branches. Turning, returning, at the far end she paused to hearken. A little continuous cry like that of a trapped animal had broken the silence, near at hand, but smothered or confined.

"A wild thing in a pit? No, human. It suffers. A child?"

The road ran out gray under the open sky. Low, dark and formless, there squatted a building from which the cry came in rhythm as of pain throbbing.

"A temple," said the Blue Parrot. "But not a holy song."

The doors were tight, the walls had not a window. Ruinous, with an air of dishonored old age, the temple sank among marsh weeds. It was a very small, poor bit of masonry. Round it the girl passed, eying and fingering wherever stucco or mortar had crumbled, then at last dropping on her knees to work. By Ching Wun's method of corner play, she loosened a brick, another, another, and extracted them. Light shone, the wailing cry poured out full volume.

Through the hole she saw a gilded god look serenely on two men with shaven heads, an old priest and a young, beating a girl who lay on the floor. Two wrinkled women, hard-featured but calm as the god, sat like him and observed.

"Can't let that go on. Pay your debt to the sister, and your vow."

Brick after brick flew into the marsh. A pair of brethren, degraded members of a corrupt body, felt themselves blown asunder by a whirlwind that rose between them and took form as a mortal woman.

"Did they steal you?" it said. "Yes? Then roll out of our way."

The elder priest gave a jump backward, at the same instant, like a trained fighter, as he was, drawing and throwing a long knife. It would have passed through any other mortal, but only cut the air above her head and drove home at a venture; for behind her the young shaveling clapped both hands to its hilt, shouted once in anger, dropped, and never spoke again.

"Thank you, sir." Blue Parrot held the knife thrower down, winding him in the ropes they had used to flog with. "And so good evening."

Lamps on the altar gave uncertain brightness, but enough. She drew the bars from the temple door, swung it open and turned on the pair of hard-featured women, who shrank from her in a bustle to hide something.

"No, you don't! Give it here!" The girl deprived them of a leather bag, well rounded, weighty. "Silver, eh? Your price for that poor child?"

The women began reviling her. She cuffed their faces and pushed them out headlong into the dark.

"Now, little friend"—she borrowed a lamp from the altar—"can you walk, or shall I carry you?"

The beaten prisoner, though sobbing and limping, came with her. Outside, in mud, she put down lamp and bag of silver, then shut the door on the living man and the dead man.

"This god's money we'll spend to better advantage. Wait, one moment."

With her knife point on the stucco beside the door, Blue Parrot scratched a brief warning to travelers.

"They will know," she declared, "what kind of temple that was. . . . Who are you, dear?"

"My name," blubbered the stolen girl, who was a pretty creature, though stupid with fright and suffering, "my name, illustrious one, is Yün Heong. They beat me because I called for my mother."

"It happened to me once. Where do you live?"

"A day's journey upward."

"Which will be more quick, by land or by water?"

"By water, great lady."

"Then off with us! Home you go!"

They left the lamp shining before the temple of the marsh god and hurried away.

Two sailors who crouched by a fire pot in the bow of their boat were so greedily opening a hamper that they heard no one come aboard.

"What are you doing with my basket?"

In the ruby firelight stood a girl whom they had hoped never to see again. Caught stealing, they jumped up and tried force.

"Be quiet!" Her money bag rapped each man on the crown just hard enough to knock him silly. "Get up, amateur thieves, and pole your boat off. We have slaughtered nine or ten priests in a temple and the town comes running hot-legged as hornets to find you."

It was their terrible passenger the fly-by-night, beautiful without mercy, who laughed at them.

"Pardon! We thought you were gone. We meant no harm, Summer-Lightning Ineffable!"

She laughed again, but kindly. "Up stake, boys, and out! It's not a good shore for you or me. Let us put out and meddle no further with baggage. Free pardon; all right. A young lady who lies weeping on deck, aft, is to be carried home. You will earn forty pieces of silver, a god's money to do a god's work. Haul your stake."

The boatmen plucked it up sucking from ooze.

The boat, unmoored, slid on water where stars grew long, parted and sank drop by drop through a ripple of motion.

"Rest. Cry if you want to," advised the Blue Parrot, holding a girl's head on her lap. "Are you comfy? Then rest. I was born three years before you, but went through it all ages ago. There, there, we sail home."

They poled round a black fringe of weeds. Fireflies covered them in a storm drifting like golden snow.

X

HER search for Liu Buk Yun was delayed, broken, impeded by many such bits of work along the way, and still further perplexed by a new hindrance—the growth of her own fame. It was the rescued girl's

(Continued on Page 125)

The handiest paste package you ever used

"... that's the slickest proposition I've seen in a long time. A wonderful improvement over any paste package I've ever used. I can't for the life of me see why someone didn't invent it long ago ..."

Wonderful NEW Spreader

JUST pick the tube up—hold vertically like a paint brush—and spread. Over the tube's mouth is a patented, flexible rubber tip, which forms the spreader. When you start spreading, a small slit in this rubber tip opens, allowing just enough paste to come through. When you stop spreading, this slit closes. Then lay tube down. That's all. Works better than a brush—spreads like the human finger. And the remarkable part is, it always works this way until the paste is used up.

Always ready

HANDIEST package ever invented for paste or mucilage. No cap to unscrew or lose. No brush. No water to supply. No drying up—seals itself when not in use. Clean to handle—no spreading with finger—never leaks. Operates with one hand. Handier than jar, screw-cap tube, ordinary spreader tube or water-well of stiff paste, liquid paste or mucilage.

Try it—send 10c

JUST as you use LePage's Glue for a strong joint, use LePage's Spreader Paste for quick, convenient pasting—two different products for different needs. If you ever use PASTE, give yourself a chance to try this new package. Send coupon and 10 cents (coin or stamps) today for regular-size tube. Russia Cement Co., Dept. CC2, Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S *Spreader* PASTE

BY THE MAKERS OF LEPAGE'S GLUE

Mail this coupon

RUSSIA CEMENT CO.
Dept. CC2, Gloucester, Mass.
I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps) for which please send me one tube of the NEW LePage's Spreader Paste. (Note to Office Managers: tube carton sent for $1.00.)
Name
Street
City State

How to be happy though married

. . . a little gem of breakfast wisdom

A husband has a disposition—even as you and I. And usually it's about as good or bad as his breakfast.

That's why pancakes are the great American Institution. For when you put a smiling plate of pancakes in front of a man, he usually smiles back. And the man who starts the day with a smile is usually a pretty good man all day.

But here's the real secret: a pancake is still "flat as a pancake" without the right kind of syrup. Most men want that real maple flavor of Log Cabin Syrup. It gives new life and zest to pancakes and waffles. It satisfies as no other syrup does.

New life to pancakes

That is why more than a million women today always use Log Cabin Syrup. Because it permeates the pancake or waffle and blends with it. Not just an added sweetness. But a permeating maple flavor that makes the taste of the pancake or waffle actually become the taste of the syrup. It adds new life.

Log Cabin Syrup is entirely different from any other. This different maple flavor is due to the Log Cabin Blend. The two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian—are blended with purest granulated sugar by the famous Towle process. A 40-year old secret. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today.

Boiled rice can be made most appetizing by the simple addition of Log Cabin Syrup. Many women find it so delicious that they serve it as a dessert

Log Cabin Sweet Potatoes—cut cooked sweet potatoes in half lengthwise and lay in buttered dish. Spread with butter and heat in oven. Baste with the syrup in the pan.

Prove at our risk

Have pancakes or waffles with Log Cabin Syrup for breakfast tomorrow. If you do not find that Log Cabin Syrup has a permeating maple flavor—more delicious than any syrup you have ever tasted—then return unused portion of can to us by parcel post. We will refund you full price, including postage. Can we make a fairer offer?

Log Cabin Syrup comes in three sizes. Order from your grocer today. If he does not have it, send us his name. We will see you are supplied at once. Try this test. You will be glad.

SPECIAL OFFER: "24 Ways to Vary the Menu". Write today for 24 new, delightful Log Cabin recipes. Simply send 6 cents in stamps to cover packing and mailing.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
St. Paul, Minnesota, Dept. 10
—the Center of North America

© 1926 L. C. P. Co.

Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

Continued from Page 123.

mother, a wealthy widow in a town up the Lake, who surprised her by saying:

"You cannot catch him, for your name flies abroad on the wind before you. Everyone knows the Girl in the Blue Dress. I'm having boy's clothes made for you, with a boy's cap and shoes. Let me beg you to wear them."

Throughout her wandering, from then on, the Parrot went as a young man, rather too handsome, in jaunty attire. From lake and fen land she journeyed on a great river, across it to the north, among hills, into rough, poor country. Her deeds in month after month of this travel are known to fill another book. None of them fetched her within sight or hearing of Liu Buk Yun, however; for at the end she had lost all track of him, and given or spent all but a handful of the marsh god's money, to find herself gone quite astray far up in a wretched hamlet where barren slopes of yellow grass, withered bush, rocks worn into scales and flakes as of iron rust, made a high surrounding wilderness. The region held no farms or farmers; only pastoral barbarians.

"To go on is labor thrown away." The Blue Parrot sat thinking in a dirty room of an inn which was altogether dirt. "To go back, miserable failure."

Disturbance in the corridor, noise, threats, bad language, came as nothing new, for the landlord of this inn was a starved scarecrow with a bitter tongue. It wagged so outrageously now that she opened her door to quiet him.

"What is wrong, sir?"

"Wrong, sir?" yelled the innkeeper. "Why, here's an old reprobate owes me for bed and board since the last moon! He's dying, and he can't pay! Out he'll crawl, and so I tell him. Beggars can't do their dying in my house!"

"Poor thing," said the Blue Parrot. "Sir, let me reason with him."

On the floor in his room the sick man lay covered by a rat's nest of torn quilt, his face the color of old bone, his eyes vaguely bright and distant and tired with watching for death. He roused, and gave a slow nod.

"Let me improve your comfort."

Having made him tidier and brought her own quilt, she held his wrist for a moment.

"Be at ease, elder brother," she said. "I will defray your lodging here."

In a whisper, hollow and hoarse, he tried to be thankful. She drew the innkeeper away, outside the door.

"Get him some broth—your best. I can pay for the remainder of his time in this world. It won't be long."

All afternoon she sat by the stranger while he dozed, or from time to time woke in a scared bewilderment, then grew calm as he found her there.

"Young gentleman," he whispered, "your eyes promote courage; for in my sleep devils throng about me."

Toward evening his voice became clearer and he talked more, straight up at the roof beams. "A hodge-podge of a life—mine," said he. "A strange gallimawfry, a mess. And here at the end of it, something novel, for"—he rolled his head toward her, and stared—"for I never saw anyone like you. Why do you sit here with a dull pauper who hasn't even a cash to stick in his ear, like the coolies? Once I was rich. Once, young fellow, I was the life, soul, wit and wag of any company, drunk or sober, to keep them in a roar. Ah, yes, I was, though you can't believe me now."

It was pitiable to hear. The Parrot lighted a lamp on the floor beside him, for she had bought oil.

"Thank you." His features were shrunken, but the lips, full and gross, retained a mocking humor. "That will keep the hobgoblins off. . . . When you felt my pulse you were too gentle for a man. Are you spirit, or living body, or hallucination? Come, what are you?"

He spoke much too loudly, in fever. She gave him a cooling draught of herbs and answered as near the truth as might be:

"A poor ignoramus wandering round, sir; a failure in the world, going home to be the town butt. Drink and sleep."

Her medicine was heavy, good for all night. He blasphemed it, but lay down.

"A greenhorn like you," said he, "can't be too careful, wandering; for this world's naught but rogues, dogs, liars. Keep your eye peeled for 'em. Advice, from me! Oho! Well, good tea may spout from a bad pot. They robbed me, they pounded the life out. So walk wary, Master Soft-Heart. Never can tell who's what. You may think me a pious old noddy. Nothing of the kind, my lad—far from it. I cut my wisdom teeth; I could bite! Everybody lived in fear of me at home when I was Liu Buk Yun!"

He never beheld what a shock he gave her; for turning his face toward the wall, he grumbled:

"Why run away to die in this hole? Fate. Panic. Me, Liu Buk Yun the Grand, who could have bought a dozen judges? Or, if not, a good sharp biff in the neck is better than these pains all over."

He sighed, yielded to the drug, and at his next breath fell asleep like a child.

Overcome, haunted by the irony of their meeting, Blue Parrot stole out. The door to his cubicle she drew after her and, with hand on latch, for a time stood there without motion. The wonder of life, the vanity of human wishes, the contradiction of all purpose, took away her strength, to rebuke and yet gravely console her. She had come so far hunting a tremendous evil one, devising how to drag him home for punishment; and here lay a specter who might no more than brag at her feebly as he died in the dirt.

"You can't lift a finger," she thought, "except to nurse him."

Darkness in the tavern hung foul and heavy with smoke, stinging her eyes. The need of air became a thirst and woke her to move on. At the sound of a door closing, she turned. It was not the sick man's door, but one beyond, from which came hurrying past her a young woman with head bent and face averted.

"Was that —— No, never!" The Blue Parrot gave a start. "But yes, that was. And crying too."

The young woman, shadowy in smoke, flitted by a waterlamp and through the deserted common room.

"I couldn't mistake her. But here alone, and running outdoors at night?"

Without a sound the Blue Parrot made after. "Yes, there she goes."

The splendor of the full moon dissolved earth and heaven, transforming old grass on worn-out hills to a brightness richer than grain, every hump of rock to a gnome's fortress, every bush to an ink-black figure that waited. Up the steepest hollow a living figure climbed and was gone, shadow into shadow.

"My friend whose lilac-and-green silk I wore. What can she be doing?"

The Parrot climbed nearer to one of the black bushes and hailed it:

"No fear, tiny poppet. I'm not a man, but a girl. Only the girl who borrowed your clothes, in the high chamber of the Hsi family, if you are Slugabed."

"Oh, World-Walker! You can't be! Come here! I'm lost, hungry for you."

Next moment they were hugging under the bush, talking too fast for comprehension, as they had done before in a high chamber.

"That evening you put me to shame," said the owner of fine raiment. "I told you I had a dragon to fight, you remember? The dragon was Liu Buk Yun, who had my father killed for him, when I was little, a baby. Oh, friend, it's terrible, for I took a vow. Tonight in the next room through the matting of his wall I heard you and him, voices from my own country. Liu Buk Yun, the dragon, is only a sick thing dying. But my vow, my vow! I made oath before a prefect, years ago, to bring him the heart of the man who killed my father. And having seen you, being shamed, I ran away to do it. How can I?"

The Blue Parrot could not form an answer, but held her friend in her arms. Below, the moonlight dreaming away downhill made the inn, the roofs and gables, with all they hid, no bigger than mushrooms or warts. Up here in this veiled magic of light all should be peace. A kindly, forgotten smell breathed roundabout, from old time—the smell of a wood fire quenched in tea and tea grounds.

"Poor pretty, I cannot help you. A vow is a vow."

"Nonsense!" cried the bush behind them. "You disturb my camp with nonsense. How ineffectually I taught you!"

The bush parted, crackled, to let through a vast rotundity which came plump down between them—and which was the fat nun, laughing.

"A bad vow?" She threw an arm over each of them and spoke as if she had never been gone. Her face beamed like the moon. "Tomorrow buy a sheep and give Liu Buk Yun a gallon of mutton broth, if he wants it, with bone juice. We must help the man go out by Nature's door. Then lug the sheep's heart home, dear, to your prefect, who won't tell any difference by the time his nose peaks over to inspect what we bring. . . . How are you, my young blue devil, and why do I feel proud of you?" All night they sat talking under their bush, till the moon dipped on a western ridge.

"My brother," said the girl of high family, "would like to know you. Come home with me. You threw leaves in his face."

Blue Parrot leaned against her nun happily.

"Odd things are performed," she said. "But to go home with you while so much remains wrong in this world ——"

"Nonsense! Don't be a fool," said the fat nun. "Though yes, no doubt, all the same, don't be in a hurry."

THE END

Spanish Trail Through Biloxi, Mississippi

The Bristles can't come out. They are held forever in a grip of Vulcanized hard Rubber

ALL DEALERS 35¢ TO $10.00

Ever-Ready

Sterilized ~ Guaranteed

SHAVING BRUSHES

Fortify for Fire Fighting

IMPROVED Pyrene TRADE MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

October 3rd to 9th

REMEMBER the dates National Fire Prevention Week

Observe it by making the decision to play safe—work safe—live safe. Never "trust to luck"—with Fire

Be one of those whose homes are protected—not by chance—by Pyrene Fire Extinguishers. Be ready at all times to meet that unforeseen emergency

Improved Pyrene Fire Extinguishers are ready at all times. They work quickly They work surely Women and children can operate them with perfect ease and positive accuracy.

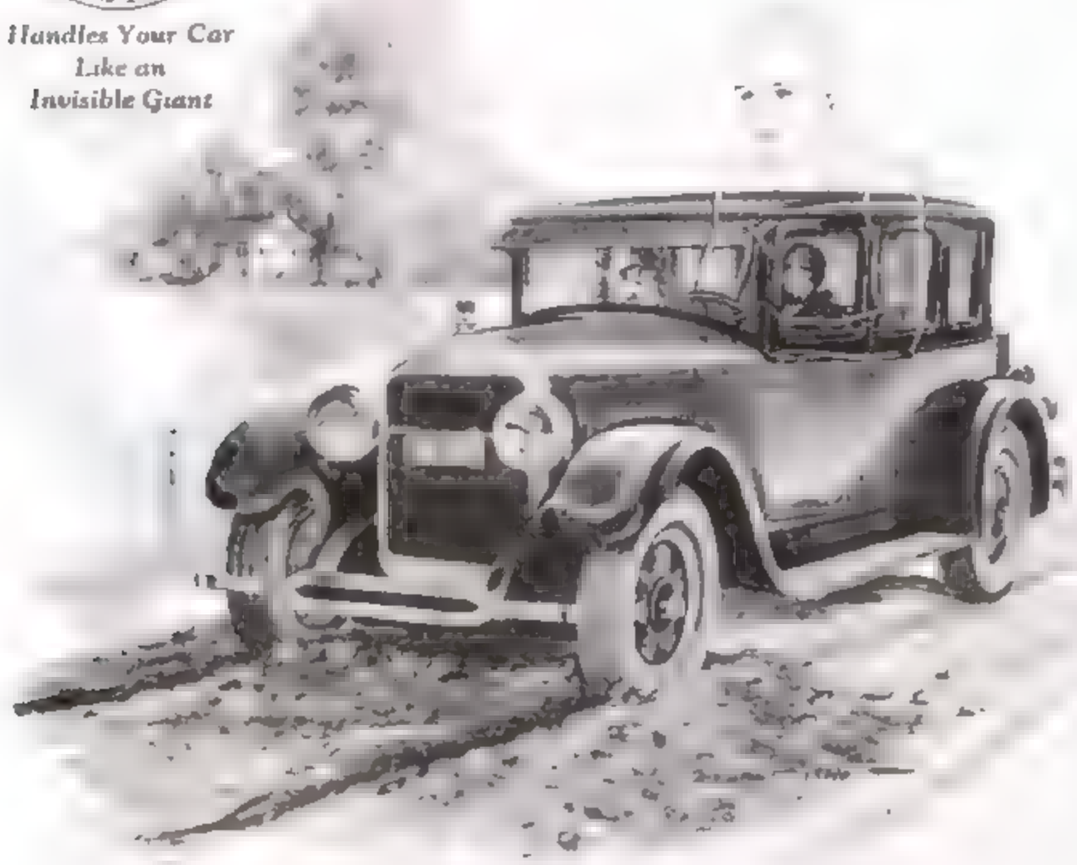
Kills Fire Saves Life

Pyrene Manufacturing Co.
Newark, N. J.

Caution: Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.

EASIER STEERING - LESS ROAD SHOCK

Handles Your Car Like an Invisible Giant



Holds You Steady in Sand and Gravel

When you suddenly hit sand or gravel—even at a normal rate of speed—you know what happens! The cam-and-lever principle reduces this great hazard—almost entirely eliminates it. The Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear holds your wheels steady and true under this and all other impacts of the road. And, while it guards you against the discomforts and dangers of road shock, it likewise doubles your ability to steer and handle your car—even makes parking twice as easy. Ross is already standard equipment on more makes of cars, trucks and buses than any other gear. Drive a Ross-equipped car once, and you'll have no other.

It's All in the Cam and Lever

You know you can do things, and easily, with a lever, that are wholly impossible *without* one. The *long lever* in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear is one reason for the tremendous *power* that makes Ross Steering so easy. And the *cam*, with its variable pitch, constitutes the almost impassable barrier to road shock, that makes Ross steering so safe and so comfortable.

Mail the coupon below for FREE booklet, "Efficiency in Steering," and list of Ross-equipped cars, buses and trucks.

Ross Gear & Tool Co., Lafayette, Ind.

ROSS

CAM *and* LEVER STEERING GEARS

EASIER STEERING LESS ROAD SHOCK

ROSS GEAR AND TOOL COMPANY, Lafayette, Indiana

Please send me your FREE booklet, "*Efficiency in Steering*," which explains fully the Ross Cam and Lever principle

If you are interested in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear for replacement on Ford cars, put a check mark in this space. ☐

Name

Address

Car owner ☐ *Car dealer* ☐ *Automotive jobber* ☐

18

HAND-TO-MOUTH BUYING

(Continued from Page 27)

on your investment is $3000; and that is an expense just the same as your rent or your clerk hire. What you want to do is to carry only $10,000 worth of merchandise, but still sell your $50,000 annually. You can accomplish this by ordering in small quantities and often—every day if necessary. Your freight bills will be a little more, but you have a tremendous saving in the interest on your investment."

There was manifest logic in this preachment and many merchants were beginning to put it into effect when the war broke out in 1914 and upset all previous calculations. A few panic months followed and then came on the boom period that lasted until the fall of 1920. During this entire time merchandise was at a premium. It was not a case of buying in small quantities or large; the problem was to get merchandise in any quantity at all. Merchants placed orders in all quarters, not expecting to get what they ordered, but hoping for deliveries in large enough volume to meet the requirements of their trade.

The results were what might have been expected. Toward the end of the boom period factories began to catch up on production and to fill these recklessly given orders. By midsummer of 1920 the retailers of the country were loaded with stocks vastly heavier than anything previously known. Then came the slump in prices and the forced fifty-cents-on-the-dollar sales. Thousands of merchants who ought to have taken losses on $10,000 stocks, took instead losses on $30,000 or $40,000 stocks. Some managed to pull through and some went bankrupt.

In all this turmoil, one must remember, it was the more temperamental business men who lost their heads most completely during the boom times and consequently suffered greater losses during the readjustment. Those who survived were naturally inclined to swing to the other extreme. Resolved never again to be caught with a surplus of merchandise on a falling market, they enthusiastically adopted the idea of turnover and small investment.

Nor was this tendency confined to the temperamentally inclined. The shock of 1920 caused business men everywhere to take stock of conditions, and inevitably there occurred the thought that it should not now be necessary to carry expensive accumulations of merchandise; that the factories of the country are equipped as never before to turn out their products promptly and the railroads deliver in half the time required before the war. Hand-to-mouth buying came into its own.

Interrelation of Industries

Up to a certain point hand-to-mouth buying is logical and economic; but carried to extremes, certain complications arise. It is impossible to manufacture goods in the precise quantities needed for day-to-day consumption. Someone must carry the burden of surplus stocks. The retailers of the country have pretty generally declared they will not do it. Who then will? Neither the wholesale dealer nor the manufacturer has any desire to shoulder the burden.

In the old days the wholesaler could go out and take orders for future requirements, knowing exactly where the goods were going before he relayed the orders to the manufacturers. To do business now the wholesaler must have warehouses full of goods ready to be shipped out on a moment's notice. What about the manufacturer? His argument is the same.

"How can I make my stuff economically," he demands, "when I can't make any plans ahead? With no advance orders, it is impossible for me to contract for my raw materials in quantities. It costs too much to run off little individual orders as they come in. If I take a chance and accumulate a big stock of stuff I have to equip warehouses to hold it and employ extra people to look after it. In such a case I am both manufacturer and wholesaler."

The producer of raw materials is likewise in the same boat. The problem of hand-to-mouth buying largely resolves itself into a question of who is going to hold the bag.

Yet there is more to hand-to-mouth buying than the question of who shall hold the bag. We know that competition nowadays is between entire industries; not, as formerly, between individuals. If hand-to-mouth buying in some one industry gets to the point where the products of that industry are unduly expensive to make and to sell, then the industry inevitably loses business to some other industry.

The income of the average American family is more or less fixed, and a hundred different lines of business clamor for a share of it. An average man, let us say, buys two suits of clothes a year at sixty dollars apiece, and two pairs of shoes at ten dollars a pair. Should some uneconomic condition in the clothing industry raise the price of his suits to ninety dollars, he would get along with a single suit. And if at the same time the shoe industry managed to reduce its ten-dollar-quality shoes to five dollars, he would be likely to divert a part of the money that he would have spent on a second suit of clothes to the purchase of an extra pair or so of shoes. Similarly, the furniture industry competes with the ladies' ready-to-wear industry, the hardware industry with the book-publishing industry. People can get along on a surprisingly small quota of any product if the price goes beyond a certain figure.

The Desire to Get Ahead

Hand-to-mouth buying has come about, as we have seen, from a desire on the part of retail storekeepers to earn larger returns on their investments; or, to put it the other way around, to make small investments do the same work as their former large investments. Within bounds, this is entirely legitimate. It becomes illegitimate when the price of merchandise is raised to the public through the cost of too frequent reorders by telegraph, by express charges on infinitesimal shipments, by unnecessary calls of traveling salesmen, by disturbing an even and economical factory production.

Practically all trade abuses are the result of overzealous competition; and in those industries where the practice of hand-to-mouth buying has become a problem, the beginnings can generally be traced back to the desire of some member of the trade to get ahead at the expense of his business rivals. The grocery trade furnishes an example at the present time. Manufacturers of grocery specialties do not ordinarily sell direct to the retailer, but distribute their products through wholesale dealers. Wholesalers are supposed to work on margins too small to allow for anything but the passing on of goods to their storekeeper customers in case lots as received from manufacturers; yet in many sections of the country hand-to-mouth buying has become so insistent that wholesalers make a practice of selling in any quantities ordered, no matter how small

To do this entails expense that can hardly be realized by an outsider. The wholesale grocery house that does it must equip a packing department where cases received from manufacturers are opened and repacked in smaller assortments. The packing department must be equipped with modern labor-saving devices, which means, for an ordinarily large wholesale house, an initial expense of at least $10,000. To this must be added the running salaries of a minimum of four persons—a couple of packers, a billing clerk and a price maker. These added expenses, it must be remembered, do not create business for the trade in general, but are merely the wholesaler's

(Continued on Page 129

PEERLESS

Announces the

New Six-90

"IT'S a marvelous car." Everyone who has driven this new Six-90 instinctively expresses such wonderment. Amazement at its fluent, silent power. Delight with its rich, distinctive beauty, its positive silence, its soothing smoothness.

And it *is* a marvelous car. For back of it stand years and years of sincere, fine car building. Frankly, this new Six-90 is built for men and women who seek *real* value at a price.

The new Peerless Six-90 has the kind of power that makes driving a joy—thrilling, satisfying power. And it is *power without vibration!*

For the motor—with a bore of 3½ inches, stroke of 5 inches, and a 7-bearing crankshaft—is mounted on live, resilient rubber.

Cushioned so the faintest vibrations can't come back to you. Cushioned so motor noises can't be transmitted along the frame.

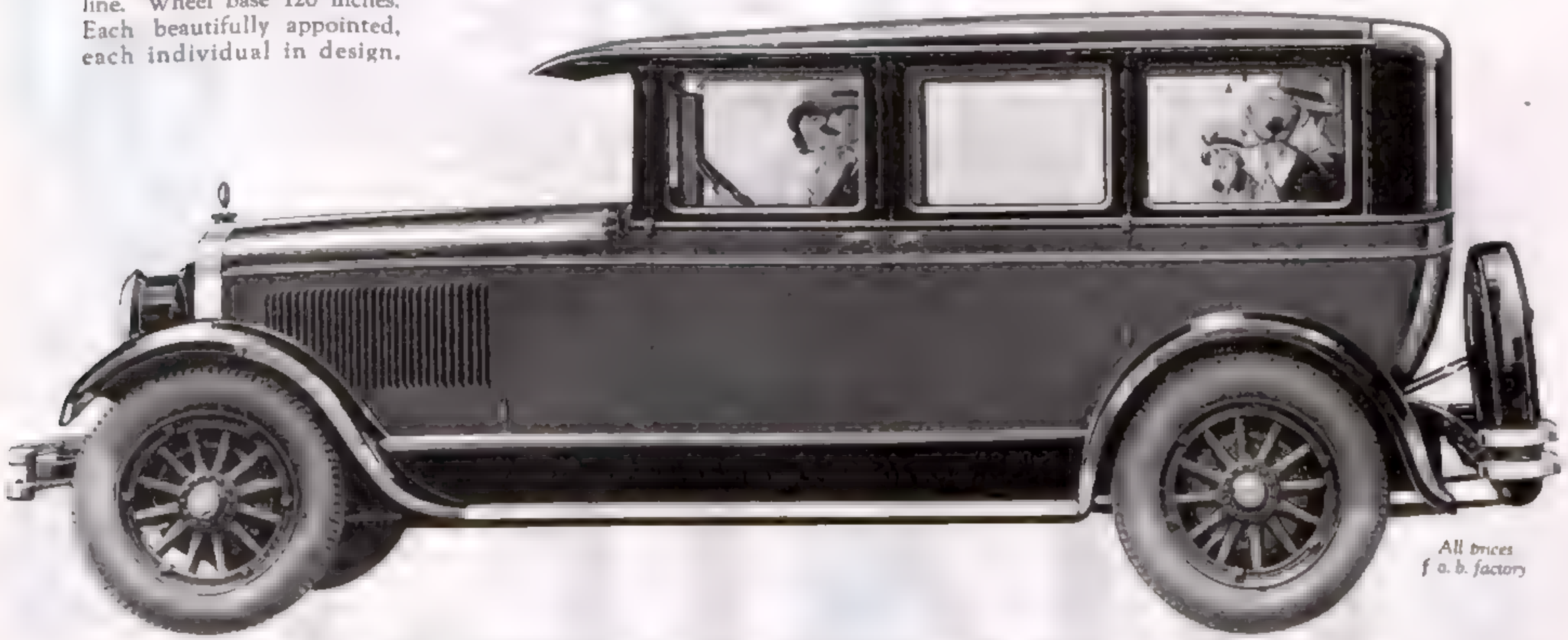
By all means drive this new Six-90 and know the peak of six-cylinder performance. A phone call to the Peerless dealer will bring it to your door.

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORP.
Cleveland, Ohio

Manufacturers also of the 90° V-type Eight-60, the Remarkable Six-80, and the Powerful Six-72

THE SIX-90
5 PASS. SEDAN
$1895

This Sedan is but one of five popular body styles in the Six-90 line. Wheel base 120 inches. Each beautifully appointed, each individual in design.



All prices f. o. b. factory

PEERLESS · HAS · ALWAYS · BEEN · A · GOOD · CAR

PACKAGE MADE BY INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO. INC., EASTON, PA., U.S.A. PAT. JU...
Reid's
ICE CREAM
New York - New Jersey - and Pennsylvania
"IT'S THE B...
FILLED AND FROZEN AT THE ...
5¢
Ice Cream
DIXIES

(Continued from Page 126

acquiescence to the retail grocers' habit of hand-to-mouth buying.

Manifestly business men do not increase their overhead expenses unless forced to do so. Competition is doubtless at the back of it, for the grocery field is more competitive than any other. But back of competition is another force—namely, the ambition of some one wholesale grocer. John H. Blank, let us say, is a leading wholesaler of Blank City, with three active competitors. Last year the John H. Blank Company did a business of $1,000,000, and Mr. Blank has his heart set on $1,100,000 this year. It is not that Mr. Blank especially needs this increase, but he is human and likes to show his business friends and associates what he can do. It is pleasant also to have the president of his bank congratulate him on his fine showing when he makes his financial statement and arranges for his line of credit.

Mr. Blank therefore announces to his office force and salesmen that there must be an increase of $100,000 over the previous twelve months' business. He has the reputation of being a liberal man and agreeable to work for; the help know he is not going to look too closely into a few unprofitable transactions if the volume he has set his heart upon is attained.

Young Len Morrison, salesman, starts out the following Monday morning to cover his regular suburban route for the John H. Blank Wholesale Grocery Company, the House of Friendly Service. Young Len's first stop is at Chris Steffler's store out at the end of the Locust Street car line. Mr. Steffler has a list of requirements written down that he hands over to the salesman, who copies them in his order book. Mr. Steffler is busy with customers and young Len tarries. After a while Mr. Steffler has a breathing space and Len explains that the house has just taken on a new line of preserves that will be a winner. The price is $4.80 a case of two dozen jars and the house is anxious for Mr. Steffler to get started on them.

"The goods may be all right," agrees Mr. Steffler, "but I couldn't sell two dozen jars of a new brand in a month. I guess I've ordered everything I need this time."

High Cost of Service

Young Len thinks deeply. The house is after an increase of volume and his own quota has been raised 10 per cent over what he did last year. He becomes confidential:

"Probably you're right, Mr. Steffler, in not taking a whole case of the stuff, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll open up a case and send you half a dozen jars. If you find the stuff goes, you can order in case lots afterward."

"But you'd charge me more that way," protests Mr. Steffler.

"Don't you worry about that," says Len earnestly. "The house will be glad to do a favor for a good customer like you. Just you leave it to me. I'll see that you get the trial half dozen at the case price."

Mr. Steffler, a bit flattered, agrees to give the new line a trial. That evening on his return to the office Len explains the matter to the billing clerk and the six jars go out next morning along with the other merchandise ordered.

So far so good. Len has increased his sales by $1.20, the only extra expense being that of the time of one of the porters who pried open the case and packed the six jars in a smaller carton. But the end is not yet. Business with Mr. Steffler is fairly brisk and by Thursday he finds he has sold the six jars. He goes to the telephone and orders more of the same. But is his order for a full case this time? It is not. It is for six jars, the same as before. Why should he buy twenty-four when he can buy six at no advance in price? For years Mr. Steffler has been reading in his trade papers of the efficiency of turnover; of doing a big business on a small stock; and here is a chance to put the theory into practical effect.

There is weak protest from the clerk at the John H. Blank office, but Mr. Steffler is a good customer and must not be offended. Mr. Steffler also requests that his purchase be delivered at once. That afternoon the three-ton truck of the John H. Blank Wholesale Grocery Company, the House of Friendly Service, rumbles out to the end of the Locust Street car line with a load of precisely six jars of preserves, at $1.20.

Young Len Morrison, it must be remembered, would not have suggested the idea to Mr. Steffler except that his sales quota had been raised and he had to do unusual things to attain the figure. The John H. Blank Wholesale Grocery Company would not have given in to Mr. Steffler except that Mr. Blank was ambitious to tell his friends he did a volume of $1,100,000 during the year, and to have the president of his bank congratulate him on his fine showing.

But whatever the reasons, the results are bad for the trade. So many orders for split cases are received that the John H. Blank Company has to make a regular practice of what was intended only as an occasional favor, and equips a packing room at a cost of $10,000, with four extra employes to operate it.

Oratory No Cure

But the three other wholesale grocery firms of Blank City cannot afford to sit idly by and see Mr. Blank walk off with business by reason of his friendly service; all three likewise equip packing departments, split cases and bill the merchandise so ordered at full-case prices. Naturally, something has to be done to cover these extra services, for the legitimate profit of the wholesale grocery business does not allow for many frills. No imagination is necessary to visualize the ultimate result. The wholesalers of Blank City are men of integrity and actually make good their promises that they will sell split cases at full-case prices. But the prices on full cases have to be raised enough to take care of the added expense. In the end, the public of the Blank City territory pays the bill.

What is to be done with a situation such as I have described? Oratory will not change conditions, though from the flood of eloquence released at various trade conventions it would seem that many captains of industry have abiding faith in oratory. It is human nature that individuals look out for themselves before they look out for the good of their industry or of the general public, and no average business man is going to drop some uneconomic practice so long as he believes he must do it to keep up with competition. At a convention of wholesale grocers recently held in an Eastern city, the packing department and hand-to-mouth buying evils were the subjects of many emotional speeches. An elderly gentleman in the audience, who turned out to be a retired wholesale grocer of considerable wealth, asked if he might be heard.

"If I were in the wholesale business in Blanktown or any other place where hand-to-mouth buying had got out of bounds," he remarked, "I wouldn't bother to lecture my competitors or tell them what they ought to do in the interest of morality or of the industry. I would simply announce to the retail storekeepers that I was not in the friendly service business, and that I didn't sell in broken lots, but if they would buy from me in the regular way I would save them money. I wouldn't say I was selling my goods at cost, either, because that isn't convincing. I would tell them that by cutting out frills I could undersell and still make a good profit. Retailers aren't dumb. It might take me six months or so to get going, but in the end I'll bet I would have the best paying grocers on my books. The other kind could keep on buying from the friendly service houses."

In the end, enlightened self-interest is the only practical cure for any trade evil. Recently in the office of a New York manufacturing firm I saw a letter written by a former executive of the firm to its present general manager, and commenting on certain projected plans.

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

The GLENGARRY

OF course you stop and look. They're Bostonians. There's a style difference to be seen in such windows—a character of style that is Bostonians' own. Such windows are worth walking to, such shoes well worth seeing, especially if you have "an eye for style."

When next you see Bostonians go in and try them on. See how they look, feel how they fit. Compare them with your idea of what shoes should be. And remember over a million men agree that Bostonians put no hardships on your feet.

$7 to $10 *the pair*

Find this sign and you will find a Bostonian Dealer waiting to fit distinctive style to your feet.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
Whitman, Mass.

BOSTONIANS *Shoes for Men*

Is there a difference in style? Let the Fall Bostonians Style Booklet tell you. Write for your copy now.

BINDERS *from* 52¢ *to* $40.00

YOU can buy a Baker-Vawter binder at either of these prices; or at various prices between. We make 14 different types, for different uses.

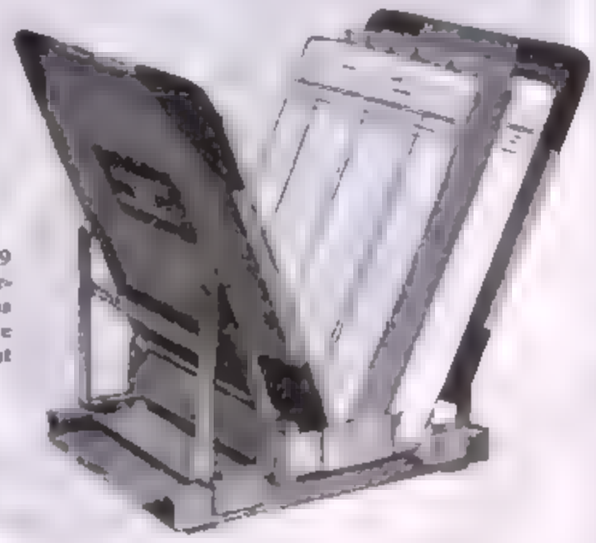
Lots of money is wasted in business by giving a cheap job to a high-priced binder, or expecting a cheap binder to do a high-priced job.

A binder isn't just "A binder;" it's a utility made to do certain work in the right way. Saving money on binders is largely in buying the right one for the job.

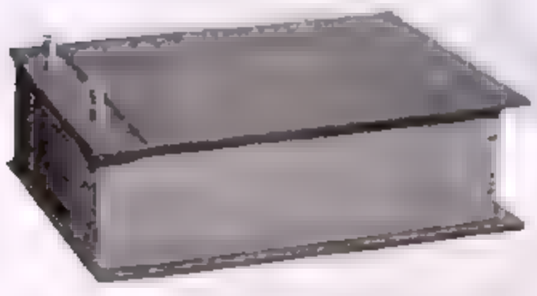
For 38 years we've been studying, and making binders, that do better work, save time and labor, and last long. Our men know the subject; they can tell you just what binder to buy for your job.

Current Records, Transfer Records, Storage Records; each needs a different binder; our men know the difference. With Baker-Vawter binders you get quality in the product, and service from the maker. It's important; many large concerns recognize this fact by using our service and standardizing on our products.

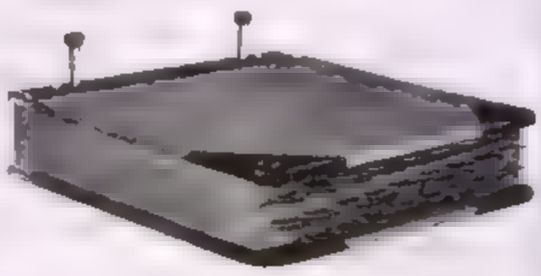
We have a helpful booklet on Binders, their needs and their uses, which is yours for the asking. Send for it.



No. 69 For current records this No. 69 is the peer of all binders. So perfect mechanically that it reduces to ridiculous ease each operation. Looks and acts like the aristocrat it is. Lasts so long it will laugh at old age.



No. 103 Canvas the everlasting, protects the old records in an inexpensive but dignified cover. The posts are so rigidly set that pliers can't pull them out; a permanent pair of spikes to hold business activities of past years. No. 103 doesn't cost much, but as a dependable long-lived member of Baker-Vawter family, it can hold its own and then some.



No. 683 Supreme as a transfer binder, because no other binder can be opened, leaves removed or replaced, and locked with the deftness and speed that No. 683 can. Its metal hinge means a life of carefree exercise. The self-acting lock is wonderful in its simplicity.

The reason for standardizing on Baker-Vawter binders for every possible record use, is first the wide range to choose from; second, the correct fitting of binder to use intended; and third, the matchless quality which means years of dependable service.

BAKER-VAWTER
BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

We have a booklet showing the use and sizes of binders for every kind of office need. You will profit, we feel sure, in getting it. Ask your Baker-Vawter man for it or use the coupon and we'll send one direct. Not the slightest obligation of course.

Attach to Your Letterhead and Mail

BAKER-VAWTER CO.
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Please send further information on binders for the following purposes: ☐ Current Records ☐ Transfer ☐ Storage

Name

"I note that the volume of your business has reached the $2,000,000 mark," the letter read, "and that you are aiming at $2,500,000 for the coming year. Perhaps that is not too high a figure; perhaps you can attain it. Yet I have known many firms that reach a certain volume of business only to find that the last $100,000 requires such an expenditure of money and effort that the profits on the entire volume are wiped out.

"There is one sure way by which you may find out if you are entitled to your $2,500,000. Put off your ambition for one year. You know what it cost to do your $2,000,000. During the next twelve months, instead of trying to do more business, try to do the same amount of business with less expense. If you can do that, it will prove your business is healthy. With that fact established, you can then safely go ahead and try for your $2,500,000."

The present propensity for hand-to-mouth buying has sharply revived an old question—namely, whether the wholesaler is a necessary link in economically bringing manufactured goods from factory to the public. In England and France the wholesaler has never lost prestige, but in the United States the tendency has been to eliminate the wholesaler wherever practicable. In certain lines where the retail store carries a multiplicity of items, such as drugs, hardware, groceries, the wholesaler is still a factor; but in lines like clothing, shoes, women's wear, the past thirty years have seen the wholesaler largely fade out of the picture.

Many of the executives with whom I have talked believe hand-to-mouth buying will cause a swing back to the wholesaler idea. The manufacturer who has been in the habit of sending his salesmen throughout the country twice a year to call on retail storekeepers, finds the storekeepers will no longer buy his goods in such fashion. The manufacturer then faces one of three decisions: He must increase the number of his salesmen to the point where it is possible to call on customers every thirty or sixty days or oftener. Or he must establish warehouses in strategic points throughout the country where retailers may get their supplies quickly. Or he must stop trying to sell his goods direct to storekeepers and instead depend on wholesalers to carry stocks of his goods and to do his selling for him.

In Competition With Vanity

So long as the storekeeper persists in buying in extra-small quantities, the wholesaler idea is probably the least expensive of these three methods. The manufacturer cannot send his salesmen to call on storekeepers two or three times as often as formerly without incurring enormous expense. Likewise the warehouse idea is expensive; in order to have anything like adequate coverage of the entire country a minimum of a dozen branches is necessary; and not only must these be staffed with competent employes but stocks of merchandise must be carried in each of them sufficient to meet the demands of the territory to which it caters.

These expenses are eliminated when the manufacturer sells his goods through wholesalers. In most lines it is the practice of wholesale firms to confine their activities to a certain limited territory and to work that territory intensively. The wholesaler's salesmen can afford to call on customers often because they sell the products of numbers of manufacturers. Besides, the wholesaler saves the manufacturer the expense of bookkeeping and of extending credit. More than that, the wholesaler buys and pays for the manufacturer's goods and thus shares the financial burden of distribution.

If the wholesaler is efficient, he can make money for the manufacturer and for himself. But efficiency means many things. The wholesaler must keep his expenses down to a point where he can afford to handle the manufacturer's goods on a small margin; if he cannot do the selling cheaper than the manufacturer, he has no excuse for existence. He must, moreover, be active enough to sell a considerable volume of goods, because no manufacturer is going to vend his product through wholesalers unless he can be assured the wholesalers will actively push his lines

In the industries where the wholesaler has gone out of the picture, almost always it has been on account of the wholesaler's lack of aggressiveness. Manufacturers could not procure the business to which they believed they were entitled, and adopted the plan of selling direct.

One very human factor, however, militates against the wholesaler, and that, strange as it may seem, is vanity. Everyone likes to appear as important as possible, business men not excepted. For many years the idea has spread in certain industries that only second-rate merchants buy from jobbers; that first-raters do business direct with manufacturers. No matter at what price the wholesaler may be able to offer his wares, there are always those merchants who will refuse to give him consideration on the argument that they are of too much consequence to purchase their goods through an intermediary. "I buy direct!" is the slogan that is flung in the teeth of many an earnest wholesaler who tries to prove his ability to sell at rock-bottom prices and who can often actually do so.

The Delusion of Big Contracts

It is doubtless this attitude on the part of many storekeepers that is responsible for much of the group buying that has come into vogue during recent years. This is, in a word, the arrangement by which numbers of merchants in similar lines endeavor, by pooling their purchases, to buy in hand-to-mouth fashion and at the same time get the benefit of quantity transactions.

Theoretically, group buying is economical, but in actual practice it does not always work out to the advantage of the merchants or of the manufacturers. It has this drawback—that the storekeepers who go into a buying pool must take merchandise that suits the average taste, and yet the public of particular communities may have propensity for something different. A couple of years ago a delegation of a dozen Western department-store owners visited the New York market for buying purposes and arranged with the representative of a New England mill for a large order of ladies' hosiery. The contract stipulated that each merchant should take so many hundred dozen pairs a month; an assortment of colors was agreed upon and under the contract each merchant was allowed to stipulate the various shades that he wished for his monthly allotment.

Logically, it was an all-round profitable arrangement. The manufacturer, with this important order on his books that was spread over a period of twelve months, could work it in with his regular production and keep his machinery going at an even gait

The merchants bought at a considerably lower figure than would have been possible if buying individually, and the saving thus made could be passed on to their customers.

Yet when the year was up neither side was willing to renew the contract. From the first there was difficulty over the colors. Some of the merchants found that the assortment of shades agreed upon did not find favor with their customers and asked that variations be made. Department managers would send in bits of ribbon, asking that a part of the month's allotment be dyed to conform with the sample. The manufacturer, anxious to please, would do his best; but dyes do not show the same on hosiery as on ribbons and the results were often unsatisfactory. Some shipments were returned. Often the department managers would be late in sending details as to their monthly requirements and the manufacturer's operations would be thrown out of gear. *(Continued on Page 133*

1776 PHILADELPHIA 1926
The SESQUI-CENTENNIAL
"Save the surface and you save all" — Paint & Varnish
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
The Save the Surface Home
at the
Sesqui-Centennial Exposition

The Symbol of a Success

At the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia are gathered together exhibits of America's great accomplishments in 150 years of Independence. Of them all none is more important than that of the Paint and Varnish Industry, appropriately named "The Save the Surface Home."

It is important in showing what paint and varnish accomplish in making better homes, better living. Its very presence at the Exposition suggests how clearly Americans realize the value of surface protection for all kinds of property—conserving health and wealth, adding to the happiness of living and working.

Consumption of paint and varnish has doubled in less than five years, largely because people generally have come to believe in the practical truth expressed in the adage "Save the surface and you save all." The Save the Surface Home is a symbol of that success.

¶ By all means see the Home. You will learn from it. But if you cannot visit the Sesqui-Centennial, you can still benefit from this model paint and varnish home. Simply send for *The Save the Surface News* that tells all about it in words and pictures.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
18 East 41st Street New York, N. Y.

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

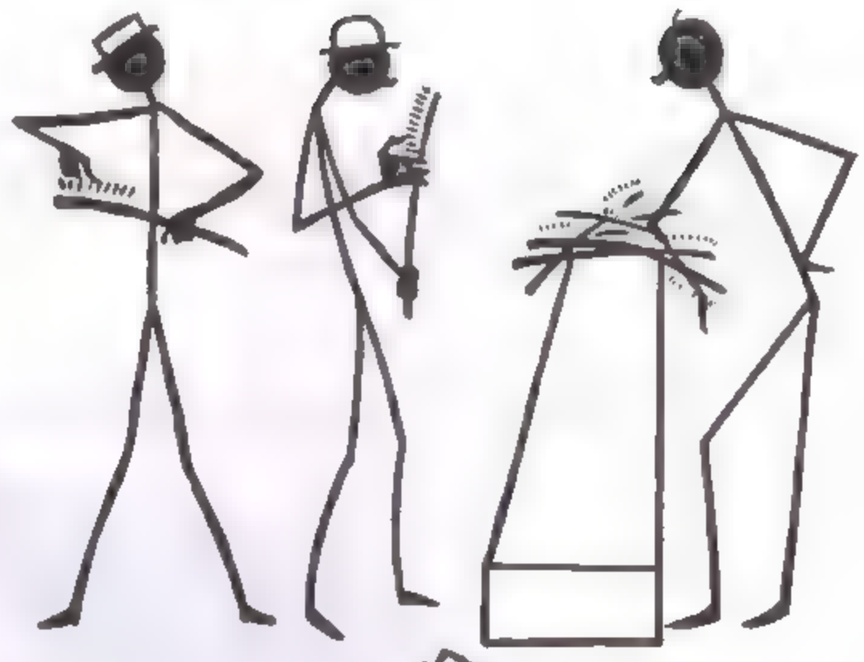
*11 © Save the Surface Campaign 1926

See the man.

Is he buying a thumb brush?

No, he is buying a tooth brush.

Then why does he brush his thumb with it?



How often has this happened to the tooth brush YOU *buy?*

BUYING tooth brushes by "rule of thumb" is as old as tooth brushes themselves. One after another the Thumb Brusher tries. He is a glutton for thumbing. He revels in it. The more, the merrier. Thumb! Thumb! Thumb!

Trays of tooth brushes are his especial joy. But think you a carton will stop him? Not the true addict! Open the box, says he. Let's try it on the thumb. Another — and another — and another!

Will the Thumb Brushers thumb the tooth brush *you* will ultimately buy? Probably—unless you use Dr. West's—*sealed* against Thumb Brushers!

Sterilized, sanitary, your Dr. West's Tooth Brush is packed in a sealed glassine container. Inside the usual box.

In the handy display cabinet on your druggist's counter are samples of every type of Dr. West's. Put there to be thumbed. *They* won't go into anyone's mouth!

Look closely at the bristles—sturdy, upstanding, with long wear built in! See how this scientifically designed brush is sized and shaped to fit the mouth—to contact every curve and crevice. That is why it cleans inside, outside and between the teeth. And why *it polishes as it cleans.*

Yet for all its advantages, the adult's size Dr. West's costs you but 50 cents; the youth's, 35 cents; the child's, 25 cents; the special gum massage brush, 75 cents. So little for so good a brush—and protection from Thumb Brushers!

This Handy Cabinet on your druggist's counter [illegible] new Dr. West's. It also [illegible] Dr. West's tooth brushes [illegible] sterilized and sealed against Thumb Brushers.

© 1926, W. B. M. Co.

STERILIZED AND SEALED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 130)

The manufacturer had counted upon a profit on the big contract, but at the end of the year the auditor's figures showed it had entailed a net loss of $18,000. In the case of the associated merchants, the results also were unsatisfactory, the majority reporting that though they had actually bought their hosiery under market price, yet the left-overs more than consumed the savings.

It is hard to beat any game, especially a game that is so dependent on the whims of human nature as is the making and selling of merchandise. The owner of a certain department store, one of the most profitable of its size in the United States, claims that his success is due to the fact that he has never tried to beat the game. He has never gone into a buying pool to get lower prices on a quantity basis. He has never contracted with a manufacturer for advance supplies of merchandise, because, as he states, that savors of speculation. Another of his ideas seems worth quoting.

"So far as possible," he told me, "I buy from the same manufacturers and wholesalers year after year. I do not shop around for prices. When I am ready for a certain line of merchandise, I go to my supply man and tell him what I want, and nine cases out of ten I believe I save money by so doing. My business is valuable to him because it is a year-after-year proposition, and I get what I want when I want it. If I run around looking for prices and constantly shift my buying, my business is not desirable enough for anyone to give me special consideration."

In talking with many manufacturers and wholesalers I find considerable tendency toward criticism of retail storekeepers for the present hand-to-mouth buying; a belief that it represents an uneconomic effort to force the producers of goods to bear too great a share of the financial burden. Those who thus criticize the retailers claim that the cost of storekeeping has risen because the retailers have indulged in costly competition among themselves, and have not made enough effort to reduce overhead by increasing the efficiency of their own selling organizations. One man, now a manufacturer, but who started his business career forty years ago as employe of a Chicago department store, said the following:

"It is a generally accepted rule in the important department-store trade today that 100 employes sell $1,000,000 worth of merchandise in a year. There may be some exceptions, but by and large the store that employs 1000 people will do $10,000,000, the store that employs 2000 people will do $20,000,000, and so on. When I went to work back in the '80's it was the rule that 125 people should sell $1,000,000 worth of merchandise in a year.

"On the surface, this looks as though retailing had increased in efficiency. But when you consider the scale of prices that obtained in the '80's and the scale that obtains now, it seems to show that department stores have gone backward in real efficiency; which is the ability to vend their merchandise at small margin between wholesale and retail figures.

"A part of this backward trend is due to the extra service that the modern department-store owner thinks he must give in order to keep up with competition. In my old Chicago days our store did not have rest rooms or waiting rooms or nurseries where babies might be checked, and we delivered goods free only within a one-mile radius.

"My first job was at the twenty-five-cent necktie counter; and I sold at times seventy-five dollars' worth of these neckties in a day, which meant that I made 300 individual sales, wrapping them myself and making change, because we had then no elaborate systems such as are a part of the modern store.

"The store made money, I suppose, on the twenty-five-cent neckties. But where, in such a store today, will you find a twenty-five-cent-necktie counter? The limit is about fifty cents. At that price, if the selling were as enthusiastic as in my time, a clerk ought to sell $150 worth on a busy day; but I do not hear of any store that has such a turnover.

"Perhaps at sixty I am inclined to glorify too much the old days, but I cannot help thinking that the modern retailer depends too much on his system to sell his goods; that he believes by getting crowds of people into his store the merchandise will somehow sell itself. Perhaps we manufacturers are partly to blame. We send demonstrators into the stores at our own expense to push our goods, we give free dealers' helps and free window displays. In the end, many a retailer gets the idea that the manufacturer from whom he buys his goods ought also to sell his goods for him. Some retailers go so far as to charge manufacturers rent for the space their merchandise occupies.

"Not long ago I read in some trade journal that 59 per cent of all the people who go into retail stores go out again without buying. Being interested in this because I sell my own product through department stores, I went out on several shopping excursions with my wife and made notes. Practically three times out of five when we walked up to a counter no one came to wait on us, although the stores were not crowded.

"To get attention it was necessary to approach some individual sales person and ask to be waited on. In more than one case where we did not make selections at once the sales person lost interest and walked away.

"The latest report of the Harvard Bureau of Business Research places the cost of selling in large department stores as above 30 per cent. Maybe this is necessary, but I do not think it would be if the executives put as much thought into actual selling as into buying. After all, sales are made across the counter. It is said the hand-to-mouth buying we hear so much about nowadays comes from an effort on the part of store owners to reduce overhead expenses; but I have an idea the expenses would automatically reduce themselves if that 59 per cent of the people who go out of stores without buying could be cut down a little."

There are two sides to every question. The transportation systems of the country have increased their efficiency to the point where it is neither logical nor economic that the buying of merchandise should be conducted in the manner of twenty-five years ago. Within bounds, hand-to-mouth buying is logical and has probably come to stay.

The bankers of the country like it. By and large, the retailers are in a better financial condition because they take smaller losses on sudden style changes. It tends to check speculation in merchandise.

Every line of business will have to work out its own problem, and there is one certain guidepost for all. At whatever point hand-to-mouth buying raises the price of any commodity to the public, that is the place to stop.

COLLECTOR'S BLUES

(Continued from Page 15)

"That isn't very admirable," he told her severely. "No, I don't see how you could dispose of so much at one swoop. The circumstances would have to be perfect. A buyer at what would appear the right amount couldn't be come by easily. It would need enormous luck and ingenuity and experience. Suppose we talk about the best part. The thing to do with these, which may well be good, is to separate them into halves and put each in a public sale. There will be an auction soon at Hebron; I can make the necessary arrangements for you; and, since I'll be there, keep an eye on the bidding. I might even pick up that sugar bowl for myself."

Ava Ling put the dark blue bowl in his hands. "I want you to have it," she said; "not only for what you've done, but because I want you to have it."

However, Gerald firmly refused. "You can't afford to be generous," he remonstrated. "What is charming in the rich is absurd for the poor. No, it will be enough for you to pay the sales commission on this glass. I'll admit to you, the other bothers me." He picked up a green-footed goblet swirled on its stem. "Seven like that," Willie Gerald remarked. "How could Ling have persuaded himself such things existed—in Stiegel? And a yellow flint cow! I must say it's a shame they don't." He glanced at his watch. "It's nearly four," he proceeded. "Suppose you lock all this up and come out with me for a drive. We'll stop at Claremont."

She thanked Willie, but said that she had better not. "I'm really doing nothing, going nowhere, and if I went with you I'd have such a good time I would be wretched afterward. It would make me discontented. You don't know how much I'd like to sell that glass back to the people who lied to Zelam and took our money."

He tried again to get her out into the late golden yellow sunlight, but she persisted in her refusal. "Please don't ask me. It isn't very kind of you. Do you want me to be more miserable?" Gerald admitted promptly that he didn't; and such was his sympathy for her that, leaving, he kissed Ava Ling before she would have time to realize what he was doing. She turned away, and, with an arm pressed against her face, waved for him to go quickly. Outside, it seemed to him that perhaps he had been thoughtless. Mrs. Ling's feelings were dark enough, without being complicated by a further emotion. In addition, he began to see that there might well be a continuation of their practical affairs.

Waiting quite early in the morning for Freda Renant at Hebron—he had driven from New York, but Freda was coming by train—his thoughts reverted to Ava, an especially nice name. And when Freda appeared he was a little absent-minded.

"You're sorry I came," she said at once. "You don't want to be bothered with me. Or else you are afraid I'll bid all you're after up into the sky. I think I will and be disagreeable."

"It's just as I said," he told her, "there is a lunch counter with hot dogs, draped with sauerkraut, and cheese sandwiches and milk. But I'm disappointed there are no pretzels."

If he had pretzels, she replied, he'd be wanting beer. "Do try not to spoil the fun I'm having. Oh, Willie, this is too divine!" They had reached the store in front of which the sale was to be held. Old painted benches, and chairs with sales tags were ranged along the pavement and in the gutter and on the street, facing a wide window full of antiques and a small temporary platform for the auctioneer. Already most of the seats were filled; Willie Gerald and Freda found the last two places on a long bench. "Tell me who is here," she whispered, "I must get to recognize the dealers. Willie, there are some perfectly grand old girls talking Pennsylvania Dutch."

"The woman in the black Mennonite shawl and bonnet is Mrs. Schulte," he instructed her; "she is from Manheim. She has been there with her husband a long time and naturally an incredible part of what is good Stiegel has passed through their hands. Don't bid against her for door towels. That's Arthur Silver—no, the smaller man with the impassive face and quick eyes. The other is Leyden from

Your Grocer Can Tell You

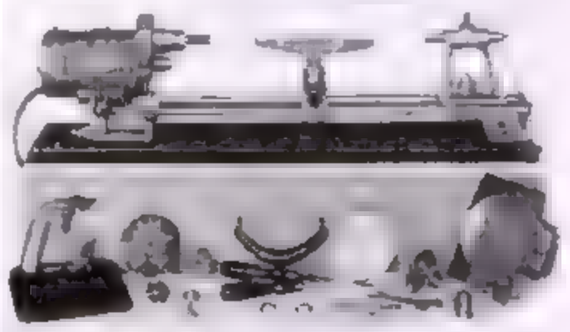
This Pop Corn Always Pops!

[illegible] Jolly Time Pop Corn [illegible] It's wonderful [illegible] Japanese Mull less stock [illegible] processed to bring out its best flavor and fair tempting crust. Every [illegible] is sealed in a dry vacuum to perfect popping condition

Pop some tonight. You'll see why your grocer can't agree with us and [illegible] can pop corn

AMERICAN POP CORN COMPANY
SIOUX CITY IOWA

JOLLY TIME
BRAND
POP CORN



NEW ELECTRIC Speed Way Shop & Tools

A compact and efficient electric work shop for the man who loves to make and create handi work. Driven by the famous Speed-Way Motor which is interchangeable among

8 Motor Driven Tools

A complete woodturning lathe, bench saw, scroll or jig saw, a portable electric hand saw and all accessories for drilling, buffing, grinding and cleaning. Attaches to any lamp socket and converts a work bench into a complete portable tool and machine shop. Have the chips flying in five minutes after receipt.

Make Things at Home

You can make and build almost [illegible] and models.

Only $10 Down

[illegible] accessories. Select as much equipment as you desire. Our payment plan makes owning a shop easy.

10 Days' Trial

You can test this shop for 10 days in your own home. If it does less than we claim, return it.

Free Blue Prints

WRITE for full information

Electro-Magnetic Tool Company
1830 S. 52nd Ave., Cicero, Ill. (Adjoining Chicago)

Manager Dept. 110 Please send me particulars about 10-day free trial, free blue-prints and $10 down payment.

Name .....

Address .....

Trenton. You'll have to wait to see what he's after, and then, if you want it, prepare to pay anything. There is Eben Francis, a Chester County Quaker with a barn like a collector's dream. No, she's an amateur and an erratic nuisance. Behind is Harper Lake, he collects nothing but old valentines. I saw one here cut in a circlet of sixteen hearts and painted, he'll be after. That's Markley, buying old iron, and next to him Allen Senders looking for dolphin candlesticks. Attached to those dusty shoes is the bidder for the Dumonds; if he wants anything there is no limit. None."

"Look, Willie," Freda caught his arm, "I want that pair of tin sconces. I have a place for them." The price of the sconces held at seven dollars each—Freda Renant's bid—and then rose to eleven dollars. Before that Gerald had stopped her. A tin coffeepot engraved with an eagle and the American flag brought bids through the twenties, the thirties, and into the forties. "If I don't get it I'll suffocate," Freda whispered.

"You won't have to," he reassured her. "Go to sixty, if it's necessary." But she got the coffeepot for forty-seven dollars.

"When you see it again it will be seventy-five," she told him. Then she bought a number of small slip-ware crocks; a plate with flowers and a legend went up in price and left her gasping. "Eighty dollars for that!" Freda protested. "It's insanity."

"Do you think so?" he quietly replied. "Mrs. Schulte bought it. That ought to tell you a little."

"Now, folks," the auctioneer proceeded, "I'm going to sell you something nice. Something extra—a pair of three-mold celery glasses. There they are, with sunbursts and quilting, and perfect. Perfect. Will you start them at a hundred dollars for one with the privilege of the pair? A hundred? Well, eighty, seventy-five, sixty, fifty? See here, this isn't right. Have you seen these pieces? Have you examined them? . . . Here, Hammond, pass them around. Let Mr. Leyden have them." Leyden bid thirty dollars; that was raised at once to forty, then forty-five ——

Freda Renant turned to Gerald. "Are you bidding?" He nodded to the auctioneer.

"Fifty! Fifty and now fifty-five; sixty and sixty-five; seventy and seventy-five and eighty, eighty-five." Gerald nodded. Ninety.

"Oh, I hope you get them," Freda continued. "I can hardly bear it." A hundred and ten he would take; two and a half. A hundred and twelve and a half. Fifteen. He waited for Willie, but Willie shook his head. "Sold at a hundred and fifteen dollars for one, and the privilege—Mr. Leyden takes them both, and so would I at that figure." Freda murmured her disappointment, but Willie Gerald assured her that he was satisfied.

A contest began for the circular painted valentine between the woman Gerald had described as an erratic nuisance and Harper Lake. He was an old man with faded pink cheeks, in a black derby hat and indifferent clothes; and, seated on a corner of the auctioneer's platform, turned deliberately away from the auctioneer, he made his bids by a succession of almost imperceptible movements. He seemed to be preoccupied with a far different object and scene. The woman bid ninety-two dollars, and Harper Lake made his slight affirmative. In the end he got the valentine, but it cost him a hundred and seventeen dollars.

"Before the sale," Willie Gerald told Freda, "I could have had it for thirty dollars."

"What a heavenly Stiegel bowl!" she exclaimed. "With a lid. Now that you must get. Go on, Willie, don't let him have it. Certainly give three hundred; it has a lid. If you stop I'll—I'll go home alone. I won't speak to you. That's yours and I think you are going to get it. No, he's back. Well, perhaps I don't blame you. It was a frightful price. And Mr. Silver didn't make a bid until it was nearly over. Just the same I hate him."

Willie Gerald was becoming increasingly conscious of Freda's charm; she was not, he thought, the sort of woman who ought to go out into the world for a living. In the first place, she didn't look like that. It was evident she belonged in settings of exclusive leisure—on horses and the decks of yachts, brown on the sand of private bathing beaches.

And that sent his mind back to Ava Ling: she seemed to him to be even less able to cope with reality. How different the two girls were; Ava positively minute with wide questioning, guileless eyes, and Freda, tall and slim, with flat hard shoulders and a direct and impersonal and humorous gaze. He liked Freda enormously, but Ava was more—more arresting. She had a quality he found very appealing.

The auction ended for the morning and he conducted Freda to the lunch stand. Willie Gerald ordered his hot dog without sauerkraut, but Freda insisted that he had spoiled it. She stood on the sidewalk trying to manage the unwieldy sandwich, a glass of milk in her other hand, and accused him of caring how he looked.

Gerald admitted that he didn't propose to be decorated in raw gray cabbage. "And very gamy cabbage too."

Freda replied that she intended to eat another and perhaps another. "And, Willie, get me a second glass of milk, darling. If that's a rhubarb pie, I want it too. Even if you have to get it from Mr. Leyden."

A woman in a loose smart jacket and plain skirt, a blue hat crowded down on her eyes, came up to them. "Mrs. Penny," Willie Gerald proceeded, "do you know Miss Renant?" The elder acknowledged that introduction and turned sharply to Gerald.

"Mr. Gerald," she demanded, "what does it mean?"

"What does what mean?" he replied.

"Now don't be innocent with me," she begged; "the blue sugar bowl with a lid, of course. I mean how did it happen to come up so suddenly without advertising? But what I do want to know most is why you stopped bidding."

"I thought I'd gone far enough," he told her. "Didn't you like it?"

Certainly she liked it. Who wouldn't? "I bought it from Mr. Silver as soon as I could get hold of him. So you must tell me what you know." Very little, he admitted. When he reached Hebron he had heard that some exceptionally good glass was to be sold. The three-mold celery glasses were part of it. Yes, he understood there was more. That was practically all he'd gathered. They had come from a very large collection ——

He was interrupted by an exceedingly tall and thin man, who spoke to Mrs. Penny. She was abrupt with him. "How are you, Mr. Yermans. You mustn't stop Mr. Gerald. He's telling me something very important." He half turned and nodded to Willie. "I can guess what it is," he added, "or, rather what it is about—that blue bowl you got from Silver. If you had come in my place last week you could have had one twice as good with a domed cover for no more money." Mrs. Penny replied indifferently that, now, she had this one, and made it evident that she only wanted Gerald to go on.

"As I said, they are supposed to come from a large and old collection, and to be the very first pieces offered out of it. And I understand, too, that nothing more will be sold. What surprised me was that it seems to be owned here locally. Although I can't be certain of that."

Yermans immediately said they must find out. "Where did you hear all this?" he demanded.

"It was in the air," Willie told him; "a little here and there. I have been putting it together for Mrs. Penny. Gillam and his assistants would say nothing."

Mrs. Penny, it was plain, wasn't satisfied, though when Yermans walked away she was decidedly relieved. "That is the most terrible man!" she declared. "I didn't really think you'd tell me a thing with him around. . . . You can't imagine what he will do," she continued to Freda Renant.

"Oh, yes, I can," Freda protested. "He has been in my shop. After half an hour I didn't know whether to throw out everything I had, or him. Actually, Willie, he said the whole works was doubtful. Amy Beltran was so annoyed she let a cigarette burn its whole length on a dish-top table. But he will pay the most outrageous prices for what he wants. I can't think how he gets it back."

When they were finding seats for the afternoon sale Yermans laid a yellow-gloved hand on Gerald's shoulder. "Come here a minute," he said. "I've heard just what you did about that glass. And the rest—an enormous collection is in this town. Now, Gerald, we've got to find it. Don't make any mistake there. This is what I propose: We'll buy it together. We will just get it will they or won't they. I don't know how much money you have along, but I have over seven thousand dollars cash, and I can find as much more if I need it."

Willie Gerald, however, wouldn't agree. "If it's what I hear, it would be no good to me. At most I couldn't take more than six or eight pieces. And then, Yermans, I wouldn't own a half of anything you touched. No, you look for it and I'll look, and we will see what happens."

The dealer said that he was convinced Willie Gerald knew more than he was willing to admit. "Though I'll go this far with you: I can't see what good a collection like that would do you. Not the way you sell."

"What do you mean, the way I sell?" Gerald asked sharply.

"Pretending you don't sell at all," Yermans told him. "Why don't you come out and admit you are a dealer and pay for the license?"

Why he didn't, Gerald pointed out, was none of Yermans' particular business. "And some day, if you keep following me around, I'll knock your face off."

Yermans laughed. "I guess not. It's in our line, isn't it? We have to do some detective work now and then. You want to watch your little temper."

When Willie Gerald returned to Freda he was in a marked bad humor. "Every time I see that buzzard I get mad again," he admitted.

"Why don't you hammer him up?" Freda Renant suggested calmly.

Gerald thought that he would. "But not today. I'd rather have him walking around. . . . Now, Freda, get that Wistarberg pitcher in green and white, if it doesn't go too far. I have a place you can sell it. I'll let you know when it's out of reach." She secured the pitcher, another was put up which Arthur Silver bought, and then Willie Gerald bid up a clear green hat of unusual size, until, suddenly, it was left with him. "I paid lots for it," he confessed; "but where, as the dealers have it, could you go and find another? These benches aren't much short of being hard. In a few minutes I'm going to get up and walk around. Don't go crazy while I'm away. If any yellow spatter ware comes up, specially in a set or a pitcher, buy it; if any green appears, get it if it isn't on the roof; and if you see some blue, buy if it's cheap. You can pay thirty dollars for the hinges you've had your eye on, and don't bid on three-mold glass unless you're certain it's blown as well. Tell Gillam to let you see what you're doubtful about." He rose and moved back to the street.

Mrs. Penny stopped him. "I must have that green hat," she whispered. "The auctioneer ignored my bid." Yermans was seated beyond her, and Willie Gerald grasped that he was not intent on the sale. Yermans' automobile was by the opposite pavement, and Gerald saw that his chauffeur was an undersized Italian with a mustache brushed stiffly up.

That mustache, Willie Gerald recognized, was on the far brick sidewalk when he turned sharply in at the gate of a wooden fence and mounted three steps to the door of an unobtrusive and small house. He rapped lightly with a late and sufficiently hideous iron knocker, and then quickly admitted himself to a narrow hall. It was perhaps fifteen minutes later that the door on the street was opened again; coming from an inner room Gerald found Yermans regarding him with a conciliatory smile.

"Gerald," he admitted, "I couldn't resist the temptation. It wasn't in me. If this collection is what we heard, there will be enough for both. If it isn't—why, naturally you have the advantage of me. Anyway, looking never hurt good glass yet."

"I warned you to stay away from me," Willie Gerald answered. "God knows, I've made it clear enough what I think of you. But everyone has done that without result. Your skin is too thick for anything short of lead. It happens I am handicapped just now; there is a very sick old woman upstairs, and so I'll simply ask you to leave as quietly as possible."

In answer to this Yermans immediately moved forward. "Now we mustn't disturb the old lady," he asserted, "and I want to see the glass, and so I expect we had better go back together where you came from." Willie Gerald considered this, frowning. Then without further words he turned and strode into the room which lay behind the hall. The diminutive figure of a girl straightened up from a deep old-fashioned trunk. She was severely dressed in black, with a close skirt about the tops of high buttoned shoes, a black shawl was folded over her shoulders, and her head was covered with a plain black bonnet. In its shade, gray eyes opened with an astonishing wideness of appeal, and her pale upper lip was so bowed, so short, that there was a constant gleam of entrancingly white teeth.

"Now it is!" she cried, annoyed, to Willie Gerald. "I told you it would be. You promised me no other gentlemen would come in. You must both go away, with my mother so sick and all." Yermans was staring at some colored glass standing on a table. He picked up a small dark blue three-mold quilted pitcher and put it softly down. His hand fell on a tall goblet, twisted on its stem, in translucent green; it moved to a pair of diamond blue salts on very high feet. "You must go, both of you," the girl insisted. "Nothing is for sale. I told them when they got the pieces they did, that was all." Yermans gazed into the trunk; it was practically full of small objects most carefully wrapped in newspapers. Ignoring all protest, he picked one up and unwrapped it—a lavender flask with a pattern of daisies!

"Gerald," he said solemnly, "Gerald, if I had been kept out of here, my life would have been in vain." Willie was sullen.

"Mrs. Huber," he proceeded ungraciously, "this is Mr. Yermans, a dealer. He had his chauffeur follow me. . . . Mrs. Huber's husband has just died," he told Yermans. "There is, I understand, only her mother left with her, and, if she is able, they are moving away at once. The glass is mostly packed, and Mrs. Huber won't take it out. You can see what I can, and there you have it. We might as well go."

"Go!" Yermans echoed him. "Go! If you're insane, I'm not." He addressed the girl. "I can't believe that you have been married and are a widow," he protested. "Why, you're not more than fifteen." They married young in Hebron County, she replied. Yes, Mr. Huber was her husband and he was dead already. "Tell me where you, where he, got this glass," Yermans persisted.

"Mr. Yermans, he was older than me. Them that used to was in his family worked with the glass, in the glasshouse, and they always kept pieces. He couldn't do that, but he added to it." As she spoke she was wrapping the objects on the table and carefully fitting them into places of safety in the trunk. In the midst of this she paused, counting what was left.

"The little blue pitcher!" she cried. "Where is it already?" Mrs. Huber pounded with her fists on Willie Gerald's

(Continued on Page 139)

Jeweled Moments she will remember

— *a gift* SO ENTRANCING THAT IT TAKES THE WORDS RIGHT AWAY FROM HER LIPS AND SETS THEM ALL A-SPARKLE IN HER EYES.

. . . . *other* presents may serve their day and go their way, but the luring appeal of *precious jewels* lingers a lifetime.

How true it is that a gift from the jewelry store possesses a very special charm that commonplace things can never quite acquire!

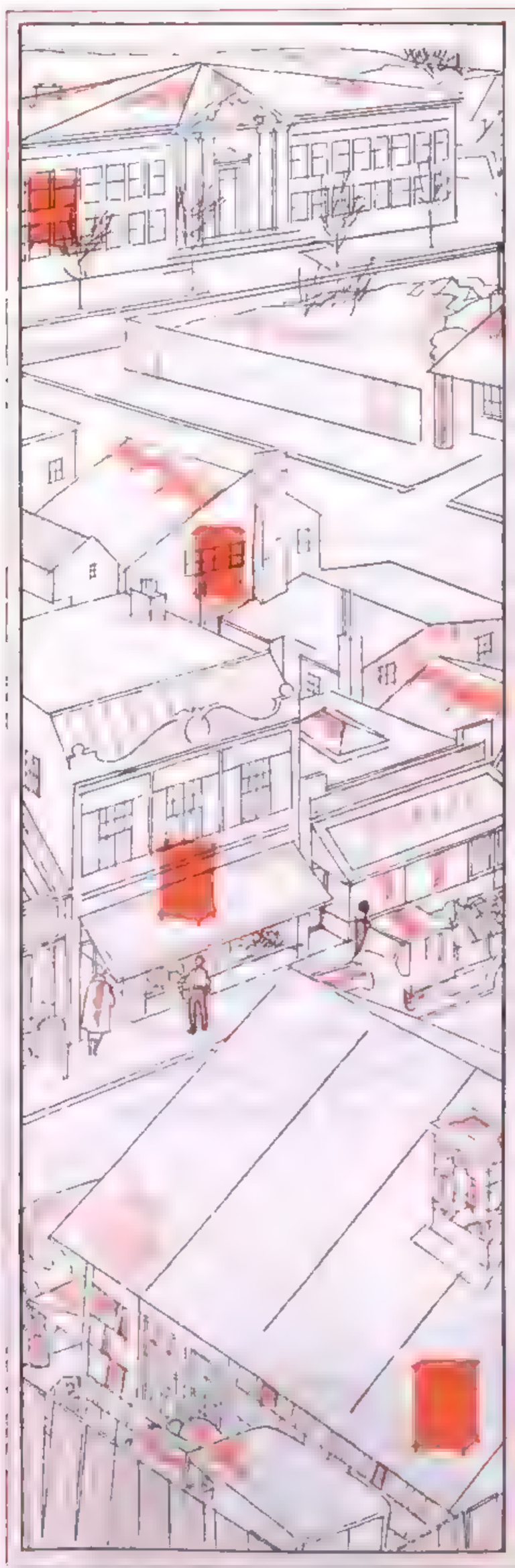
The enchanted aisles of this treasure house are to *her* a Land of Dreams Come True. What a privilege then — and what a *pleasure!* — to select from this fascinating source the *one* gift for which she has longed.

To be treasured
far beyond the dusk of this wonderful day

The *world* is so full of gifts that die in a day. But you can make the thrill of *this* day live on for her when a hundred calendar leaves are withered and gone. . . . ¶ Welcome this opportunity to bestow a gift that lasts—a token of enduring charm. . . . ¶ The present you select at the jewelry store will not only give immediate delight, but increase in value with the rich associations of each passing year.

for GIFTS THAT LAST

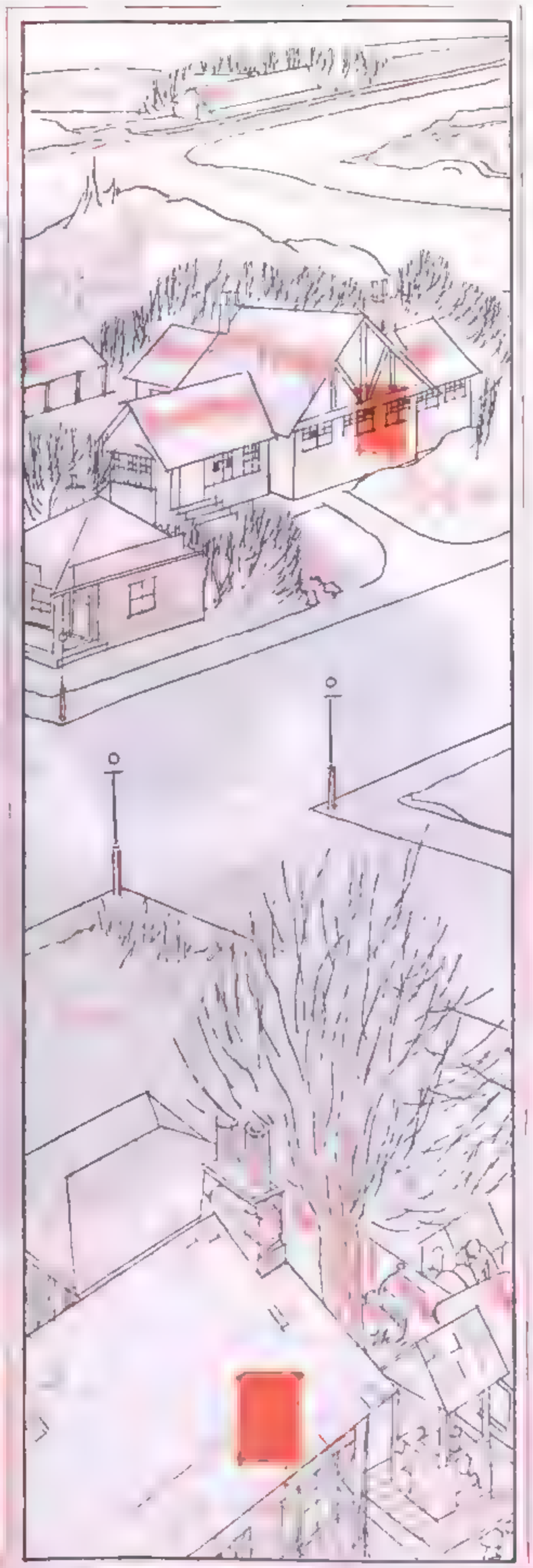
Consult your Jeweler



The New economical *Allen's Parlor Furnace* means winter warmth and comfort for millions of shivering homes

It heats the whole house

Allen's
PARLOR FURNACE



THE New Allen's Parlor Furnace—the furnace above the floor—brings luxurious "big house" heat to the smallest homes and bungalows. Homes that have no cellars. Homes where cellars and cellar furnaces represent impossible costs. Homes with old-fashioned heating equipment.

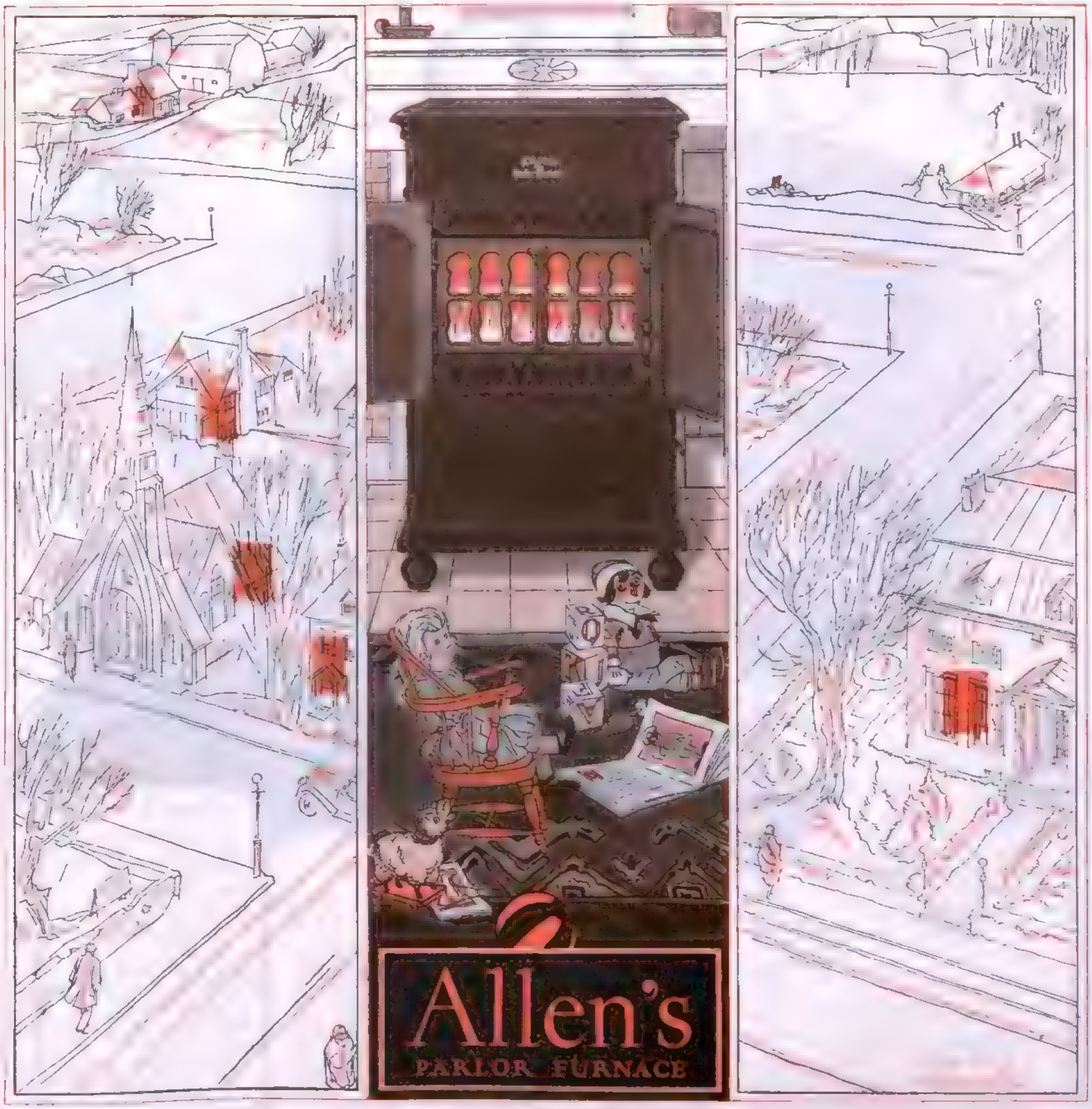
In these homes there will be no more huddling around back-freezing heaters or fireplaces. No more living close to the kitchen range the whole winter long. Gone are sniffling, coughs and colds caused by dry air from "hot spot" stoves. For here is healthful, convenient and inexpensive heat placed within reach of all American homes. And the Allen's is suitable also for churches, schools and stores.

The New Allen's Parlor Furnace brings the cheeriness and glow of an open fire. Made in mahogany and walnut finishes to harmonize with the furniture you have —*but every inch a furnace.*

Circulates warm, moist air the healthful, modern way—Takes in at the bottom the cooler air from lower part of room and throws out a current of moist, heated air at top. A continuous circulation of cheerful warmth *through all the rooms* results.

Heats seven rooms or more—Among the many testimonials from users is one from a Scranton, Pa., woman, who writes that she heats her ten-room house with an Allen's Parlor Furnace. Others testify to its wonderful heating capacity, its economy, its freedom from annoyance.

Saves cost of cellar; needs but one chimney—Elimination of cellar means saving of several hundred dollars. It will also save up to $200, or more in the cost of the additional chimneys that would be required by stoves, room-heaters and fireplaces.



Does the work of several room-heaters—But it burns no more fuel than the one-room stove or heater. Costs little, if any, more than a single stove. Is remarkably easy to care for and as easy as furniture to keep clean.

10 minutes to install; burns coal, coke or wood—Surprisingly easy to install. Flue connection is *all* that's needed. There are no pipes, radiators or other fittings. The Allen's Parlor Furnace burns hard or soft coal, coke or wood. And because of the Allen's superior design practically all the heat generated is used.

Plan now for a comfortable winter! See the New Allen's Parlor Furnace at once! If there is no Allen's dealer in your neighborhood, write direct to us for complete information, illustrated folders and prices. Accept no substitute for the Allen's. Remember that this is the original Parlor Furnace. It embodies features carefully developed and tested over a period of years before being offered to the public. It is the last word in Parlor Furnace design, construction and finish.

ALLEN MANUFACTURING CO., INC.,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

HEATING DEALERS
—*your opportunity*

The need for the New Allen's Parlor Furnace is tremendous. People are waiting for you to show them this modern heating plant. It opens for you the biggest of all furnace markets.

What other heating dealers are doing you can do! R. W. Ryan, of Wildwood, N. J., sold two carloads of the New Allen's Parlor Furnaces in six weeks. Then followed up with an order for 100 more. Users tell their friends how the Allen's heats—and sales grow steadily. Write today for full information about our valuable dealer franchise.

JORDAN

It is unlawful to use this label except with GENUINE CHASE Velmo MADE BY SANFORD MILLS SANFORD MAINE The Luxurious Mohair Velvet Upholstery

THIS LABEL IDENTIFIES THE GENUINE FABRIC

A Final Touch of Elegance~ MOHAIR VELVET UPHOLSTERY

THE skill of many artists and craftsmen is employed to give to Jordan bodies their charm and distinction. No ordinary upholstery material could meet the requirements of these specialists. But in luxurious, enduringly beautiful CHASE VELMO—the Perfected Mohair Velvet—they found a fabric worthy of the beauty of Jordan enclosed models.

CHASE VELMO

is made in a variety of qualities adapted to the most expensive as well as moderate priced motor cars. Among those using this perfected Mohair Velvet are:

CADILLAC. In custom built models.

DODGE. De Luxe Sedan.

ELCAR. All closed models.

GARDNER. Standard Six and Eight Cylinder Sedans and Broughams.

JORDAN. All closed models.

KISSEL. All Sedans, Broughams and Coupes.

LINCOLN. Optional equipment in both standard and custom models.

MARMON. Optional in all closed models.

NASH. Advanced six and Special six, Four, five and seven passenger enclosed cars.

REO. De Luxe Sedan.

STUDEBAKER. Standard equipment of Standard Six Sedan and Country Club Coupe; Special Six Victoria, Brougham and Sedan, Big Six Club Coupe, 5 Passenger Sedan, 7 Passenger Sedan and Berline.

STUTZ. Optional equipment in all "Safety Chassis" closed models at a slight additional cost.

VELIE. Royal Sedan.

WILLYS-KNIGHT. Standard in all Great Six enclosed cars.

CHASE Velmo

CHASE VELMO, *a Perfected Mohair Velvet Unsurpassed for Closed Car Upholstery*

Made by

SANFORD MILLS, SANFORD, MAINE

L. C. CHASE & Co. ~ *Selling Agents* ~ BOSTON

NEW YORK DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

Free on request an interesting booklet, "A Glimpse Inside"

(Continued from Page 134)

chest. "Give me my pitcher back. You ought to be ashamed stealing from a little widow." He answered indignantly, "I haven't your pitcher. . . . Yermans, give it to her." Yermans absolutely denied all knowledge of it; but, moving swiftly to his side, Mrs. Huber discovered the pitcher in his pocket.

"Oh, yes," he admitted, undisturbed, "I wanted to be sure it wasn't lost among the other things. Mrs. Huber, I'll give you a hundred and seventy-five dollars for it. Now. In money."

"It's not for sale," she reiterated. "Nothing more is."

Yermans turned to Willie Gerald. "How many pieces of glass do you suppose are in there?" He indicated the trunk.

"She told me more than four hundred," Gerald replied. The shades were drawn low on two windows, and with a green goblet Yermans was moving toward them, when she resolutely stopped him. She stood squarely with her minute vigorous body between him and the light and forbade him touching a shade.

"You have forgotten that there was death just in here. My husband was carried out only two days ago. We are in this trouble only selling a little and I wouldn't let any more go, not for nothing." It appeared that she was at the point of tears.

"Yermans, you swine," Gerald said, "if you don't leave the house immediately I'll smash you the instant you're outside."

"Don't do it until you see if I have any glass," he begged. "I can be repaired, but Stiegel can't. . . . Mrs. Huber, I'll buy that whole trunkful, all your glass, right now, and right now pay you for it. I don't mean in promises or even by check. I have enough with me." He produced a crisp wad of new paper money and showed her currency, note after note, in the denominations of a thousand and five hundred dollars. "What will you take for the entire lot?"

Willie Gerald protested: "You seem to have forgotten all about me, Yermans. We had some sort of a proposed agreement, you may remember."

Yermans didn't turn his head. "What will you let it go for, Mrs. Huber?"

Willie clapped a hand on his shoulder. "I must figure in this," he persisted.

"I can't see why," Yermans returned. "Money is all that figures. If you want the glass, buy it. The privilege is yours, if you have the price. . . . Mrs. Huber, I'll give you six thousand dollars." Gerald laughed and Yermans angrily told him to shut up. "That is a big price when I have only seen a dozen pieces."

Willie reminded them that he had offered a hundred and seventy-five for one. "Your lavishness, Yermans, like the rest of you, is only talk. Mrs. Huber, I can't stand any more of this, and I'm sorry you won't sell me the things I saw. I think there were twenty and I'd give you three thousand, five hundred dollars for them." She shook her head. "If this man persists in annoying you send the girl in the kitchen for me—I will be at the sale—and I'll personally see that he goes to the town lockup. I'd like to do it on my own account. Thank you." Willie Gerald abruptly left the room and the house. Yermans, he reflected, was difficult to manage, but then he had a great deal of confidence in Mrs. Huber. At first she had seemed to him almost helpless; she appeared so pathetically young in her mourning, so guileless in the hard face of life.

Back once more at the auction, Freda Renant exclaimed that she was in a rage at him.

"Willie, I have spent nine hundred dollars, and Amy warned me that we had less than nothing in the bank. I up and paid three hundred and ten dollars for a Stiegel rummer without a finial."

He immediately reassured her. "I saw it and it's a great deal better than that. Did any other good glass go, and what did it bring?" He was very well satisfied with her reply, figuring swiftly in a small notebook. Freda was going to Philadelphia for the night, but Gerald was returning immediately to New York; and the night was so pleasant he drove continuously until he was home. What a satisfactory girl Freda Renant was. Yet that was short of the truth; he remembered that Rose Brincker had advised him to marry exactly such a girl; but there was one difference—money. Marriage without a lot of that, it seemed to him, must be very dreary indeed.

He had heard it said that too much money ruined marriage, but for him the reverse would be true. Poverty, he thought, must inevitably destroy such a delicately adjusted relationship. Yet this, he was forced to add, was purely relative: what would mean poverty to him would be endless riches for others. For example, a hundred thousand dollars a year was the very smallest sum he could consider. That would limit him horribly.

He thought of Freda until her place in his mind was taken by Mrs. Zelam Ling. He had decidedly expected to hear from her; it had been ten days since he had seen her—she was to telephone him—and he was at the point of calling her when another unfamiliar visitor arrived.

"Mr. Gerald," he said directly, "I am going to come right out with you and admit I'm a detective."

Willie Gerald indicated a chair and said that was interesting. Before he was settled, however, he brought forward the ingredients of Scotch whisky and soda. "Now."

"My name is Davis, and I'll make it as short as possible. To be still franker, we have been employed by a Mr. Yermans in connection with a lot of imitation glass he was sold for real. He bought it, he admits, under peculiar circumstances, and didn't examine it right; but in spite of that we think he has a case. If it can be proved. And he thinks you are the man to do that."

Gerald asked, "You mean the glass he got in Hebron?" The detective nodded.

"It seems he went to a house and found you there, and a girl who said she was a Mrs. Huber and a widow. She had a trunk full of what looked like old pieces, and he outbid you and bought it. Have I got that straight?" Willie Gerald now nodded. "Mr. Gerald, that—I don't know what to call him—gave that girl nine thousand, seven hundred dollars for her trunk. In money. There and then! Yes, sir. And when he got it home he found out it was bogus. He learned more than that—it was the bad part of a bad collection, I understand, made by a Zelam Ling, now—like Mr. Huber—dead. He'd been a plain sucker. Well, he came to us and I was put on it. I went to Hebron, naturally, and found the house, but not another thing. Just before the public auction there you both attended, 67 Quince Street was rented for a month, and the rental—twenty-two dollars and fifty cents—paid in advance. The party said his mother wanted to try the neighborhood, and if she liked it he'd lease for a year with the privilege of renewal.

"That's all I got out of that, except that the house was occupied for a day. Nobody knew who the bird was who paid the rent—he gave a hollow address in Gettysburg. This Mrs. Huber and a servant girl appeared and began to fix the place up, and then disappeared. . . . That's elegant Scotch, Mr. Gerald, and another won't do us any harm. . . . Here your part comes in. Do you mind telling me how you come on this Mrs. Huber?"

"Not at all," Willie replied; "but it will disappoint you. I found some remarkable glass at the sale—sensational glass, really. I know most of the sources for that; and I was surprised. The auctioneer wouldn't tell me where it came from—they never do—but I overheard two people say casually that it was part of a collection then in Hebron. I gave one of the auction assistants some money, but he didn't know anything except that he had seen a wooden box with a tag and the Quince Street address. When I came to look for them, the tag and the assistant had both disappeared, but I did find the house and had just managed to get in when Mr. Yermans followed me. I will say this, though, and as an expert—the piece or two I had time to look at were genuine."

The detective admitted that, in a lot of four hundred and seventeen, three objects were good. "What do you mean, the assistant disappeared?"

"If you are going to take that tone," Willie Gerald informed him, "you had better see my lawyers." The other said hastily that he had meant no harm. "The whole affair is queer—the girl didn't even tell Yermans the things were right. We explained to him the law, that probably his money was spent; but he's vindictive and full of perjuries and intentions to defraud. Now, there is another view of this. Zelam Ling, who got blasted first, left a widow. Nobody knows much about her—that is, none of the antique dealers and collectors do—and I went to call on her with reference to her dead husband's property. I had the hell of a time to get her address and when I reached for her she had gone." Willie put down his glass sharply.

"Gone?" he repeated. "Where?"

"West was all they knew. She didn't leave an address because she said there wouldn't be any letters. Somebody thought it was California and someone else Oregon, but her sister—I mean the sister to the lady who rented the rooms—thought it was New Orleans. And this is interesting—she went the day after the auction."

"I can't follow you there," Gerald asserted. "I don't see why you should be particularly engaged with that." The detective leaned forward:

"For this reason: I did find out that Mrs. Ling was the smallest and prettiest lady you could think of; and Mr. Yermans said that that Mrs. Huber, in Hebron, was just a miniature. That was his exact word. He added he'd have been willing to give her a whirl any day."

Gerald considered this. He laughed. "It's plain nonsense," he pronounced. "Things like that don't occur. It would be too neat and dramatic."

The detective disagreed. "This city is full of such neat happenings right this minute. Anyhow, I want to talk to Mrs. Ling—and see if I ain't talking to Mrs. Huber at the same time." Gerald asked how he would go about finding her; but he had no more satisfaction than the intelligence that there were a number of ways.

"Mr. Gerald, did you know her?"

The detective was standing and Willie Gerald looked him fully and simply in the face. "I did not," he answered in the accents of the completest candor.

A hand was extended to him. "We are much obliged; I think I know the truth when I hear it."

When he was alone Willie finished his drink in a gulp. "That girl," he said loudly, "was to give me half of what she got, and a half of nine thousand, seven hundred dollars is four thousand, eight hundred and fifty."

The following week he tore open an envelope with something approaching indecent haste; on it was printed: The Ellis Detective Agency. There was a short note—"This might interest you; we'll say it no longer does us"—and a clipping from a San Francisco paper:

"A childhood romance of the Kansas farm land culminated yesterday in the marriage of Wellington Dravot to Mrs. Zelam Ling, formerly of New York City. Mr. Dravot, as all good Californians know, is one of the biggest oil owners west of the Mississippi ——"

And yet, Willie Gerald added, for his own benefit exclusively, it wasn't a position she had been sure of.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

Corns
Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

Send for booklet
Efficiency uses for Colored Pencils

WHAT short cuts to efficiency via the colored pencil? Let our free booklet tell you how alert minds in many industries have improved office, store and factory practice with Blaisdells.

The two sample Blaisdells that come with the booklet also have an efficiency story to tell. Once your fingers guide their firm, smooth-speeding, brilliant crayons over paper, you will be satisfied with no other colored pencils to make your notations emphatic.

Blaisdells are the instant-sharpening, *non-wasting* paper pencils in which every grain of the crayon *makes its mark*. A metal device that peels them with a single motion is now packed with each dozen. Your stationer can supply many colors.

Blaisdell

THE PIONEER PAPER PENCIL

Send for booklet and two pencils

BLAISDELL PENCIL CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me two Blaisdells, one regular and one thin lead, and booklet, "Efficiency Uses for Colored Pencils." I enclose 10c [illegible] and postage. P4

Name

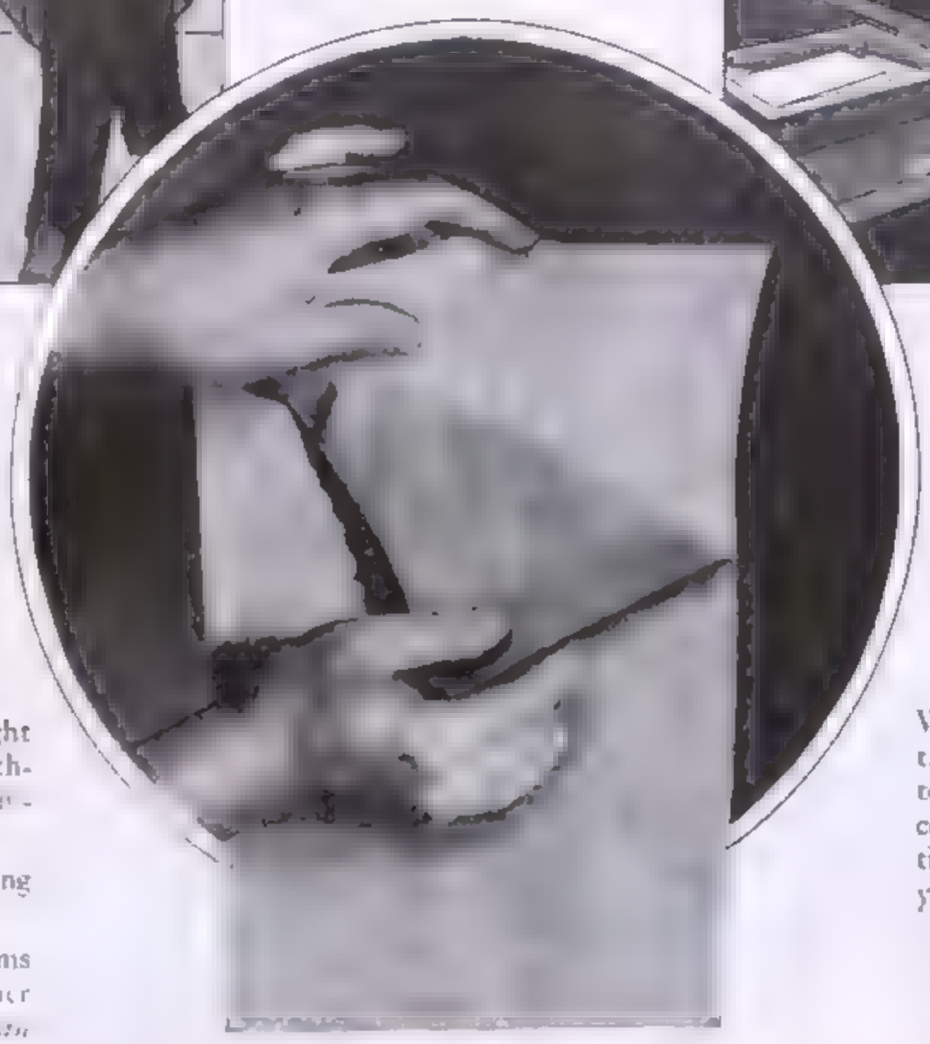
Street

City State

Modern Underwear for Modern Life

WARMTH
Outdoors

COMFORT
Indoors



MODERN living conditions have brought about this problem—how to keep healthfully warm outdoors and yet be comfortable indoors

And *science* has solved this problem by producing Duofold Health Underwear!

It's hot indoors—where efficient heating systems have replaced the stoves and fireplaces of former generations. Here we need the comfort of light, *thin* underwear. DUOFOLD *is* light and thin!

But outdoors our winters are as cold as they were when "red flannels" were in vogue. So we still need the protection of *warm* underwear. DUOFOLD *is* warm!

Duofold Health Underwear is built on the well known scientific principle that *two thin* layers, with air space between, offer more effective resistance to temperature changes than one *thick* layer.

That's why Duofold is warm outdoors—even warmer than old fashioned underwear made in one *thick* layer.

Duofold is *light*. It is *thin*. That's why it is so comfortable indoors, even where over-efficient steam heating systems raise the temperature far above what it should be.

Truly Duofold is the modern underwear, developed by science to meet the peculiar needs of present-day living conditions.

All Duofold Health Underwear is made in two thin layers with air space between. In some styles both layers are *all* cotton. For those who want the added protection of wool, there are styles with wool in the outer layer. *This gives all the warmth and protection of wool without the itch*—for the inner layer is soft, comfortable cotton.

Two THIN *Layers* Air Space Between Warmth with LIGHT WEIGHT

The warmth of Duofold's two thin layers with air space between protects you in the coldest weather outdoors, while its light weight keeps you comfortable inside

The storm window, the hollow tile, the double walls of a house are examples of "two thin layers with air space between". Duofold carries out this principle—but with very thin, light fabric

Wear Duofold this fall and winter. Put it on when the cold winds first sweep across the bleachers. Protect your health from the very start! Insure your comfort all winter long. Prove to your own satisfaction that Duofold, the scientific underwear, solves your problems in your modern way of living.

Men's Union Suits	$3.00 to $8.00
Men's Shirts and Drawers	1.75 to 4.00
Children's and Boy's Union Suits	1.75 to 4.50
Women's Union Suits	3.50 to 5.50
Misses' Union Suits	3.25 to 4.00
Infants' Styles	.35 to 2.00

You can get Duofold at men's furnishings or department stores in almost every community. Many dealers display this sign in their windows to guide you. *Write for a sample of the unique two-layer fabric. It's interesting.*

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY
Mohawk, N. Y

Why doctors recommend Duofold....

Because Duofold's [illegible] all the pro[illegible] all the cur[illegible]

Duofold *Health Underwear*
for Men, Women, Children and Infants

OUT-OF-DOORS

Continued from Page 52

I watched thousands of gulls and other birds follow a feeding whale. The horde of birds revealed its approximate whereabouts, and each time it came to the surface and spouted the feathered hosts rallied to the spot in such numbers that they covered at least two acres of water. The whale, feeding upon herring, forced myriads of these small fish to the surface, where they were promptly devoured by the ravenous horde of gulls and others known in the North as whale birds. These whale birds seem to derive a substantial part of their livelihood by taking advantage of the whale's operations, congregating in thousands above the spot where one is feeding.

Gulls feed mainly on such fish as loiter near the surface, and it is difficult for the large glaucous-winged gulls and herring gulls to dip below the surface; while loons, guillemots, murres, auklets, cormorants and others secure their food by diving and outswimming the fish upon which they prey.

Time and again I have watched thousands of gulls, crows, ravens and others following the tide out; swarming across the tide flats at the heads of bays as the waters receded; devouring the tons of mussels that have been deposited and scouring the shallows for any luckless fish or crab that might have been left stranded, while just outside of them, perhaps a few hundred yards beyond the receding water line, great ricks of scoters were feeding. I was told that the scoters live largely upon the barnacles that adhere to the rocks. However, they cannot live exclusively upon barnacles, for I have seen thousands of surf scoters in the interior of Arctic Canada on the Mackenzie River, and there are no barnacles thereabouts.

The loon is a peerless fisherman in the depths, equally at home in either fresh or salt water. It is almost as swift and dexterous in the water as a seal. Within the past week, while we were anchored for several days near the head of a narrow inlet that pierced an island to a depth of some fifteen miles, a pair of loons resorted to the spot daily and fished and played near the little gas boat.

Birds swallow unbelievably large fish. On several occasions, at distances not exceeding a hundred yards and with a pair of powerful binoculars that drew the bird quite close to me, I watched one of these loons swallow living fish which I am quite sure were ten inches in length. On two occasions the captor seemed to experience some little trouble, stopping to rest while a portion of the wriggling tail still protruded, then resuming his violent swallowing operations. When the tail had eventually disappeared the big loon still seemed to be having difficulty, as if, perhaps, the fish had not yet cleared the throat to a sufficient extent to permit the closing of his mouth. For perhaps a minute, his long bill remained propped wide open in horrible suggestion of acute strangulation. Presently, after a few experimental closings and gulpings, he managed to shut the lid on his captive.

Only last evening I witnessed a peculiar fishing scene. The bay in which the gas boat was anchored was as smooth as glass. I noticed an expanse of small silvery ripples, perhaps twenty yards across and a hundred yards from the boat, and turned my glasses upon it. Suddenly the air seemed literally full of fish, as countless thousands of tiny fish broke the surface and leaped a few inches into the air. Presently a score or so of small birds—murreleta, I think—appeared from the depths in an irregular circle round the edges of the spot, each bird with a gleaming fish in its bill. They dived repeatedly to secure other fish. On several occasions they all disappeared for perhaps a minute, and the thousands of fish again broke the surface as one. I am satisfied that these little sea quails were engaged in a rodeo or fish round-up, circling round thousands of these small fishes until they were milling in a circle and quite near the surface. The loon, too, is credited with performing this feat single-handed.

The commotion attracted other fish eaters. Gulls rallied to the spot with loud cries. Two eagles pitched from their lookouts in the timber and hovered within a few feet of the water. A hair seal lifted his head above water some two hundred yards beyond the scene, and the next time he broke the surface he was in the immediate vicinity of the murrelets' round-up. Four pigeon guillemots appeared among the others to benefit from their activities.

No doubt every creature of the waters—scaled, clawed or shell-clad—has some feathered enemy that has become adept in preying upon him, the same as every species of insect has some kind of feathered huntsman ever upon his trail.

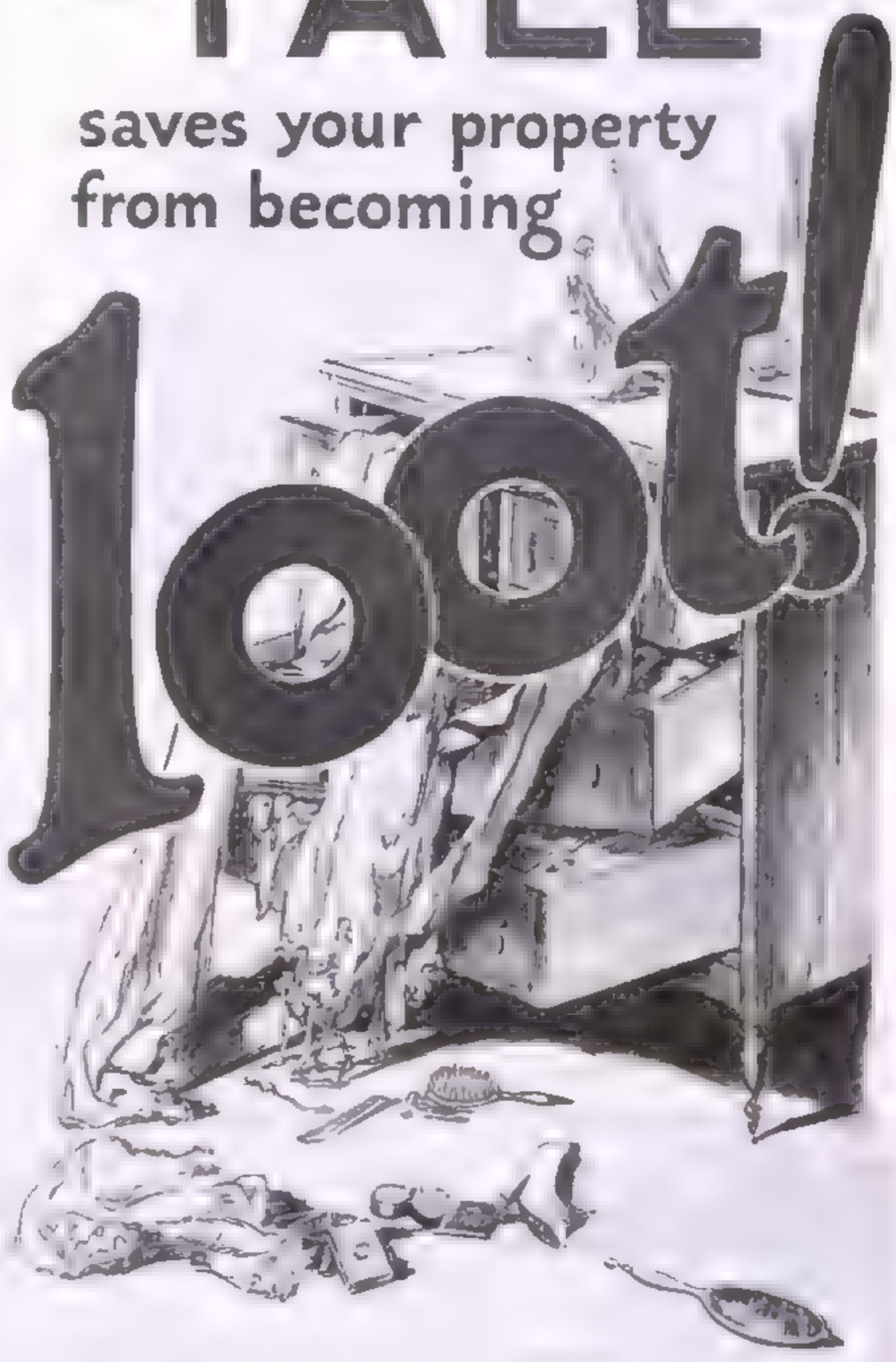
—Hal G. Evarts.

Skalkaho Falls in the Bitter Root Mountains, Montana

TRADE YALE MARK

saves your property from becoming

loot!



There are locks that resist the burglar's jimmy. There are locks that scorn his skeleton keys. There are locks that defy his wires and hooks and criminal cunning.

The Yale No. 192 Rotary Bolt Deadlock, the Yale No. 10 Steel Bar Deadlock, the Yale No. 44 Automatic Deadlatch—all are physically able to outmatch the housebreaker—all are cannily designed, sturdily built, shock-resisting guardians of life and property.

Burglary insurance may reimburse you in cash. But it will not return the cherished valuables that money cannot replace. Adequate protection—YALE protection—will prevent your property from becoming loot.

Go to your hardware dealer, select one of these Yale Locks and enjoy proper protection from today on.

Send for booklet, "Yale Guards Your Treasures."

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

No. 10 Deadlock

No. 192 Deadlock

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

"If you know what's good for you—"

—and of course you do

Enright's "All O'the Wheat" Bread

100% Whole-wheat

is the food for you

WHEREVER the best food is being served, you will find *Enright's* "All O'the Wheat" Bread. It's nut brown color and deliciously rich flavor give an appetizing zest to every meal.

Enright's "All O'the Wheat" Bread is a Quality Food containing real nourishment. It is always uniform in color, taste and quality, as it is baked according to our own Formula.

If your Grocer does not sell *Enright's* "All O'the Wheat" bread and flour, write to us.

Old-Fashioned Millers, Inc.
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Hotel El Verano

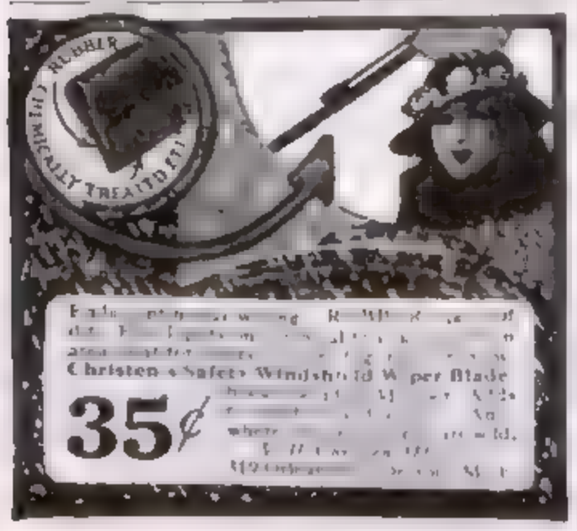
ON FLAGLER DRIVE ALONG BEAUTIFUL LAKE WORTH

El Verano affords a sweeping view of the Yacht Anchorage and lake front of Palm Beach. Our own farm supplies daily fresh fruits, vegetables, milk, cream and poultry products. Spacious rooms, fine furnishings and fire-proof building assure congenial comfort. Service is extraordinary. Rates lower than you would expect. Location is central.

Write for booklet if you would thoroughly enjoy Palm Beach at reasonable cost. This is a lake-front hotel.

CHAS. E. KIRKWOOD, Mgr

West Palm Beach Florida



EMILIANA

(Continued from Page 9)

her odd new prescience, is lonely underneath; that is why we are all so gay and grasping and desperate for pleasure. But the dying are loneliest of all; they who have so strange a way to travel, toward who knows where? Her father himself had been lonely on his deathbed; though Archibald Weldon had the widest—and, it may be added, the least exacting—acquaintance in Europe. Suzanne had not helped then, for all her voluble sympathies; one married the Suzannes to live with, not to die with. And Emily, his child, had helped least of all; visiting the sick bed at perfunctory intervals, with a fastidious distaste of which the moribund gentleman was entirely aware.

"I am not," he had said apologetically, "looking my best, dear child, in this saffron dressing gown. One needs a very fresh complexion to wear saffron well." And shortly before his death he had required the nurse to hand him a little pot of rouge.

Emily, years after, recalled that pot of rouge with a sharp belated pang of something like remorse—which may have accounted for her goodness to Wally.

For she was very good to him, indeed; so good as to surprise herself. "It's such a relief," the boy confessed to her once in the course of the long daily talks they had together, "not to have to feel things any more. I used to feel my feelings so hard."

The girl, too, was glad not to have to feel her feelings hard just then; and reminded herself not to flirt with this one, in thought, word or deed. She laid aside deliberately, as she might lay aside a scarf or fan, her little arsenal of charms—the cool sidelong lure of the eyes, the provocative dimple, the careless touch of the hand under which she had seen her victims start as under an electric shock. Even her voice became matter of fact and comradely, all the delicious throaty thrill gone out of it.

"I'll play fair this time, if I have to wear a mask and gloves," she thought, unaware of the wistfulness in the boy's following eyes whenever she left him. They were always smiling when she saw them again, bright with anticipation of more adventures to share vicariously.

He had got out a journal, lately fallen somewhat into disuse, in which he kept a record of all the things, as he said, that never happened to him; and in this he was entering, under the title of Emiliana, the tale of his new friend's experiences. Some day he meant to give them to the world, he declared grandiloquently, bound in half calf and scarlet lettering, if only as an antidote to a certain favorite American classic dealing with the affairs of the Glad Girl.

"With the subtitle of the Bad Girl?" inquired Emily.

But Wally did not smile. "I wish you wouldn't say things like that," he said. "You haven't got a bad bone in your body!"

"Except the femur," she corrected him, "which really ought to be a little longer, artistically speaking, but is atoned for perhaps by an almost perfect tibia."

"Ass!" he cried, flinging the journal after her as she fled.

Nurse Watkins, entering at the moment, lifted shocked eyebrows. Nurse Watkins often had to lift shocked eyebrows over their conduct, and especially their conversation, which covered everything that could be talked about in heaven and earth, and a good deal that could not, both being products of the age of candor.

"Such goings-on!" she reported to her special friend, who was maid to a certain Lady Norbury stopping at the hotel. "I don't so much mind the free, bold way they talk—tibias and femurs and things like that—though I must say thigh bones seem hardly a polite subject for conversation. But when it comes to kissing the patient full on the lips right before my very eyes, that is something I really cannot stummick!"

For Emily did this heinous thing, quite simply, whenever she happened to think about it; with a warm, sound, sisterly heartiness that was undoubtedly put to her credit in heaven.

The first time it happened, young Wallace drew back aghast. "Look here, you mustn't do that sort of thing!" he stuttered. "Do-don't you know I'm contagious?"

"So am I," said Emily calmly. "If there are germs of disease, it stands to reason there must be germs of health, too; and I've got plenty and to spare. Why, my lad, I'm so bursting with health that if I don't look out, one of these days I shall be fat! So gather the rosebuds while ye may."

Thereafter Wally gathered them—having first surreptitiously wiped his lips with antiseptic—in the spirit in which they were offered; with a steady courage that was the equal, had she but known it, of the girl's own.

Even Nurse Watkins had to admit that though Miss Weldon was probably no better than she should be, an opinion rather widely aired, she did the patient good. Whether it was his interest in collecting Emiliana; whether the germs of health she shared so freely were beginning to take effect, the fact remains that he showed symptoms of reviving appetite; and for the first time in weeks he ordered out his car to take Emily driving.

It was a very good car; the girl looked it over with the appraising eyes of habit; a large, expensive affair, with seats that extended into *chaises longues* in which one could comfortably sleep. And Wally's man Anatole drove it; a willing little Provençal whom Wally pronounced a far better nurse than the tart Miss Watkins.

"Uncle felt that a female touch was necessary to soothe the fevered brow—uncle would," he explained. "As it happens, Watkins' touch is like the caress of an impassioned brickbat; but since the old boy naturally wanted to spend all the money possible to appease his family feelings, what does it matter? You can see how it is—he can't have me dying about all over the place to slow music, without at least providing all the comforts of home. Everything of the very best and damn the expense—that is uncle's motto."

"And a very good one, too," remarked Emily, newly thoughtful. Did uncle happen to be a bachelor?

He did not, grinned the boy wickedly; he even had sons of his own, so that Wally himself was a bad bet. "Better stick to the baronet, old dear; though I'm always willing to oblige at a pinch."

Emily explained it was merely the car that had tempted her; she always liked to drive one. The only way to enjoy Switzerland she declared—or the world, for that matter—was from the seat of a high-powered and expensive car. But even as she spoke, she was remembering a very different car, wheezing and panting its happy way up mountainsides strewn with flowers as for a festival, her lover's arm around her, her lover's kisses on her face; up and up, until the clouds received them and the world was not.

"What," asked the boy beside her gently, "are you thinking of when you look like that?"

She replied that she was thinking, as became a dutiful wife, of her future baronet.

When they got home, she found, opportunely, a letter from her friend Miss Dibbs, at St.-Jean-de-Luz, saying that a clerical cousin had offered her his rectory in Sussex for the rest of the summer and that she wanted Emily for her guest.

"Suzanne was certainly right about that eye," sighed the girl. "Sussex! Do you realize it—with Sir Harry living right in the same county?"

"Fine! Couldn't be better!" said the boy stoutly. "The Dibbs lady, instead of that compromising stepmother; a clerical cousin, a rector—why, my girl, it looks to me like a wow!"

Undoubtedly, admitted Emily, it promised to be a wow; but there were complications. Suzanne, the purse bearer, was still in Paris, and wanted to run down to Deauville for a few days before joining Emily. If Suzanne were not to join Emily at all, the sinews of war, as she put it delicately, would be lacking. And Suzanne could not be counted upon to coöperate from a distance. Her benefactions were at best spasmodic, and she was slightly jealous of Miss Dibbs. Of course, mused Emily, thinking aloud, there was her own dot. But what is a girl in Europe without a dot? And there was also Sir Harry's parting gift—a bracelet of very good sapphires—doubtless negotiable at nearly par. The irony of this idea appealed to her. Sir Harry hoist, as it were, with his own petard.

She paused abruptly in these maidenly reflections as she caught Wally's stare of shocked astonishment.

"Good gad!" he stuttered. "You mean you haven't got any money?"

There was about enough, she explained, to pay the hotel bill and the tips.

"You mean you're in the habit of s-selling off your little what nots when you want to g-go anywhere?"

That, explained Emily lightly, was what little what nots were for; had he not observed the elegant *monts-de-piété* in the neighborhood of all the better hotels? Though heretofore she had not happened to patronize them, thanks to the amiability of her stepmother.

Wally, usually more than ready to be amused by Emily's confidences, did not smile over this one. "Look here, I can let you have whatever money you need," he said rather brusquely.

To his dismay, the color flooded her silvery pallor, well up into the roots of her hair, and her lips trembled as if she were going to cry. But her voice was steady and cool as usual. "I am sorry you seem to have misunderstood me," she said. "People don't—often. There are limits, you know, to the attentions even a girl like me has to accept from her admirers."

"Damn it all!" cried the boy, clutching at her. "I'm not an admirer; I'm a friend!"

Her quivering lips relaxed into a sudden smile.

"I forgot," she said after a moment. "So you are. That does make a difference."

The matter was at length arranged on a purely sporting basis. Emily, if she landed her baronet, was to return Wally's loan at a good rate of interest. If not, the loss was mutual. They shook hands on it solemnly.

"But it means, old dear, that I've got to leave you now."

"What of it?" he replied ungallantly. "I'll keep till you get back."

"Will you?" she asked with a catch in her voice. "Will you, Wally boy?"

"I'll do my damnedest to keep," he promised; and he made her promise in turn to get it over with as soon as possible and return to Switzerland on her wedding trip.

"No shilly-shallying, mind! It's now or never. I've got to see you settled and safe before I—well, before I need my money back. Remember, young un, you're marrying for two!"

They parted, chuckling as usual; and Emily wept all the way to Paris, as she had never wept for Esteban or for herself.

"The only way to get what you want in this world is to stop wanting it"—Emily had occasion to remember more than once her stepmother's sound little bit of philosophy. Having ceased rather completely to want Sir Harry Congers and all his works, she found the baronet ready to drop into her hand, as she wrote Wally, like an overripe fruit.

Not that Sir Harry was exactly overripe; "well preserved" would have been

(Continued on Page 145

If you want to be happy....

You cannot depend on others for the things that, most of all, give life its color—the joy of being yourself . . . the thrill of self-expression

Nor exactly unhappy, but not getting much real, vital enjoyment out of life . . .

Listening to other people play and sing—reading other people's books—admiring other people's work—

And so, many of us go through life—missing one of its greatest thrills . . . the thrill of *self-expression*.

To give you just this deep enjoyment the Gulbransen Registering Piano was designed

It opens up to you the joy of self-expression in the wonderful language of music—

—music that you play yourself, *in your own way*, just as you feel like playing it.

And you need not know a note!

The Gulbransen Registering Piano now makes that unnecessary.

It gives you all the enjoyment and all the natural beauty of hand playing. It responds to your mood. It registers exactly your touch, your expression.

And only the Gulbransen does this—because only the Gulbransen has the special, patented *Registering* feature. This feature has made the Gulbransen the largest selling piano in the world.

For you it holds the deep enjoyment and the lasting satisfaction it has already brought to thousands. Thousands like yourself...who have wanted to be happy

* * * *

There is a complete line of Gulbransen Pianos, including every type of instrument for the home. Several models are illustrated here.

Each Gulbransen Piano represents the utmost value in tonal quality, responsive action, and beautiful appearance. Each bears the personal guarantee of the world's largest maker of fine pianos.

For your protection the price of each instrument is stamped on the back at the factory.

A small cash payment will put any Gulbransen Piano in your home. Subsequent payments to suit your convenience. Allowance will be made for your present piano or other musical instrument.

* * * *

Incomparably superior results are obtained by playing the Gulbransen Music Rolls on the Registering Piano. These new and wonderfully different music rolls have been produced after years of study by A. G. Gulbransen, inventor of the Registering Piano. There are hundreds to choose from.

ABOVE—*There are four upright Registering models playable either by hand or by roll. Community, $420; Suburban, $[illegible]; Colonial, $[illegible]; White House (as illustrated), $[illegible]*
There are three full-sized Gulbransen Grand pianos played by hand only. Style B, $440; Style J, $[illegible]; Style C, $[illegible]

RIGHT—*The Gulbransen Small Upright, for hand playing, is nationally priced at $295. Its height is only [illegible] inches, yet its tone is such as you could expect to hear only in pianos of a much larger size. Beautiful [illegible]. A Gulbransen quality product throughout for less than $300*

The National Association of Piano Tuners recommends that all pianos be tuned from two to four times a year. Your Gulbransen deserves this care

GULBRANSEN
PIANOS - MUSIC ROLLS

The Gulbransen Grand for hand playing (as illustrated) is $[illegible]. A full sized, full toned instrument of superb quality and exquisite [illegible]. Also made as a Registering Grand, $[illegible]

Guest Tones will Your Guarantee

FREE BOOK

Gulbransen Company, Dept. 10,
3232 Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without obligation your free illustrated book of information and suggestions for entertainments.

Name

Address

Twenty Dates—the best twenty years of the best years in the life of the finest car ever built. A notable Kissel found Mate.

"Here It Is, Bob"

"I love the house I was telling you about," Mrs. Dales says this week, "and as about as much as I love my own. It's upkeep, also, that they not charging it [illegible] Bonding also seem just as strong as it were a new house.

Our house looks so shabby and old-fashioned. If we replaced the old weather-beaten paint, put in modern cottage sash, Overcoated it—Mrs. Dales, we'd have the best looking place on Elm Road. It would be worth twice as much as you were offered the other day.

"Mrs. Dales, is there any reason why I were drawn over the winds and strength to the house, just like we were handling around boxes or sand around. Besides, the Stucco is plastered right over the wire, so that it is air and all the cracks back to the front—what they call *reinforcing* the Stucco.

"Mrs. Dales, is a chore to persuade that Overcoating [illegible] house fireside that it saves fuel, that [illegible] homes are dear [illegible] not have to be [illegible]. I can't remember what else.

"Please, Bob, I don't want to move from The Road and leave all our old friends—not because I hate to give up all our beautiful [illegible] it's just splendid for the children. Why don't you have an Architect or Contractor or Painter or whoever does it figure on Overcoating our house. Let's go and see about it now."

Throw off the burden of home ownership—the endless expense and inconvenience of upkeep and repairs. Decide to Overcoat your house—write us today (or use the coupon) for illustrated literature and complete information

NATIONAL STEEL FABRIC

NATIONAL STEEL FABRIC COMPANY - PITTSBURGH, PA.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF WELDED STEEL FABRIC

Use this Coupon

[illegible] Pittsburgh, Pa.

[illegible] Overcoating

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 142)

the better description. Miss Dibbs, indeed, fluttered and delighted by her young protégée's prowess, thought Sir Harry decidedly a figger of a man; and as for Stoke Norbury, the ancestral estate which Sir Harry had bought in from cousins of his deceased wife, she pronounced that one of the finest properties in England. Why its deer park, its conservatories, its early Georgian façade, and mid-Victorian furnishings and late-Edwardian bathrooms left herself unmoved, Emily could not have said. She had intended all her life to become mistress of exactly such an establishment as Stoke Norbury, preferably situated in England. She could hardly have been comparing it unfavorably in her mind with a shabby old hacienda in the foothills of the Pyrenees, with beehives in the cobbled courtyard and cattle stirring sleepily in the stalls beneath the rooms.

"Think, my dear, of the possibilities!" urged Miss Dibbs, sensing this strange indifference; her innocent British snobbery mingling with spinsterly delight in so romantic a situation. "Twenty bedrooms, a stableful of horses, a presentation at court through Lady Norbury—and a brewery is really a very desirable thing to have in a family nowadays! Congers' Ale, you know, is quite one of our British institutions."

Emily pricked an ear. She had not known of the brewery. "So-ho! No wonder this little gentleman is so particular whom he marries!"

Of course, agreed Miss Dibbs simply, dukes might be careless in such matters almost too careless. But a man in Sir Harry's position could hardly afford to be rash. "Which makes it all the more of a compliment that he has chosen you."

Emily did not flinch. "At least I shall be able to supply free beer to the merry villagers, which ought to make me popular with them," she remarked amiably. "But perhaps we'd better wait till we are asked."

Miss Dibbs hoped she had not been indelicate. "Sir Harry is certainly going to make a declaration, dearest; I am sure of it—almost at once."

The auspicious occasion duly arrived, in a most auspicious manner. The county, remembering old acquaintance with Miss Dibbs, had called at the rectory, promptly and frequently; almost everyone called on Americans, anyway, since the war, and the girl was really very lovely. Invitations began to pour in for tea, for dinner, for week-ends. One had positively forgotten how many friends one had, fluttered Miss Dibbs, ordering a new dinner frock. The Misses Congers in particular, Sir Harry's sisters, took Emily to their bosoms; perhaps it would be more accurate to say to their hearts. Long, lean ladies they were, of the figure that would have been called in their youth willowy, who affected shithery, trailing black satin for evening wear, and for the daytime those sports frocks of knitted jersey of which Suzanne had once remarked, "Nobody ought to be caught dead in them who wasn't a perfect thirty-six." The Misses Congers did not look so well fed as their brother.

"I wish," said Emily once, "that Sir Harry's sisters did not remind me so much of eels."

"Eels?" repeated Miss Dibbs, rather shocked. "Oh, it must be the name, dearest—slippery as a conger eel, you know—or is it a Congo eel? Or maybe Congers' Ale. I am sure the Miss Congerses aren't at all like eels, however."

Amphibious or not, they had a way of twining themselves affectionately about Emily which the girl did not find, somehow, convincing. "Poor things," she thought, with her new insight into the troubles of other people, "I daresay they're desperately afraid I'm going to marry their brother and turn them out of their home—and they're quite right."

She was duly dined at Stoke Norbury; the horses, the rose houses, the family servants and portraits and plate were all duly exhibited to her, with a significance so marked that other guests who were present exchanged glances and increased their cordiality. The future lady of Stoke Manor, with a fine yacht waiting her pleasure at Cowes, and an ancestral brewery still functioning prosperously in the background, was hardly a person to ignore. Even Lady Norbury, an impressive cousin by marriage imported for the occasion, deigned to lift a rather cool lorgnon and recall having seen Emily at Interlaken; though under whose care she could not quite recall.

"Under nobody's care," said Emily; and explained that American girls were sometimes trusted about alone.

"What a pity!" murmured Lady Norbury gently, sheathing her lorgnon.

After dinner, at a signal from Sir Harry, the Misses Congers led the other guests away for their turn at rose houses and portrait gallery, leaving the drawing-room to him—and there, throwing all caution to the winds, the impassioned baronet asked Emily for her hand.

"I didn't know they did this sort of thing any more," she thought interestedly; reflecting that it takes a really national dignity to go down upon one knee without looking absurd. Sir Harry managed it, if a little stiffly.

"I had meant to propose out in the yew walk beside the sundial," he explained, "but the dews are rather heavy at this time of year."

So Emily gave him her hand, which he kissed—"outside and in," she added rather surprisingly in her letter to Wally—and the rest of the company returned and they accepted congratulations.

"The naïveté of this nation," continued the letter to Wally, "in matters of sentiment is astonishing. Talk about British reserve! When you get engaged in England, you at once cackle as if you had laid an egg; and everybody runs to cackle with you, and it's all very artless and sincere—but a little disconcerting."

Emily's stepmother, as guardian, had next to be consulted by letter, and she gave her unqualified assent by wire.

"You clever darling," she telegraphed expensively to Emily. "I am coming right over to embrace you both."

Emily telegraphed hastily that she would meet her stepmother in London and be embraced there. It seemed wiser not to spring Suzanne on the county until the nuptials were safely over; her effect on Sir Harry himself, at close range, was problematical. The wedding was to take place immediately, however.

"Why not?" She had consented to her lover's pleading. "You almost escaped me once, you know. I'd better take no chances."

The flattered baronet, charmed with her pretty wit, pressed her to name the day, and she named the third one after her stepmother's arrival. So, their banns having been duly read, Emily slipped off, greatly to Miss Dibbs' disappointment, to be married in London.

Suzanne met her at Charing Cross, looking the picture of maternal satisfaction; looking, indeed, thought Emily, not only as if she had just eaten the canary but thoroughly digested it.

"Darling!" she exclaimed, receiving her stepchild into an embrace highly scented with Narcisse Noir. "What a moment! How your father must be turning in his grave!"

"Dear me, I hope not," said Emily.

"With pleasure, of course; with pure gratification! The British nobility! Always his favorite. Think, my dear, if you had taken that Egyptian prince who followed us about last winter—a colored man!"

"But, mamma dear," murmured Emily hastily, the British nobility being well within earshot, "you don't seem to have gone into mourning, after all." Suzanne's chic black was certainly lined, not with white, but after the latest shade of geranium.

She blushed. "I felt, dearest, that mourning, even half mourning, might not after all be appropriate to—to a trousseau." And stepping aside, she disclosed

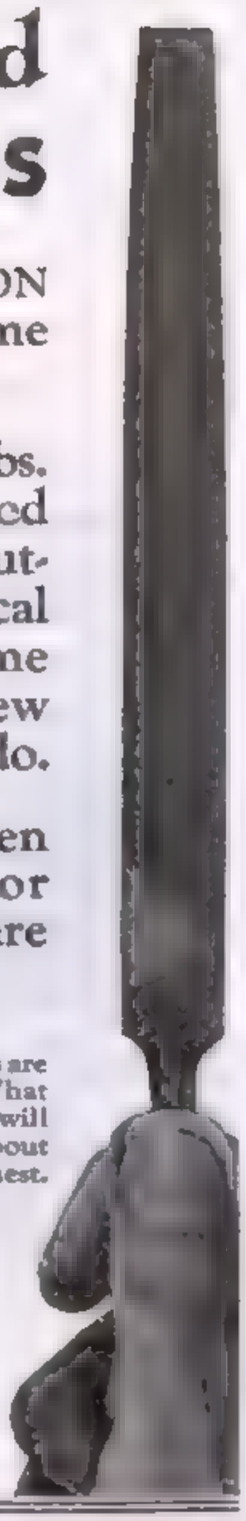
Now They'll Need NICHOLSON FILES

YOU, too, will need NICHOLSON Files when you open your home for the Fall.

They will do dozens of useful jobs. Fix locks that stick—smooth warped doors and drawers—sharpen dull cutlery, axes and saws—clean electrical contacts—help with minor home plumbing work—these are only a few of the things NICHOLSON Files can do.

Wherever, in fact, metal and wooden surfaces need to be shaped or smoothed, NICHOLSON Files are the tools to use.

Many other uses for NICHOLSON Files are described in our booklet "Files and What They Will Do For You." Reading it will show you how indispensable are files about the home. A copy will be sent on request.



NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

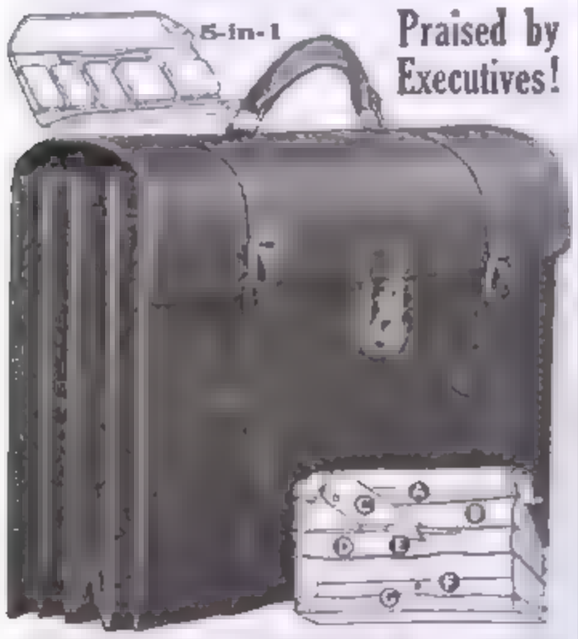
—A File for Every Purpose!

SW

"VERSATILE" Brief Case

Praised by Executives!

5-in-1



YOURS FOR 10 DAYS ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Splendid 5-in-1 case—nothing like it! Combines Brief Case, West End Case, Traveling Bag, Sample Case, Catalogue Case. 5 uses, 5 bags practically for the price of one. 17-inch size, top grain selected CowHIDE. Patented Steel Bar Construction prevents edges from sagging or cutting. Remains smart like new. ALWAYS COLORS—Handsome Brown and Black.

(A) [illegible]

(B) [illegible]

(C) [illegible] WATERPROOF [illegible] (See illustration over Brief Case.)

(D) Semi-stiff partition, for sketches, drawings, catalogues, magazines, stationery, order books, etc.

(E) Loop for Pencil or Fountain Pen.

(F) [illegible]

(G) Utility pocket for odds and ends. 5 pockets in all! You simply MUST see this "VERSATILE" case to appreciate it!

EXECUTIVES enthuse over "VERSATILE"

We supply the "VERSATILE" to business men, bankers, brokers, [illegible]

$14.95

Our Plan is Different!

Send NO Money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery. Use Your [illegible]

$4.00 MONTHLY

or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct $1.20 and send Check or Money Order for $13.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return it. Order NOW!

$13.75

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.

Importers, Exporters, National Mail Order House

365 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

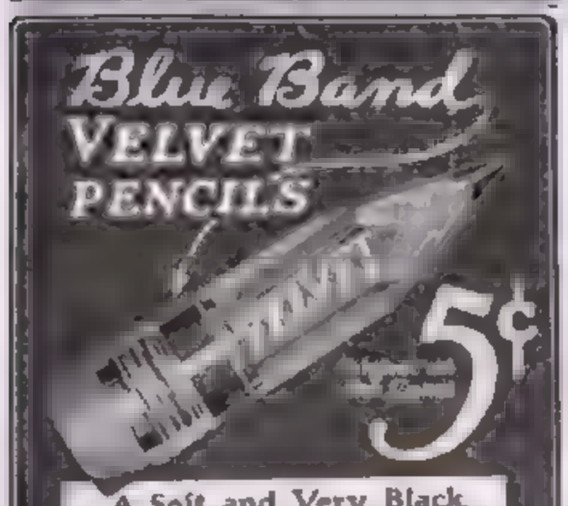
Gentlemen: Send me 'VERSATILE' Brief Case [illegible]

NAME

ADDRESS

Sales Managers! [illegible]

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS



5¢

A Soft and Very Black Easy Writer · For Sale Everywhere

Write for Sample

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO. 218 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

Men and Women Make $10 to $20 a Day!

Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments

[illegible] with envelopes. Sells for $1.00. Costs [illegible] value never equalled. Start early. [illegible] particulars and free samples.

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water St., Dept. 76, Boston, Mass.

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE

BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES

PROMPTNESS ASSURED

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 644 G St., Washington, D. C.

the fact that she was not alone. Her companion was Monsieur Duval, the director of their recent hotel in Biarritz.

They had met, it appeared, not entirely by accident, at Deauville; where they had been for some weeks enjoying a surreptitious *lune de miel*.

"I would have told you about it at once, dearest," said Suzanne, "except that you seemed a little, just a little, unsympathetic about my Armand. Now, however, you will better understand." She shot a demurely coquettish glance in the direction of the attendant baronet.

Sir Harry took these additions to his family circle with a rather better grace than Emily had feared he would; indeed, he was in such a state of blissful fatuity that he would have accepted an odalisque as a mother-in-law without cavil.

"When I go into anything, I go into it hair and hide. That's the sort of chap I am," he assured his fiancée.

Suzanne had always interested him, in a cautious sort of way; now he found her practiced cajoleries rather grateful. Not every staid, circumspect British gentleman gets himself embraced so generously by a fair plump lady smelling of Narcisse Noir; delightfully American of her, he thought it. As for Duval—"The fellow really orders an excellent dinner, has positively a genius for vintages. He knows how to make himself distinctly agreeable, if you ask me!"

He would, said Emily grimly; it was Duval's business to make himself agreeable. Also to order excellent vintages—at other people's expense.

"My word, but you're rather hard on a chap, aren't you?" laughed Sir Harry. "What a little vixen it is!"

Emily accepted the reproof with prewifely meekness and endeavored to curb her distaste for Suzanne's new husband; after all, he was Suzanne's affair. The result was to have been expected. Duval lost his wary discretion and became insinuatory.

One of the great inducements to the present arrangement, he told her under the cover of the others' talk, had been the opportunity it offered him for better acquaintance with the so-charming Emily, who did not, unfortunately, like him; but if the *si charmante Emilie* would but give him a moment of her time in private—say, half an hour in the morning before luncheon?—he could tell her something that would perhaps cause her to like him better.

It was no use; she could not fraternize with Duval. Something about the man offended her.

"There is nothing you could possibly have to say," she told him carelessly, "which would hold my attention, at any time, for as long as half an hour!" What was the use of being Lady Emily Congers if she could not afford herself a few enemies?

The Duvals were showing her a new aspect of her future husband. Under their influence, and that of rejuvenated emotions, certain inhibitions relaxed. Beneath the correct surface, the fattish body in its well-cut clothes, the smooth-shaven purplish jaw, the formal manner—Emily began to catch glimpses of a man who was not native to Stoke Norbury; a shrewd, predatory little man, who might at a pinch be rather difficult. She recalled the subdued, propitiatory manner toward him of his sisters. There were moments when Emily, who was no coward, found herself a little afraid of her tame baronet.

One such moment occurred on the eve of their wedding. The Duvals had entertained them at a final dinner; the food was superlative, the wines more so; and Suzanne had shown the tact to leave them alone afterward in her own drawing-room.

"I know how it is with love's young dream," she murmured, retiring.

"Who better?" replied Sir Harry, with a robust shout of laughter.

Her fiancé, Emily realized, had been drinking rather more than was good for him. Careful, careful, she said to herself; Emily, with drunken men, always felt absurdly weak and helpless, though she was neither. She judged the time propitious, however, to prefer a certain request she had to make.

She had heard that morning from Switzerland, not from young Wallace himself, but from his nurse, who wrote that her patient was not doing well at all; seemed much weaker and complained continually of cold, although the sun was bright enough. If Miss Weldon was thinking of returning, it might be well to return soon. . . . Even Nurse Watkins seemed to have succumbed to Wally's pathos sufficiently to be anxious.

So when Sir Harry invited Emily amorously to come and occupy his knee, she did so, after the tentative fashion of a bird perching upon a limb in a high wind.

"Harry, my lad," she murmured, playfully disarranging his white tie so that the ends of it stood up like rabbit's ears—a caress new to him—"would you mind quite too awfully if I didn't go honeymooning with you tomorrow on your pretty yacht? One gets rather fed up honeymooning in yachts, they tell me; and, besides, it's so much done as to be vulgar. Like Niagara Falls. Let's go to some quiet place in the mountains, you and I."

"Humph!" said the baronet. "Not much solitude to be had at Interlaken, for I suppose that's where you want to go."

Emily was rather taken aback by this discernment. "Why, yes, it is. But how did you know?"

He gave a wise laugh. "Not much I don't know about you and your affairs, my gel! The latest one—why, Interlaken was agog with it! Had it down to a minute how long you stayed in the chap's room every day, where you went driving with him, how often you kissed him good night. There was even talk of some little financial arrangement. It just happened that his nurse, you see, was thick with the maid of my cousin, Lady Norbury. So my sisters got it rather straight."

Eels, thought Emily—conger eels! "By way of the servants' hall?" she inquired haughtily.

"Servants' halls are damn useful institutions when it comes to keeping tabs on the most fascinating little she devil in Europe," commented Sir Harry loquaciously. "Did you think you were by way of spoofing me, perhaps, you and your respectable Dibbs tabby cat? Remember, I've seen you in action, my lady!" Emily made an ineffectual attempt to descend from his knee. "None of that!" said Sir Harry. "You'll stay where you belong! In for the hair, in for the hide—that's the sort I am! I just want you to know I'm jolly well on, that's all. . . . What about the Russian chap that shot himself on your doorstep because you decided not to have him, eh? What about the fellow that wrote his wife he was about to bolt with you, but when he got to your hotel, dammit if you hadn't already bolted!"

"Would it have been nicer," she asked innocently, "if I'd waited to bolt with him? You see, I had just heard about his wife."

"Really nice little girls don't have that sort of thing happen to them, just the same," said Sir Harry; and he kissed indulgently, despite struggles, the pretty hollow at the base of Emily's throat.

He continued the tale of her shortcomings; seemingly he was well versed in Emiliana.

"And no sooner was my back turned on you there at Biarritz," he concluded, "than along came a dashing boatman of sorts—what? That hurts? Duval thought it might."

"Duval!" said the girl slowly. Her head lifted. "So you discuss your wife's affairs with Duval, as well as with—other servants?"

He laughed in high approval; the hauteur of this little nobody from nowhere was what had at first attracted him. "You're not my wife yet," he reminded her. "But you will be tomorrow. And then I want you to remember something: The past can't be helped, but your future's mine, d'you see? Mine! And not an hour, not a minute of it, is to be spent on other lovers, in Interlaken or anywhere else! D'you see?"

"The rest," said Emily, freeing herself at last, "is true, Congers, more or less. But the boy at Interlaken is not my lover. He is my friend."

"That's the devil of it—they all are!" cried the man. "I've never run across an old flame of yours—and I've taken pains to run across a number of 'em—who had a word to say against you, wasn't willing to take you on again at any price! How do you manage it, you little witch?"

"The boy at Interlaken," she repeated wearily, "is not my lover."

"Rot! Do you deny you kissed him? Why, that nurse ran a peep show of sorts for her friends, to watch your fond embraces!"

"Certainly I kissed him," said Emily. "He needed it."

The enamored baronet laughed aloud. "Did he now? Well, hereafter your friends, needy or not, get no kisses out of my wife. All kisses strictly for home consumption. That's the sort of chap I am, d'you see?" Evidently another Mr. Blodgett.

"I begin to see," said Emily.

He softened toward her. "Poor little gel, as if you could help yourself! Lips too red to need rouge; eyes that can sear like ice—they're doin' it now, and I like it—hands with an electric current in 'em—who's to blame you? They mean something. I know the type. I know the breed. Why, dammit, I knew your father! One of those he beauties that hang around the casinos and bathing beaches, the wickedest old rotter on the Continent. They say his women ——"

"They do not say it to me," remarked Emily, white and very quiet.

It sobered Sir Harry. "Beg pardon, my dear! Always talk too much when I'm drinking. . . . Well, never mind. It's all over. I'm not saying I didn't try to escape, but you were too much for me, you little witch! I took you against my better judgment; and now, dammit, if I don't keep you!"

"Another man said that once," observed the girl, "but he didn't."

"He wasn't me," said the baronet complacently. "Your sort come high, but we must have you."

"Must you, indeed?" laughed the girl, deftly interposing a chair in the way of pursuit. From that she flitted to the far side of a table; felt for the knob of the door behind her; and so to bed, as Pepys would say.

An impassioned whisper pursued her through the keyhole: "I'll pay you out for this tomorrow, you little devil!"

But Sir Harry had no chance to pay her out; for the morrow, their wedding day, found her alone on a Channel steamer, bound for Switzerland.

She reached Interlaken none too soon. A doctor whom she met at Wally's door shrugged noncommittally. He was no worse, Wally assured her faintly; only very tired and always so cold.

"It's this beastly Swiss sun—like the stuff they brew in the cellars back home nowadays; looks all right, smells all right, but no authority to it."

Very well, said Emily briskly; they would go and find a sun that had authority to it; and she took the matter up with Nurse Watkins. She demurred, doubted whether the patient was strong enough to move. She had been engaged to remain in Switzerland until ——

"—— until the patient dies?" finished Emily grimly; and took it upon herself to dismiss Nurse Watkins.

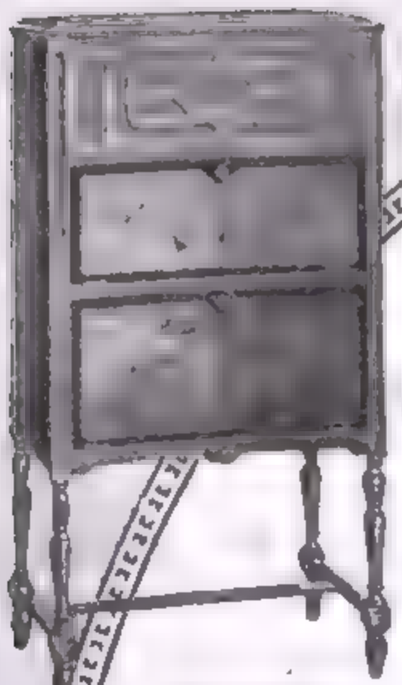
"Good egg!" grinned Wally, when this news was reported to him. "Oh, very good egg, indeed! Though what the family will say to it, I don't know."

"You won't know for quite a while," replied Emily, "as we shall be out of reach before they have a chance to say anything." She had written to Wally's uncle, explaining that she had appointed herself the boy's nurse, and why.

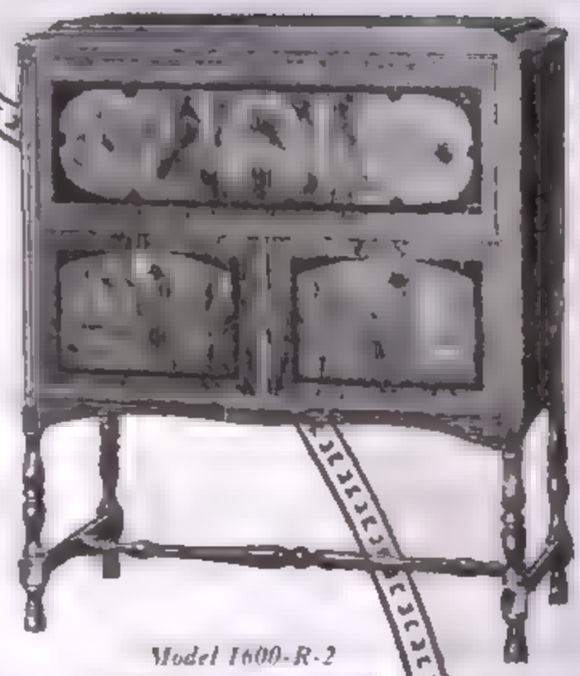
His grin widened. "Hell of a nurse you'll make! You're filling that hot-water

(Continued on Page 149

POOLEY
RADIO CABINETS
with
ATWATER KENT RADIO



Model 1900-R-2
Finished in American Walnut with built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Receiving Set. Prices complete, without tubes and batteries,
$135 to $160



Model 1600-R-2
Finished in English Brown Mahogany or American Walnut with built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Receiving Set. Prices complete, without tubes and batteries.
$175 to $200

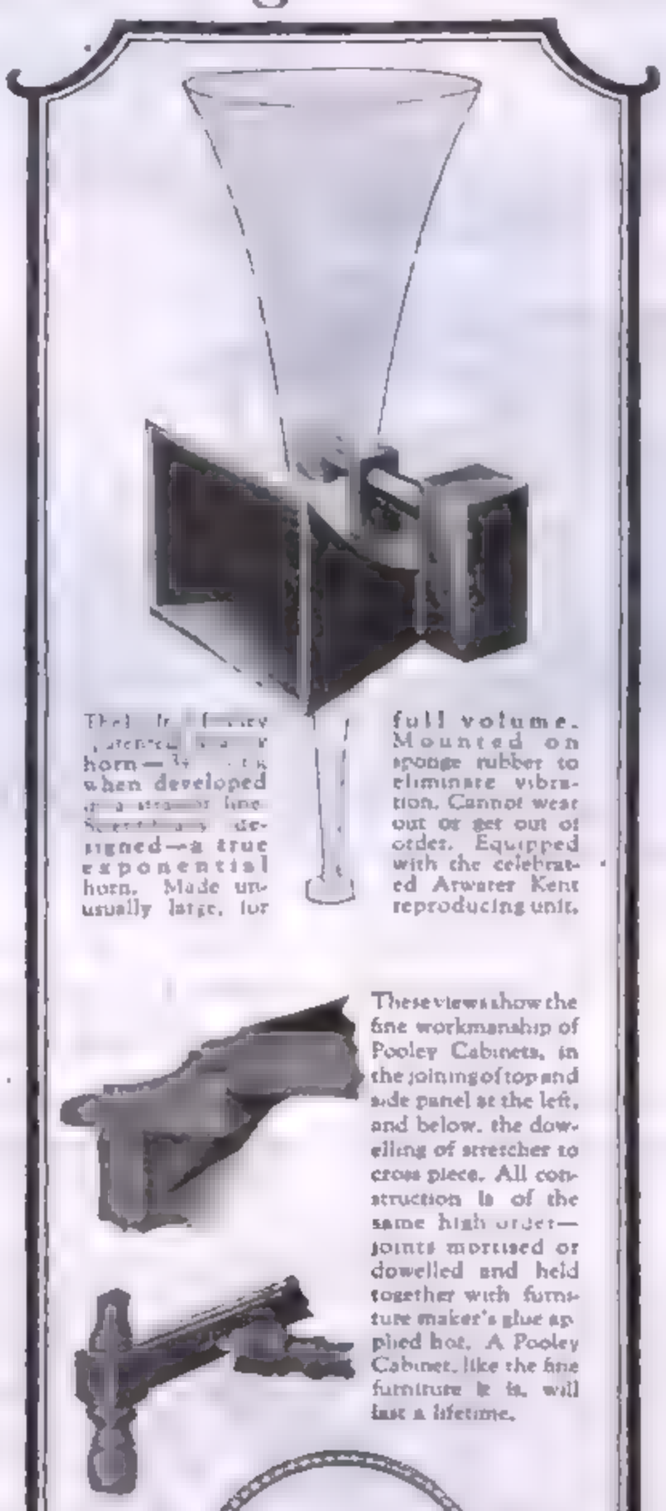
Look for the name "POOLEY"
Here are good reasons

THERE'S far more to a radio cabinet than just an ornamental setting for a radio receiver.

It must have a good speaker. The built-in Pooley floating horn is exceptionally large, scientifically designed, constructed of choice spruce, the wood of fine violins. It rests on pads of sponge rubber to stop vibration. Size, design, mounting—give Pooley its incomparable golden tone.

The set must be expertly installed—as Atwater Kent Radio is installed, wired and tested in the Pooley factory.

The cabinet for a good set must be good itself, good through and through. The design and quality of Pooley cabinet work meet the exacting standards maintained for Atwater Kent Radio. Pooley Cabinets are made like the finest furniture—sturdy, enduring, beautiful.



The [illegible] horn—[illegible] when developed [illegible] designed—a true exponential horn. Made unusually large, for full volume. Mounted on sponge rubber to eliminate vibration. Cannot wear out or get out of order. Equipped with the celebrated Atwater Kent reproducing unit.

These views show the fine workmanship of Pooley Cabinets, in the joining of top and side panel at the left, and below, the doweling of stretcher to cross piece. All construction is of the same high order—joints mortised or dowelled and held together with furniture maker's glue applied hot. A Pooley Cabinet, like the fine furniture it is, will last a lifetime.

This is a cabinet radio you will value more, the longer you live with it. Don't risk disappointment—hear the Pooley horn, examine Pooley Cabinets, before you select your radio. *Look for the name "Pooley" before you buy.*

All the Pooley Radio Cabinets and Pooley Cabinet Speakers are shown and described in our new catalog. Send for it.

THE POOLEY COMPANY
1664 Indiana Avenue **Philadelphia, Pa.**

Beware of imitations—look for the name "Pooley" before you buy

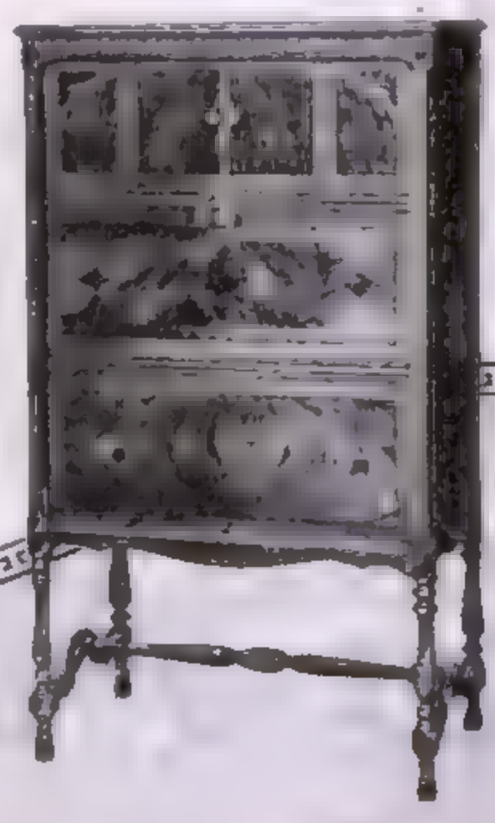
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm and Hall, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada

Model 1700-R-2
Finished in American Walnut or English Brown Mahogany, with built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Receiving Set. Prices complete, without tubes and batteries.
$240 to $320

Mr. Atwater Kent says:

"The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."

(Signed)
A. ATWATER KENT



Model 1300-R-2D
Finished in American Walnut or English Brown Mahogany, with built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Receiving Set. Prices complete, without tubes and batteries.
$225 to $305

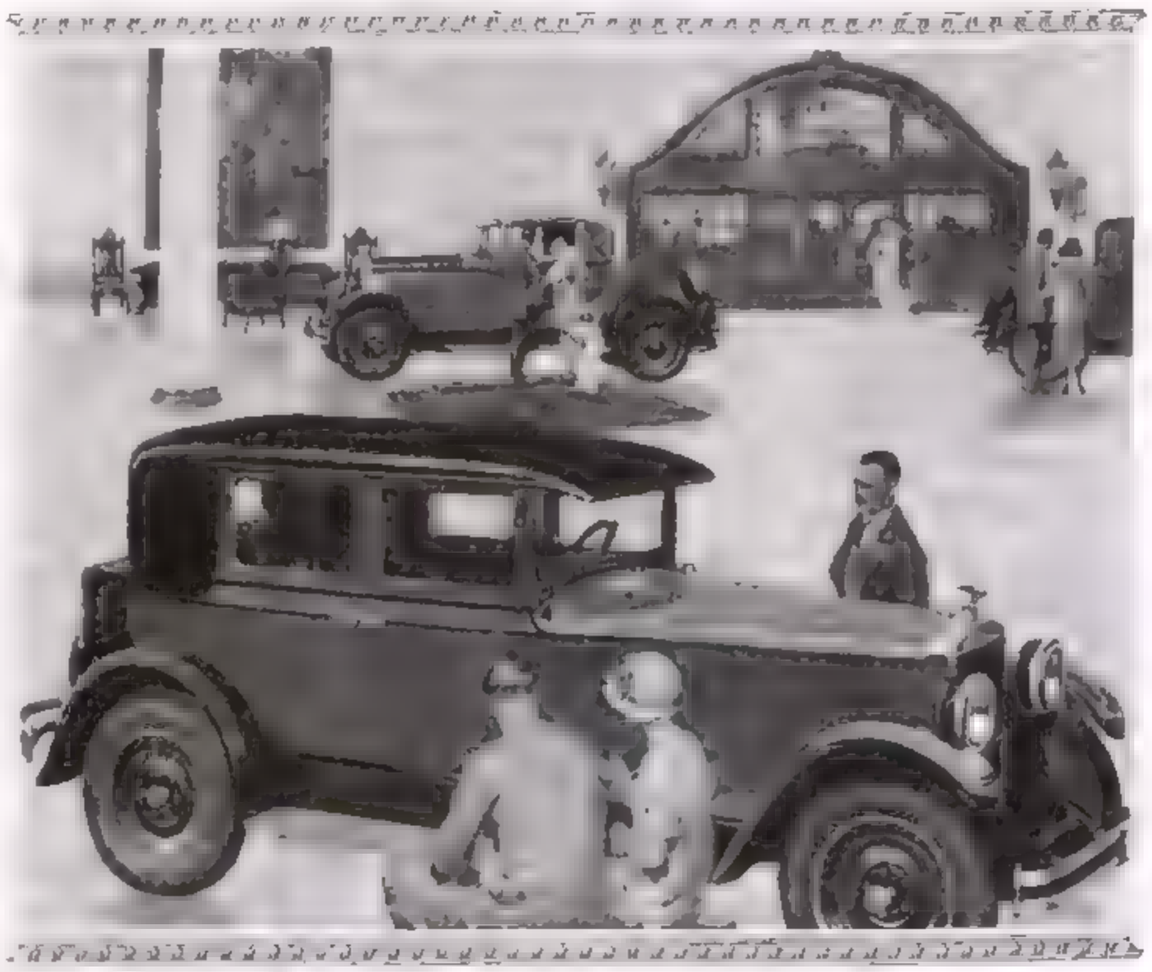
"Fashion is an integral part of the smart woman's life. It plays as important a role in the selection of her motor car as in the selection of her gowns or her jewels." Harper's Bazar

Certain People, Certain Homes, Certain Motor Cars Linger in Your Mind

Your business and social life brings you in contact with many people. As you travel, you pass countless homes. Standing alongside the highway you see an endless stream of traffic passing by.

Yet of all those you see and meet, only certain people, certain homes, certain motor cars linger in your mind. One person in a thousand! One home in a community! One motor car out of many on the road!

An elusive something lifts them out of the ordinary. We here at The Gardner Motor Company believe we know what that elusive something is. We build it into the Gardner *Eight-in-line*.



And you notice it as this colorful, custom-style car swings proudly down the dull, drab traffic lane. It looks and acts as though built for youth and life and happy days. And it is!

It seems lower and racier than any other car on the road. There's a hint of European boulevards about it that breathes Old World sumptuousness and luxury—inside and out.

Its custom-style bodies—trimmed and appointed to match the mode—express the distinctive personality of the proud owner behind the wheel. Body finishes as varied as shades of the rainbow permit *individual* color preferences to be indulged.

Today a great wave of public esteem for the Gardner *Eight-in-line* is sweeping across the continent. Those happy individuals who enjoy the finer things of life are choosing it in preference to other famous makes. And talking about that brand-new motoring sensation to be had only in the Gardner *Eight-in-line*—satisfying, thrilling, delightful as coasting on air.

During the first half of 1926, approximately four times as many Gardner *Eights-in-line* were bought by experienced American car owners as during the first half of 1925. Orders already in hand indicate that 1926 will be the greatest year in all Gardner history.

Gardner's great growth in public esteem refutes the antiquated theory that American car owners are satisfied with mere transportation. It proves conclusively that smart America has been wishing and watching for a car which is *individual* in appearance and *individual* in performance.

A special salon display of the advanced 1927 custom-style Gardner Eight-in-line has been arranged for the coming week by Gardner dealers everywhere. . . . Present and prospective car owners are cordially invited to view this showing.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Over Fifty Years of Building Well

GARDNER

EIGHT-IN-LINE

(Continued from Page 146)

bottle till it looks like a dirigible ready to cast off from its moorings."

There was more to nursing than hot-water bottles, Emily told him airily; Anatole would attend to all the gruesome details. "Besides, I need the salary you are to pay me for my services. So tomorrow morning, my hearty, we take the road for parts unknown."

"What sort of parts?"

She shrugged. "Anywhere away from doctors and thermometers and hot-water bottles and sleeping porches. Does the idea appeal?"

"Stepping heavenward," he murmured, and lapsed into the drowsiness which occupied the larger part of his days.

Emily's plan was not so vague as it sounded; she knew quite well where they were going, though she put off facing the knowledge as one postpones the grasping of a nettle.

Anatole meanwhile disclosed surprising qualities as a guide. His native Provençal hospitality rose to the occasion, and he laid at their disposal the sun of the *pays natal;* than which, he assured them, there was none more salutary to be had in the whole of Europe. It saw itself, he said, that a land so productive of vineyards and poets had more to offer than a land productive of nothing but rocks and snows and innkeepers.

They crossed as rapidly as possible into France. Anatole, as they journeyed, beguiled the way with tales of troubadours and lovers native to the realm.

Whatever was in the air seemed to be bringing renewed health to her invalid, thought Emily; his interest roused, he seemed stronger. Nurse Watkins would doubtless have disagreed with her, but Nurse Watkins was not there to trouble. And so they wandered innocently southward through the pleasant land, pausing to rest where they chose; as at the Singing Isle of Avignon, where a hundred chimes still ring about the ancient empty Palace of the Popes; or in a little hostelry on the storied walls of Carcassonne, where bugles wakened them at sunrise and put them to sleep at dark; and Wally lay all day on the ramparts, bathed in the soft, mild airs of the Midi, dreaming out over the Languedoc plain, pretending himself a knight who had come, with this lady attending and his faithful equerry, to meet other knights for the start of a crusade.

Anatole was giving Emily a Europe quite new to her, one she had only vaguely sensed behind the constant round of spas and casinos, of fashion and intrigue and pseudo-gayety and all that busy idleness which her father had made his life career. To Wally it was a happy dream, a dream that had lost its sense of loneliness; with waking moments of simple pleasure, when they stopped by the wayside to quench their thirst with melons of Cavaillon, or with a glass of the fragrant muscat wine, while Anatole delivered sonorous thanks and compliments in the liquid Provençal that makes of poetry so natural a speech. Always at such moments the boy's eyes sought Emily, as one pinches oneself to be sure a thing is real; and she was always there. So he slipped back happily into his dream again.

And all the time an attendant Presence shadowed them with kindly wings, keeping at a distance such lesser, uglier presences as have to do with life—fear and regret and anxiety for a morrow which never comes.

Once the boy roused from his dreaming long enough to be a little troubled. "Look here, Emily! Have you thought what people might be saying about your coming off with me like this? Those tabbies round the hotel verandas—won't they talk about you?"

"Oh, impossible," she said demurely. Impossible, she thought, for them to think of anything more to say. Besides, had she not a romantic precedent for the adventure, a precedent so classic as to be almost respectable—George Sand rescuing the young Chopin?

But Wally was not satisfied. He frowned over the idea of Chopin's rescue by Madame Sand. "Perhaps, since you seem to have missed out on Sir Harry, you'd better marry me, after all. I'm not much of a prospect personally, of course; but there's uncle. He's pretty sure to do the proper thing."

"Wally," she asked rather anxiously, "would you like me to marry you?"

"I wouldn't mind at all," was the polite reply. "But it's not myself I'm thinking of; it's you. I don't like the thought of you running around loose all over the place. Better a crock in the hand, perhaps, than a baronet in the bush."

She gave a relieved chuckle. "Your gallantry, my dear, does credit to the nation. But I'm not so sure that a life interest in an uncle is negotiable property. And besides, I've a prejudice—the proud spirit of a Weldon, ha!—against entering any family unbeknownst. Like slipping into a house by the back door. We'll discuss it later. But meanwhile let's leave me as I am—a decorative combination of secretary and nurse."

She failed to tell him that since her appearance did not convincingly suggest either, she had thought best to register them at the hotels as Mr. and Mrs. Wallace.

When you burn your bridges behind you, she thought, you may as well make a handsome bonfire. The idea had come from the tactful Anatole, who since the beginning of their wanderings had ceased to call her mademoiselle, and addressed his patrons collectively and respectfully as M'sieu'—M'dame. It was a situation to appeal, naturally, to the sympathy of any Provençal.

Wally, content with her decision, seemed to have gone to sleep; but not so deeply that he did not presently make an acute observation: "I know why you can't make up your mind to marry people, Emily; neither me nor the Englishman, nor any of us. It's that Basque chap, the one who didn't find you good enough—damn his nerve! You're waiting for Esteban, aren't you?"

The girl gave an abrupt laugh. "What rot!"

"And quite right, too," he continued, as if she had not spoken. "Go on waiting. Who knows?" he murmured slyly. "Perhaps you'll improve with age."

"Is it your pretty thought that I entice him away from his present consort?" asked Emily. "He's not that sort, old dear. Basques are virtuous—painfully so. And faithful? My word!"

"Exactly," said Wally.

"Or am I perhaps to do away with Stancia," she pursued, "who happens to be particularly healthy, by means of poison or the stiletto? I'm not a lady novelist, unfortunately, to manage it with the stroke of a pen. . . . No, Wally, dear; even if there were no Stancia—Esteban does not want me now."

The boy replied with closed eyes, "Oh, yes, he does! He couldn't help himself."

She gave him a quick, rather nervous look at that. But she was mistaken. Wally had fallen asleep again, quite contentedly.

After that, they made straight for the Pyrenees. The girl had known all along where they were going. The memory often came to her with a touch of healing that should be healing for Wally, too—of a green, quiet valley in the upper ranges, full of sun and the south wind, down which a stream of melted snow rushed foaming past the garden of a little inn fragrant with acacia and the scent of beehives, tranquil as only mountain hamlets are tranquil before they have been discovered by the world's sick.

It was Esteban's village, near the old hacienda of the Urruty. How they must despise her now, the Urruty! Esteban's father, Pedro, the fat Béarnaise wife, the little grave Bette, the grandmother herself, whose respect Emily would have valued, for some reason, above that of any woman she had known. She had meant never in life, never even in dreams, to revisit this country of Esteban's, and here she was returning to it with another man. The girl, for all her faults, did not lack courage.

By the time they reached the shadow of the Canigou, guarding the eastern gate of the Pyrenees as La Rhune guards the west, Wally was too weak to note when the gray roofs of the Catalans gave way to the red of the Basque country, and the soft-slipping French of the plains to brief monosyllables bristling with r's, if Anatole paused for direction. In vain Emily eagerly pointed out to him the *béret* worn in place of the flopping tam o' shanter, the *espadrilles* instead of the clumsy sabots, the tall whitewashed houses growing farther and farther apart; for Basques have not the gregarious French dread of solitude. And presently Emily herself ceased to take her rather painful pleasure in these reminders, but sat watching Wally, saying now and again to Anatole, "Faster! Can't you go faster?"

The big car went whirling along the narrow passes like a cyclone, so that the peasants, hearing it afar off, crossed themselves angrily and ran to drive their livestock out of the road.

But when they came to the valley Emily had once described to him, musical with rushing water and little bells, Wally seemed to know where they were.

"At last!" he murmured, conscious of the kindly strength of woman's arms that helped Anatole lift him from the car. They were the arms of the patronne of the inn, Madame Pantchika, who lost her shy surliness at once when she saw what had to be seen.

"*Tiens!* It is no longer a man, this one. It is a *beau petit gar'!*" she said softly to Emily, who knew that she had been wise to come.

There was much excitement in the village over this arrival.. Americans, not merely to eat and hurry on, but to remain indefinitely, engaging Madame Pantchika's three bedrooms, her salon and *terrasse* as well, and at such price as she chose to name.

"But they are mad, these people—mad with gold!" And, indeed, Emily had a royal way of spending other people's money.

It had been too much for the patronne; she laid the matter before the priest, not daring to trust her own honesty.

"Why derange yourself?" shrugged the curé. "You know our saying: 'If God made mountains, it is that man may not cross them.' Since these people have no mountains of their own, they must pay for the privilege of enjoying ours." And he named a price at least half as high as they would have paid in any other inn of Europe.

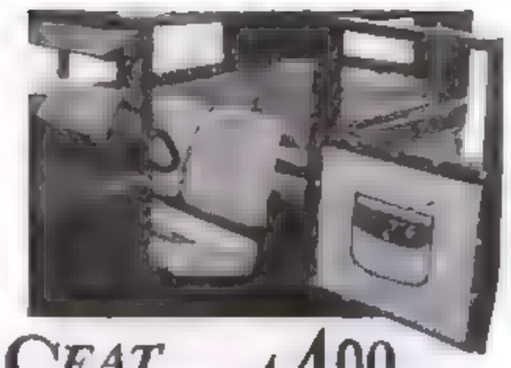
But when Pantchika realized the condition of her guest, she reduced the price by another third, and sent word in haste to the Urruty household. One of her guests, said the message, was, after all, no stranger—was, indeed, an enemy, having been at one time turned from the Urruty door. But the other guest could be turned from no door, because he was in mortal need; and what was Pantchika to do?

So it happened that Emily, gazing with eyes that ached up the long valley where she had once driven with Esteban to his home, saw a figure she recognized descending it—a picaresque old figure in thimble-shaped cap and voluminous black capuchin, riding sidewise, with a pannier of fresh eggs over one arm and a trussed fowl tied to her saddle bow. It was Madame Urruty, who put aside the explanatory Pantchika at the door and came straight to where Emily waited in dread.

But her face was not stern as the girl remembered it; there was a friendly look in its gravity, almost a welcome. "So! You have returned to us? And not alone? That is well. A wife's place is naturally at the side of her husband, particularly if he is ill."

Emily felt rather shaky with the relief of it. "Oh, but, madame, he is so very ill! He does not even know me now!"

"*Peste!* What of that? Fatigue is weakening to the wits. Let him rest. You have



SEAT COVERS $14.00 as illustrated

Smart BILTMORE covers keep dainty frocks clean. They increase trade-in value of car. Made of high-grade striped seat cover fabric, complete for seats, backs, sides, doors. Wearing surfaces trimmed with colored leatherette. Convenient pockets. Glove fasteners make easy to detach and clean. Ten years' seat cover tailoring experience backs our guarantee of quality and perfect fit. We make covers for all cars

If your car is a 1925, 1926 or 1927 model of

Buick, Chrysler, Nash, Hudson, Willys Knight, Studebaker, Overland, Essex, Dodge, Oldsmobile, Jewett, Pontiac, Oakland, Hupmobile

—the price for a 2 passenger is $9.90
. . . passenger 2 door model is 14.90
. . . . . 16.00
a 7 . . . passenger model 22.50

Covers for above makes earlier than 1925 models, and all cars not listed are $1.00 more than above prices.

Ford or Chev't two passenger cars	$6.90
Ford or Chev't five passenger 2 door cars	11.90
Ford or Chev't 5 passenger, 4 door cars	14.00

Department Stores and Car Dealers Write for booklet "Seat Cover Selling Simplified"

BILTMORE "BUILT BETTER" DOOR and SEAT COVERS

Send no money—Check full information

Please send set of Biltmore Covers express prepaid, subject to examination. If satisfied, I will pay expressman price of covers only

Your name

Address

Name of car — Year of car

Master — Blue Fabric
Tan Gray
Coupe
Coach
Touring

Cincinnati Auto Specialty Co., 310 Main Street, Cincinnati, O., Makers of STIK-TITE Top Patch

Stenographer Earned $1000.00 During Lunch Hours

Selling Xmas Cards

Esther McCall, Ark. earned $50 first day. Mary Kline, Pa. earned $164 in four days—W. C. Allen, Ohio, earned $1000 spare time showing our

Personal Christmas Greeting Cards

that sell on sight. No selling experience necessary. Double your income—earn $5.00 to $10.00 every hour you can spare

Weekly pay checks. Bonus checks every month. No money required. We furnish everything

$10 Outfit Free Write quick! Start at once making big money. Rush season right at hand

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
318 W. Washington St., Dept. 1702, Chicago, Ill.

Ten Dollars a Day
Commissions Paid Daily

Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn

250.00 Monthly 500.00

Johnson Earned $90 in a Day

ADDRESS DEPT. A
The Progress Engraving Co., Inc.
Chicago

SANFORD'S INK ERASER

Takes Out Blots and Writing

The Kind that will Remove OLD Writing and Blots SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

Women are saying

"What a wonderful difference it makes —*that smooth inside finish*"

NINE women out of ten, asked to suggest an improvement in aluminum ware, said, *"Make it easier to clean."*

Today these same women are saying of their beautiful new Aluminex utensils—"What a wonderful difference it makes—*that smooth inside finish.*"

They find Aluminex easier to clean—better to cook with—longer lasting. Food doesn't stick to the smooth, polished inner surfaces. Milder cleaning methods are effective.

The Beauty of Silver

Every utensil possesses the rare beauty of design and finish that you see in fine silver. Picture your kitchen all agleam with this beautiful new ware that shines inside and out.

Drawn from thick sheets of pure white metal, Aluminex is fashioned into artistic and useful designs without seams or folds.

And only in Aluminex will you find a smooth, polished inside finish, the result of a process that makes the inner surface hard, long wearing, *easy to clean.*

You will like the new dome-shape covers with knobs inset to provide handy warming surfaces for other dishes.

The knobs are moulded from Thermoplax—a heat-and-moisture-proof material.

Comfortable, sanitary handles with round, folded edges.

Massive square rims, or "beads," that strengthen the tops of the utensils so that they keep their shape and last longer, and their covers fit more snugly.

Utensils designed for many added uses in combination with others.

Aluminex Utility Set

—a useful comb[illegible] roaster, steamer, [illegible]e-boiler, pressure cooker, etc. Makes a beautiful gift set. If your dealer can't supply you, give us his name, and we will send you this set for $4 [illegible] Express prepaid in U. S. [illegible]

And Not Expensive

You can obtain Aluminex at the leading stores at prices remarkably low for ware that is heavy, substantial and good for many years of service.

Look for the blue diamond label and make this test: "Smile into it—if it smiles back, it's Aluminex."

Write for—"The New Day in Aluminum Cookery"—a booklet of interesting facts about your future cooking utensils.

THE BUCKEYE ALUMINUM COMPANY
Wooster, Ohio

Makers of fine aluminum ware for more than a quarter of a century

ALUMINEX

The aluminum ware with the smooth inside finish

done well to come to us, my child. Here with our sun, and the wind from the south, and the help of *le bon Dieu* and myself, he will recover, if it is humanly possible."

She went out on the *terrasse*, where Wally lay, past speech or caring. Emily heard her giving quiet orders there to the patronne, to the anxious Anatole. The head of the cot was to be lifted, so; the fowl she had brought was to be boiled down to one strong cup of broth, one only; she herself would prepare a *tisane* of herbs for the fever. The very sound of her voice was heartening; a matriarchate has its value.

But when she returned to Emily, she said only, "It is not humanly possible," and opened wide her arms; the instinctive gesture of old motherhood, the gesture of Christ crucified. Emily went into them and wept.

There was still much happiness left for the two friends, however—a twilight sort of happiness that brought its own peace. The south wind held. People came and went around them in shy, friendly fashion, speaking patois, or broken English that made Wally smile. "Like a Scotchman trying to speak American with a Georgia accent!" he said.

From his terrace he took quite an active vicarious part in the village life—exchanging compliments with Pantchika, as she fished out of her back windows for his morning trout; flipping pennies to the children who played à la queue endlessly in the street, grave little crop-haired boys and girls dressed alike in tight-sleeved full black aprons; never tiring of the daily *pelota* match in the *fronton* that was the center of the village.

Once there was some saint's festival, and all the houses hung fresh crosses of flowers or leaves above the lintel, and at night the mountainsides were beautiful, far and near, with beacon fires. After the moon rose, there was dancing in the square; at first such dancing as one might find elsewhere in Europe—the tango, the one step, with the young men and girls lither and lighter on their feet because of much walking the mountain roads in the light canvas sandals.

But later, with the singing and the drinking of new wine, the spirit of other days revived; and soon they were dancing, young and old alike, the saut Basque, the farandole, couples facing each other, never touching, yet never separating, each movement identical, playing out the ancient drama which is the story of all dance—pursuit, spurning, and at last capitulation.

"You should be dancing there with them, Emily," murmured the boy wistfully. "You and Esteban—perhaps I shall see you dancing so one day." He was wandering again, she thought; he was often a little lightheaded.

But the *jeu de paume* was his favorite entertainment, especially when the curé played—a stout old fellow, with cassock well tucked up about his legs.

"That's what I call a priest!" declared Wally. "A vast improvement on the sort you see in Italy sometimes, riding on donkeys several sizes too small for 'em. You wouldn't mind saying father to a man like that!"

Once, learning that the cider with which the public players were refreshed between games was supplied at the expense of the village, Emily conceived the idea of sending Anatole out with a special offering of wine—"in slight return for the pleasure their beautiful game had given guests from a far country," she bade him say. Emily, when she chose, had very pretty manners.

The result was repaying. The village glowed with approval. Monsieur the curé came at once to visit them, remarking brusquely that although as heretics they were not entitled to the ministrations of religion, doubtless they were all the more in need of them. Other notables of the community followed suit—the notary, quite a man of the world, who had once been to Monte Carlo; the doctor, offering in an unprofessional capacity certain native medicaments which did no good, but which Wally faithfully tried—"Can't have these chaps outdoing Uncle Sam in politeness," he explained; the blacksmith, who had served as alcalde before Pedro Urruty, a man of evident importance, who played, Pantchika told them, the finest *pelota*, both *blaid* and *rebot*, in the valleys. He had been the teacher, she added, of Esteban Urruty himself.

Gifts poured in upon them, often from strangers—combs of the delicious Pyrenean honey, little earthen jars of cordial, pats of fresh butter laid in cresses. "I had no idea," said the girl once in Pantchika's hearing, "that people could be so kind"

"That is because one so beautiful and rich as madame has never before known the need of kindness," said the patronne simply, and Emily smiled. But for once her smile had not its little edge of irony. She seemed to be losing, she thought, her sense of humor.

Once, with Pedro Urruty, a younger man came who brushed Emily's hand with a polite mustache, in the French fashion; and whose clothes, though very shabby, had the unmistakable mark of a real tailor. Pedro introduced him merely as Monsieur le Comte. He made himself very interesting on the subject of the Basques. Emily wished Miss Dibbs were there to hear him.

He told them, among other things, that there are no names for modern implements in the Basque tongue; that the language has suffered practically no change in thirty centuries, though words vary slightly in different districts; and that no one not of Basque blood had ever been known to learn more than a few phrases of it. Yet there were newspapers published in it, not only in the Pyrenean provinces but in South America, to which many emigrated.

"The Eskuara," he added, smiling, "is probably less a language than a race memory, an instinct of the heart."

Afterward Emily asked Pantchika something about this gentleman, whose title had caught her attention. She had not known there were titles among the Basques.

The patronne shrugged. The father of monsieur was French, of Normandy, or possibly of Burgundy—*n'importe;* his mother was Etchegarray, and naturally he was called here by that name. Naturally, too, when he tired of other places he returned to the *pays* Basque. Also, she added practically, the decline of the franc was of less importance here than elsewhere.

"But picture to yourself, madame—he keeps no cow, no fowls, not so much as a pig. His servant must buy in the market everything! And over much of his house there is no roof; only where the books are—hundreds—thousands of books!" This poor monsieur was, in her opinion, *une peu folle.* "I ask myself, is it possible to eat a book, to wear a book, to marry a book and give birth to other books?"

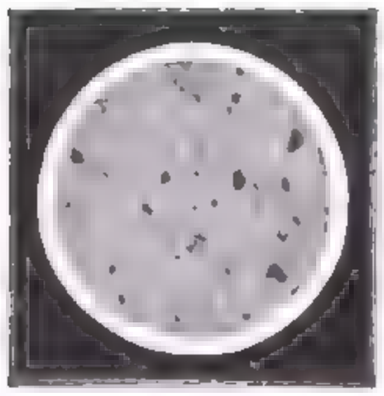
"That, yes," said Emily dryly. "Too possible!"

Pantchika crossed herself. It savored strongly of witchcraft, of which there had already been too much among these Etchegarray—sorcery, magic, book study of all sorts. And to what end? There were no more sons. The Etchegarray, it appeared, once as powerful as the Urruty, were one of those families *qui mont en graine;* they no longer cultivated their lands; they even sold them.

Emily recognized the type; even in her own new country, she remarked, there were families which went to seed because of too long ease of living, too much war, perhaps too many books. Her father had occasionally attributed the proud spirit of a Weldon to what he liked to call the old Southern stock. Emily felt a certain bond of sympathy with the shabby, scholarly young Etchegarray, who was so evidently an exile there; until she learned sometime later that he was quite a famous person, the acknowledged authority on Basques in the world.

It was through Pedro Urruty, Esteban's father, that she discovered the uses of the neighbor, the *Chenhango*, who in Basque

(Continued on Page 152)



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

The microscope tells you why Barreled Sunlight washes like tile

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

A dip of the Paint Brush

reveals the smooth, free-flowing qualities that make Barreled Sunlight so easy and pleasant to apply. It spreads evenly without leaving brush-marks, and is so opaque that one coat covers as well as two coats of ordinary enamel.

Smooth . . Lustrous . . *and can't hold dirt . . .*

IN THOUSANDS of the finest modern buildings — homes, hotels, hospitals, schools — they are using this handsome paint finish that is so easy to keep clean.

A damp cloth will remove the worst smudges from Barreled Sunlight, because its surface has no pores to hold dirt.

It gives walls and woodwork a beauty comparable only to the finest enamel—yet costs less and requires fewer coats.

In addition, Barreled Sunlight resists the "yellowing tendency." Made by the exclusive Rice Process, it is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Even on the largest surfaces, Barreled Sunlight's superior qualities are an actual economy.

There is a saving in application, because Barreled Sunlight, containing no varnish, flows on freely with brush or spray—and covers remarkably.

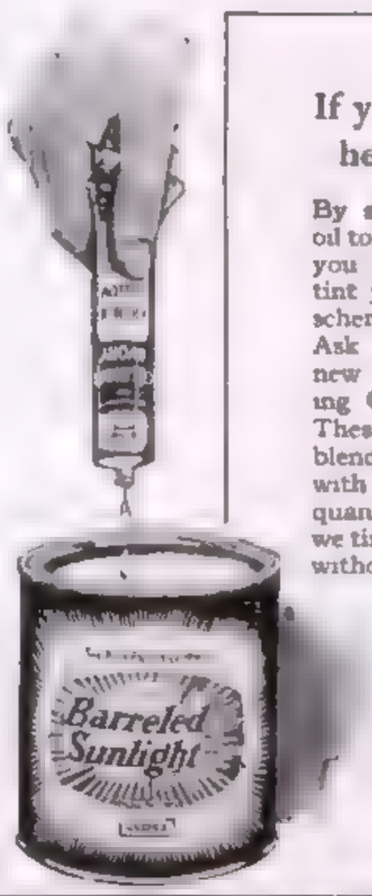
Once on the walls and ceilings, washing takes the place of frequent, costly repainting. And repeated washing will not wear away this paint.

FOR use in places where a full gloss is not required, Barreled Sunlight is also made in a washable, handsome Semi-Gloss. And where duller effects are desired, nothing is more appropriate than Barreled Sunlight Flat Finish—extremely attractive and uniform.

You can get Barreled Sunlight in cans from ½ pint to 5 gallons, and in 30-gallon and 55-gallon steel drums. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

See directions in coupon for obtaining further information and sample can.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Factory and Main Offices:
28-C Dudley St., Providence, R. I.
New York —350 Madison Avenue
Chicago —659 Washington Blvd.
San Francisco—156 Eddy Street
Philadelphia —1218 Chestnut Street
Distributors in all principal cities
Retailed by over 7000 dealers



If you prefer a tint—here's an easy way

By simply adding colors-in-oil to Barreled Sunlight white, you can obtain exactly the tint you want to match any scheme of interior decoration. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors, in handy tubes. These colors are almost liquid, blending easily and quickly with Barreled Sunlight. In quantities of 5 gallons or over we tint to order at the factory, without extra charge.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.,
28 C Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me literature on the use of Barreled Sunlight in—

Check ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings
☐ Institutions ☐ Industrial Plants

Enclosed also find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight, to be mailed postpaid

Name

Street

City State

Barreled Sunlight

Reg U. S Pat Off

(Continued from Page 150)

communities is expected to perform all friendly offices, in the way of arranging marriages, births, deaths, all the important affairs of life. Pedro Urruty had apparently appointed himself their *Chenhango*, and came daily to see that all was well with them; a courteous, smiling man, with the quiet dignity of a Spanish grandee, though he wore customarily the broad sash and very full short black blouse of the peasant. Through him the matriarch kept them under a watchful eye, advising, directing, and, where necessary, commanding; the girl had long since ceased to resent her beneficent interference.

But as once before, this unexpected kindness began to arouse in her uncomfortably something for which she had hitherto found small use—a conscience. More and more she disliked the knowledge that these people's interest, their growing friendliness, was based upon a lie.

Emily rarely lied, unless she found it necessary; not always then. One day, without premeditation, she told Madame Urruty the truth—young Wallace was not her husband; she had never had a husband. Her pretense of being a divorced woman was sheer panic at the thought of marrying Esteban and leading the life of a Pyrenean peasant.

The old woman's eyes never wavered from her during this confession. Once they gleamed angrily; once they showed a faint flicker of amusement. The matriarch was not unappreciative of courage, even at her own expense.

"So!" she said gravely, when the brief statement was finished. "Now we must persuade this rash young man to make things proper for you before he dies, eh?"

Emily, flushing, explained that Wally was quite willing to marry her—had, indeed, offered to do so; but that she felt any sort of excitement would be bad for him. Moreover there was the matter of the rich uncle. Haltingly, she managed to make clear her reluctance to entering a family, as it were, by the back door.

It was an idea that seemed to interest Madame Urruty. "So?" she said again, and nodded twice. "So!" Then, to Emily's great astonishment, she drew the worn old wedding ring off her own finger and slipped it upon Emily's, remarking simply, "We will not speak of this to others, gatchoutcha. It is not well that ignorant persons know too much." Gatchoutcha was the little name Esteban had sometimes used for her.

Some days later, the matriarch arrived at an unusually early hour, driving a pair of mules to a two-wheeled, white-hooded tartana like a Roman wine cart; a small girl beside her, sitting very upright and important. It was the first time Esteban's little sister Bette had come to see her.

"I wish," said the old woman carelessly, "to take your servant Anatole and your traveling automobile, since it is necessary for me to go out into the world as far as to Bayonne. Bette will remain to take the servant's place for the day; she makes herself useful." Emily's instinct told her that to borrow something from her was the greatest compliment the matriarch could pay.

Bette, it appeared, had brought for the poor m'sieu' who was ill a *cadeau*, a little gift; she produced a very small yellow chicken. "This one is not, ma'mselle comprehends, a chicken for the pot," she explained anxiously. It was an orphan, the tragic remnant of a thunderstorm, educated personally by Bette. "*Regarde*, ma'mselle! Speak, speak, my little one," she said to the chicken, which feebly chirped in response. "Hop, hop, *mon enfant*." The chicken hopped. "Is it not sage?" demanded Bette with pardonable pride. "One sees it is not a chicken to be boiled!"

Certainly not, agreed Emily; it should remain white in their hands entirely a *poulet de compagnie*.

Wally appreciated the chicken of company very much, indeed, and allowed it to speak and hop freely over his person; while Bette disappeared and reappeared at intervals, bearing food, with her regularity of clockwork:

"The bouillon of m'sieu'."

"Regard m'sieu's dish of clotted cream with honey."

"We have now the two pullet's eggs beaten in Yzarra."

"It is time for the *tisane*, to be taken at thirteen hours and a half precisely."

Nor did it occur to Wally, despite a fastidious invalid's appetite, to decline these ministrations. Emily, recognizing in small Bette the master touch, permitted herself a little rest; the boy had been so sleepless the night before that she had not left him. She was grateful for Bette; grateful for Madame Urruty, whose errand into the world, she learned, was to bring back from the convent near Bayonne a certain nursing sister, one Sœur Marie-Josef, well known in the valleys; a doctor, explained Pantchika, being of little value in cases so serious, since he was in the end but a man.

Presently Emily, as she slept, became conscious of anxious hands tugging at her, a frightened little voice in her ear; if ma'mselle would waken, if she would come quickly—oh, but quickly! Something had occurred to m'sieu' who was ill. He swallowed nothing, he no longer enjoyed the *poulet de compagnie*. Bette had fear!

Emily, running, saw that something had, indeed, occurred to Wally. His eyes rolled up so that one saw the whites, his jaw dropped. The doctor was in the room soon, the priest, several neighbors; Pantchika lamenting as she chafed the feet of the poor *petit gar'*, Bette whimpering like any ordinary little girl while she came and went methodically, according to orders, with food that was not wanted. And then at last the matriarch, putting them all sternly out of the room, and with her a quiet, quick-moving woman in a blue habit, a crucifix at her belt; with deft sure hands that knew what they were doing.

What relief! Emily at that moment would have welcomed even Nurse Watkins.

It was almost dawn when she looked up gratefully from her knees beside the bed into the nursing sister's face—and saw that it was Stancia. They said what they had to say in whispers over the boy's relaxed body.

"You! You are not married to him then—to Esteban?"

A faint wonder stirred in the other's still eyes; no more. Married? To Esteban? Ah, no! Mademoiselle, being heretic, did not perhaps know that it was forbidden a man to marry his brother's widow, his spiritual sister? True, she admitted—and her lips quivered once—there had been at one time talk of a special dispensation, since she had not children; the Urruty were a family of importance. But *la madre* had decided otherwise; she preferred for her grandson a wife more suited to maintain his position in the world than a woman of their valleys. And Esteban, she added stolidly, had himself preferred this, on further thought.

"He—has gone to America?" whispered Emily, trembling.

The other shrugged. One did not know. One knew only that he had been forbidden to return again to the Etcheonda without such a wife as his grandmother would find suitable.

"*Religieuses*," added Sœur Marie-Josef, "do not as a rule discuss these worldly matters. It is forbidden by the superior."

But Emily declined to take the hint. "Oh, my dear," she whispered, forgetting for the moment her own grief in another's—"oh, Stancia, how terrible for you! How terrible!"

The nun lifted quiet eyebrows. There was nothing terrible, she said remotely. On the contrary, one had one's vocation, one's work; a work for which her experience in life had preëminently fitted her. And now if mademoiselle cared to rest a little ——

Sometime afterward Emily was called again, and saw that Wally had become conscious; saw, too, for the first time, that he was dying. She had known it for so long that she had not realized it.

"No, no!" she begged him frantically. "Don't go! Not now, Wally boy, not yet! I want you, I need you so!"

"Not any more, old thing," he whispered, his fingers curling like a sleepy child's around her hand.

Unnoted, the chicken of company chirped and hopped about his pillow; Sister Marie-Josef lifted high her crucifix; and at the door of the house the patronne, weeping, lighted a handful of straw, as is the peasant custom where there is death, so that a soul may rise to heaven the more easily on a puff of smoke.

Emily presently went wandering again, with Anatole and the big car and Miss Dibbs—who came to her at once, asking no questions, all her romantic instincts aroused by the plight of this gallant girl who had thrown away Stoke Norbury for a young lover, and now had lost the young lover too.

Suzanne also proffered maternal support, shocked though she was by her stepdaughter's amazing *faux pas*. "How rash of you, darling, how positively indiscreet!" she wrote. "Everybody talking about it, laughing at poor dear Sir Harry! I am the last person to blame you for following your heart's dictates, dearest, you know that; but I do think you might have considered Sir Harry's feelings a little. We've had the most dreadful time, Armand and I, consoling him." Apparently they had succeeded, since the baronet had returned with them to Biarritz.

Wally's uncle had arrived, with incredible dispatch, to dispose of his few affairs. Not only the automobile and Anatole were settled upon Emily but also the very comfortable income which had been Wally's.

"We pay our debts," said the uncle crisply, in response to Emily's astonished protest. "You gave the boy something we couldn't buy. Too bad you didn't marry him into the bargain." He eyed her shrewdly and kindly. "Don't tell me he didn't want it. I know better. The lad was human, I hope!"

So they would not leave her this one friend, she thought bitterly, even in death! But she was glad not to have to give up Anatole and the automobile; glad, too, that she was able now to permit herself the luxury of spinsterhood, if she chose.

She did not wander very far from the valley—because of Wally, she told herself, lying there alone among strangers. But there were other reasons. Had Esteban heard —— Was it too late? Had he found already the suitable wife he had been sent to find; or would the matriarch tell him—what? What could an old woman find to tell her grandson that would change the look that had been in his eyes as they parted, of distaste, of weary disillusionment?

She gave up at last counting on Madame Urruty. Echoes of her stepmother's sordid little philosophy shamed her: "A woman's a fool to wait for any man to come back to her; men aren't that way." If Esteban were coming, he would have come before this.

Weeks passed into months; the summer died, though a wooing south wind still tempted roses to linger in sheltered places. The carts and wagons they passed were piled high with russet fern for the winter's stabling, and on the galleries of the tall Basque houses golden pumpkins dried in the sun. These gave to Emily a touch of unexpected nostalgia for the country of her childhood, for dusty goldenrod along the roads, and sumac branches, and the smell everywhere of burning leaves. Strange, she thought, how in sorrow the heart returns to the familiar things of childhood, lightly as they are valued at the time.

She had brought Miss Dibbs back into the *pays* Basque, to open the spinster's house in St.-Jean-de-Luz for the coming season. Emily did not mean to stay on with her; the place was too poignant with memories, too near to Biarritz and Suzanne. She knew now that Esteban would not come; had given him up more completely than when she believed him married. Indifference was, in her experience, a far greater barrier than marriage.

It was through no wish to follow him that she decided at last to go back to America. There perhaps she might find root hold, make new root hold; Wally had taught her that there are men in America, too—loyal, brave, faithful men—to be trusted.

Yet still she lingered; found herself often standing on the promontory of the great light that gives the little harbor its name, gazing like many another woman before her out to sea for a boat that never came. And as do many people who hide a secret trouble, she grew fanciful. She liked to speak to the natives in the few phrases she had learned of Eskuara in the valley. Sometimes they answered quite simply, as if she were one of them, and the surprising thing was that she understood. Could it be, as Etchegarray had suggested, less a language than an instinct—an instinct of the heart? She recalled with a stab of pain the strange sensation she had known of being at home in the Urruty house, because it was to be the home of Esteban's children.

Some admirer began to leave odd gifts on her doorstep—baskets of silver fish laid on cresses, the graceful native cornucopias of fruit and flowers—not a unique experience, for Emily's pale loveliness was of the type that often touches the passing fancy to romance. But she liked to think that these naïve little gifts of courtship, coming from Esteban's people, came almost from himself.

Once at dusk, as she sat dreaming by the window of Miss Dibbs' candlelit salon, a sound that was hardly more than a whisper of music came up from the dark garden below. Was that her fancy too?

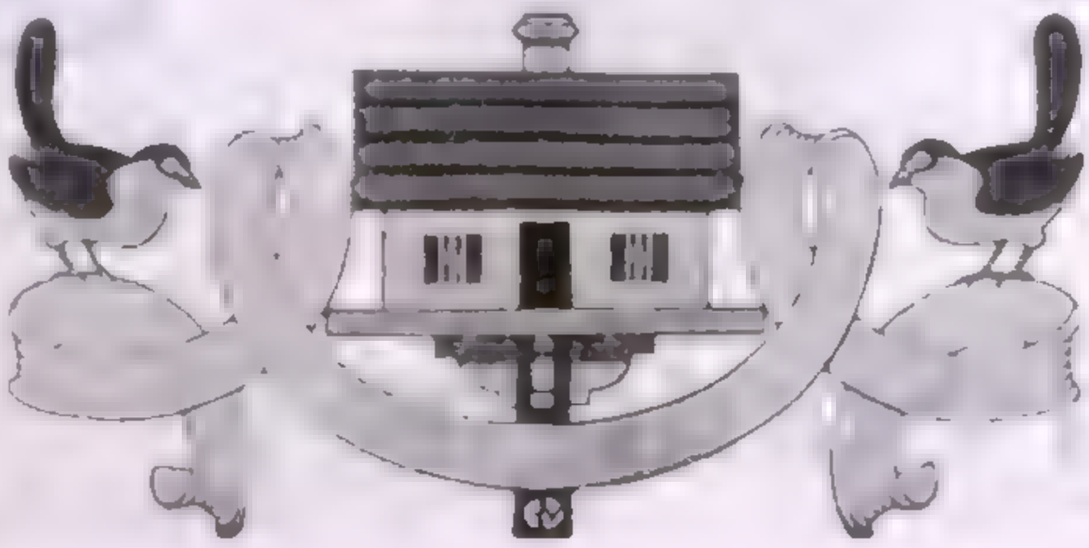
"Dibby darling," she murmured, "I wonder if you are hearing what I hear."

The spinster looked up from her book and listened. "Ah, a basauflute—the lovers are out again. Early for basauflutes, isn't it? The mimosa's not yet in bloom."

The girl leaned from the window to hear better. "My dear," the music whispered to her memory, "do you not know that if you will not come to me, I must come to you, always?"

She saw by the light of the rising moon that another boat had entered the harbor since morning; a quite large boat, not a fishing craft; perhaps one of the season's yachts, over from the Vieux Port. She looked again, beginning to tremble.

It was Esteban Urruty's boat, the Gathid.



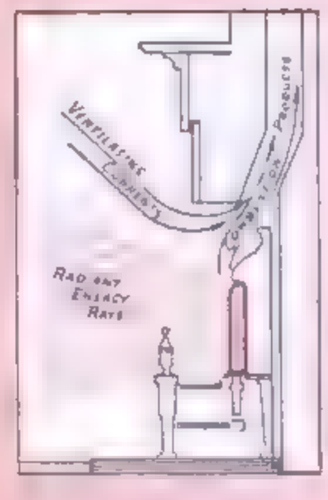
Healthful Heat

Among all the notable contributions to better living conditions the Humphrey Radiantfire holds a foremost place. A canvass of the more than one million users in America would confirm this statement in very positive terms.

Radiantfire provides a grateful warmth, like a flood of sunshine through an open window—healthful heat penetrating every corner and always instantly available—clean, odorless, dustless heat to take the chill off the room without the labor and expense of calling upon the furnace.

These are advantages with an irresistible appeal to the modern housewife. There is nothing in the entire field of domestic equipment that can contribute so much to her comfort or create more genuine satisfaction for all the family.

The Humphrey Radiantfire is ideal for any home where either natural or artificial gas is available. There is a surprising range of models to select from—plain patterns or beautiful period models. Inspect the full line at the office of your Gas Company or Dealer today.



Radiant rays like light rays cannot be turned aside nor can they go up the chimney. They come steadily forward warming, not the air, but solid objects with which they come in contact. They keep you warm, and at the same time set the air in motion and provide perfect circulation and ventilation

The genuine Humphrey Radiantfire is sold by your Gas Company or Dealer. Models range in price from $15.00 up. Write us for illustrated booklet.

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

New York - 44 West Broadway Pittsburgh Buffalo Cincinnati San Francisco - 135 Bluxome Street

The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Up-to-date Motor Car

Clean Oil—Clean Air—No Dilution

Important factors which now add years to the motor car's life

Never in the history of the automobile has development been so marked and progress so swift as now.

Especially in those new devices which mean added economy and convenience to the owner, and longer life to the car, the industry is making tremendous strides.

Naturally motorists are interested to know about these new devices, not only from the standpoint of information, but also as a guide when purchasing new cars.

We are therefore offering free to the interested car-owner full information on any of the following timely subjects:

1 *Why air cleaners are used on the majority of cars, and the air cleaner's function.*

2 *Why oil filters are used on the [illegible] of cars, and the oil filter's function.*

3 *The cause of and the effects of dilution and water in the crankcase.*

If you want to be fully informed on the new devices that are insuring the automobile new life, simply check the number in the coupon below which corresponds to the number of the subject on which you want information, and a bulletin will be sent you free.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND — *Makers of AC Spark Plugs — AC Speedometers — AC Air Cleaners — AC Oil Filters* — AC-TITAN Levallois-Perret FRANCE

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY, *Information Division*, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Gentlemen: I want to know more about the modern motor car and its improvements, and am especially interested in the subject I have checked here: 1 2 3

My name is

Address

City

THE PIANO MOVERS

(Continued from Page 13)

By this time the darkness was settling down
Around the Cunel Wood;
And out in the road and ready to go,
The battery column stood.

So back to the second-section gun
Them cannoneers they ran;
The captain hollered "Forward, yo!"
And the long night march began.

Now the captain rode a handsome horse,
And so did Sergeant Dann;
There was even a wabbly, weak-kneed skate
For Pinky the telephone man;

And the colonel went by in an automobile,
On an elegant cushion seat,
But the cannoneers they had to walk
On their own dirty feet.

Oh, the road was wide, and the road was jammed
With traffic from left to right,
For the whole American Army
Was on the move that night.

Pushing along through the darkness
Was doughboys and wagons and guns,
A-following up the big retreat
Of the poor benighted Huns.

And them six poor tired cannoneers
Marched on in their hobnailed shoes,
Till at midnight the battery reached Doulcon,
On the bank of the River Meuse.

And here they had to wait a while,
For the German long-range shell
Had hit the American pontoon bridge
And knocked that bridge to hell.

They waited all night for new pontoons
To replace the ones that sank;
And at dawn the battery crossed to the town
Of Dun on the opposite bank.

The guns was placed in a low-lying field
To the north of the little town;
And right away them six cannoneers
Heard a very familiar sound.

"Piano movers, front and center! Piano movers, this way!"

"What, us again?" said Mike.

"Yes, you again," said the sergeant; "the whole six of you. Snap out of your dream and unload them shells and powder boxes out of that wagon. And report here right after breakfast to go back and get that piano."

"Us cannoneers can't go," said Mike. "We got to stay here to fire our gun. And besides, we been walking all night and we're tired."

"The guns ain't going to be fired this morning," said the sergeant. "And if they are, the other shift can handle them. And suppose you did walk all night. That will make it all the pleasanter for you to ride in this wagon this morning. And besides, I ain't here to listen to no argument from any such bums as you, and you know it. The safest thing for you to do is shut up and get busy."

So the six cannoneers unloaded the stuff,
And when that job was done,
They walked across and parked their packs
At the second-section gun.

They kept their slickers because the clouds
Looked low and fairly wet,
And then they went to the kitchen to see
If breakfast was ready yet.

It was; and they had a lousy meal
Of goldfish and moldy bread,
And on their way back to the wagon,
They met young Pinky, who said:

"I hear you're going after the piano this morning. Isn't it splendid?"

"Splendid like a pig's eye," said Mike. "This piano is more worry than the war. And it's all your fault we got stuck with this damn moving job."

"Aw, the moving will soon be over. And then just think how swell it will be! As soon as we get to feeding that sergeant a little soft music, he'll do anything we want. There won't be no more trouble or worry for any of us."

"I hope so," said Mike, very doubtful. And they all give Pinky a dirty look and went on.

At the wagon they found the sergeant,
And they all climbed inside;
And with Mike a-driving the horses,
They started on their ride.

Now the fast-retreating Fritzes
Wasn't fighting very hard;
But just the same, a few shells came
From the guns of the Fritz rear guard.

These shells, they screeched and howled along
Through the dismal, cloudy sky,
And some of them hit a long ways off,
And some of them hit near by.

But in spite of them things, the road was filled
With traffic all the way;
So the sergeant and the cannoneers
Could make no speed that day.

And the cannoneers, on that long, slow drive,
Was gloomy as could be,
But the sergeant smiled a genial smile,
And talked most pleasantly.

"It sure is going to be swell to have that piano back again," he said. "A song is nothing without chords to go with it. You know," he went on, "I have thought of a whole lot of songs I want Pinky to try—Daisies Won't Tell, In the Gloaming, Oh, My Darling, The Curse of an Aching Heart, Sweet Genevieve—and a bunch of others."

And the sergeant whistled and hummed to himself
In a foolish, brainless way,
A-thinking of all the sad, sweet songs
He wanted Pinky to play.

But nothing but glum and gloomy silence
Come from the other men,
Till at last they approached the Cunel Wood,
A little after ten.

"Whoa!" yelled the sergeant all of a sudden. "What's that I hear?" Mike stopped the horses, and from the woods ahead came the sound of music and singing:

"Cong Madelong viang noo serveer ah bwa-a-ah—ruh,
Soo la tonell ong fro-leh song joo-pong ——"

"Drive on!" said the sergeant. "It sounds to me like a bunch of Frogs."

They drove into the woods. It was a bunch of Frogs—one of them playing on the piano and the rest singing:

"Say tool mal kell say fa-a-ay—ruh,
Madelong! Madelong! Madelong!"

A pretty good tune, even though the words don't seem to mean nothing.

"I think," said Mike, "them bozos belong to a French battery over on the other side of the woods."

The sergeant jumped out of the wagon. "Out of the way, monkey face!" he yelled at the man who was playing. "Out of the way! We've come for the piano."

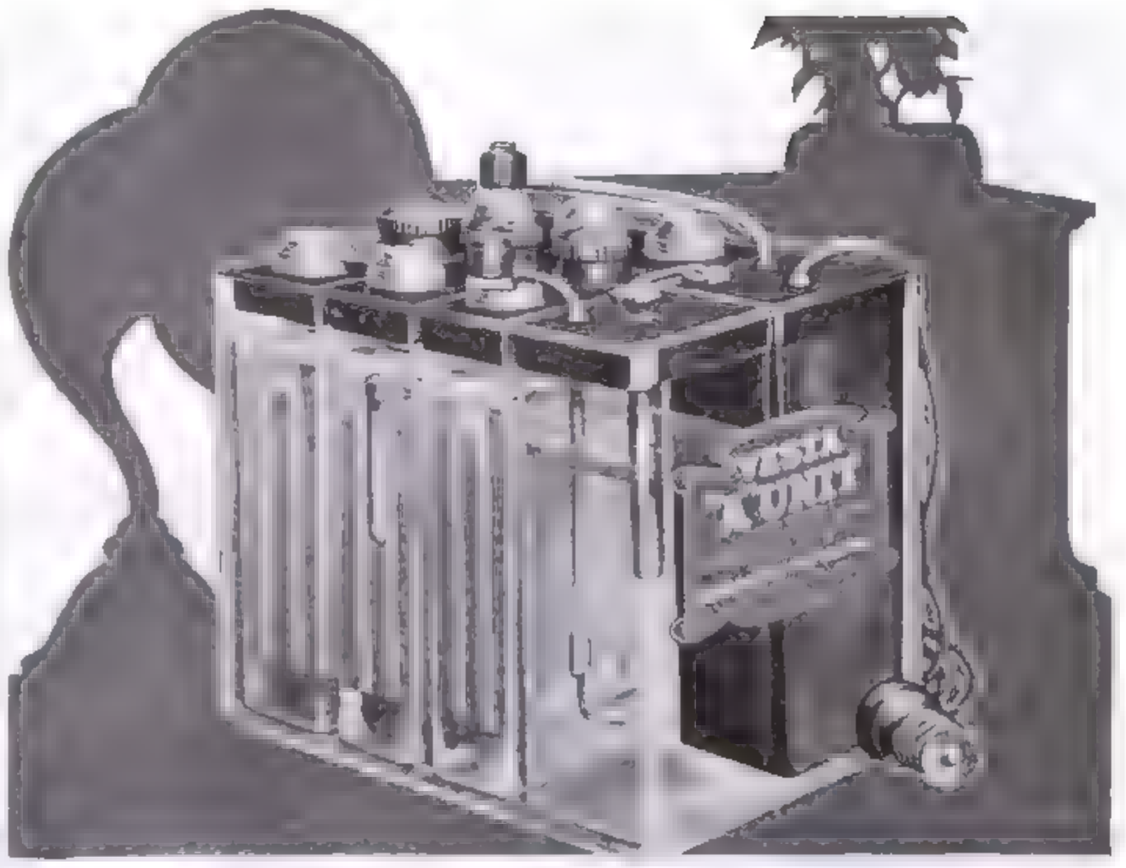
The music stopped. "Comprong pah," said the piano player.

"Out of the way!" said the sergeant. "And don't give me no argument."

"Comprong pah."

The sergeant turned back to the men in the wagon. "All right, youse guys," he said, "if these heathen don't understand

(Continued on Page 157)



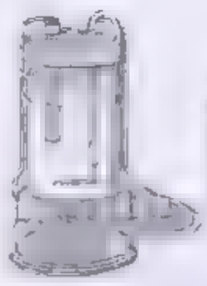
Announcing VESTA 'A' UNIT

Battery and Trickle Charger *ALL IN ONE!*

Now you can always tell the condition of your radio power at a glance. No more dripping hydrometers. No more disconnecting your battery and lifting it out into the light to find the liquid level. No more neglectful damage to your battery because of the inconvenience of testing it.

Here is your Battery and Trickle Charger—in one unit of clear glass—with the liquid level always in plain view—*at a* GLANCE.

All the attention the Vesta "A" Unit ever needs is a little water or solution added occasionally—poured in with a silver spoon. No muss. No fuss. Prolongs battery life and insures full charge radio power at all times.



VESTA TRICKLE CHARGER

battery troubles Prolongs battery life Insures complete radio

$10

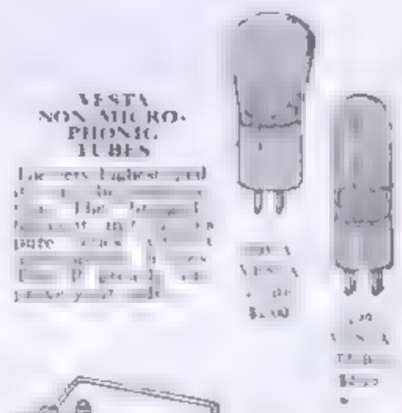
Pacific Coast $10.50

The Vesta "A" Unit—Radio "A" Battery and Trickle Charger—ALL IN ONE. *Clean—compact—trouble-free. Replaces large "A" Battery. Insures steady flow of vitality to the set. Connects to any 110 volt, 60 cycle A. C. lighting current. Built-in hydrometer tells battery condition at all times.*

TWO TYPES

3 plate (25 amp. hours) $25 *5 plate (50 amp. hours)* $27.50

(For Pacific Coast add $1.50)

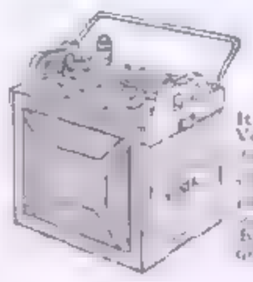


VESTA NON MICRO-PHONIC TUBES

The Vesta Battery Corp. have been leaders in the battery field for over 29 years. The Vesta Isolator Battery is known as the highest quality battery in the automotive field. The Vesta VACO Battery is a leader in the standard battery field.

The same quality is built into Vesta Radio Products. The reliability of the name "Vesta" is your assurance of complete satisfaction.

Ask your radio dealer to show you Vesta "A" Unit and other Vesta products. Mail the coupon for Vesta Radio Products folders.



VESTA RADIO "A" BATTERY

It costs no more to buy a

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
2100 INDIANA AVE. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

VESTA

AUTO-RADIO PRODUCTS

Vesta for Vitality

Vesta Radio Products

Radio "A" Unit
Trickle Charger
Radio Tubes
Radio "A" Battery
Radio "B" Battery

Vesta Auto Products

The famous ISOLATOR Battery—for highest quality.
The VACO—standard construction—for low price.

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION, 2100 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your folders on Vesta Radio Products, particularly the one about

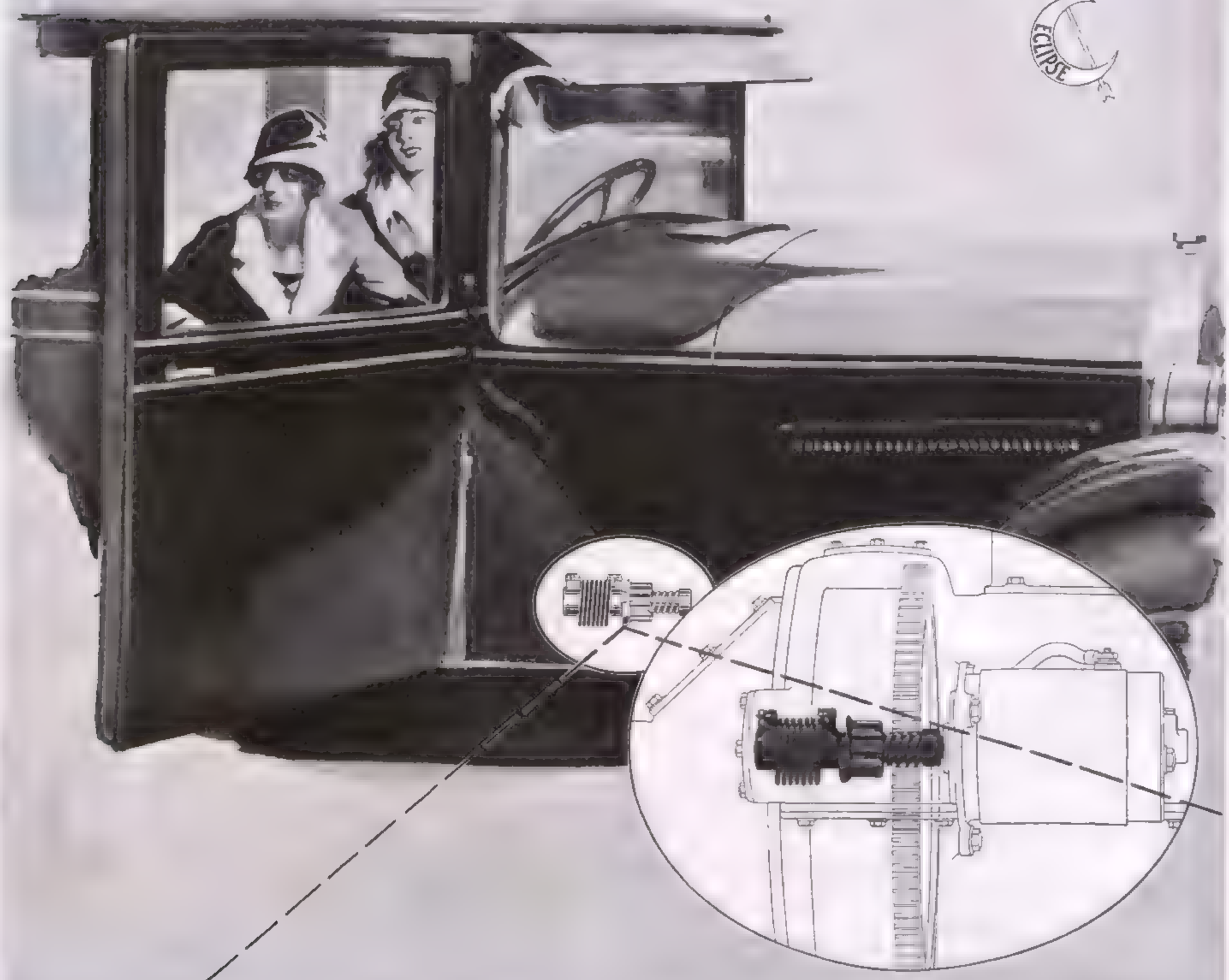
Name

Address

City State

ECLIPSE

BENDIX DRIVE



"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"

AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT on a large majority of the world's automobiles, the Eclipse Bendix Drive is the form you probably know best of the Eclipse starter-products used in starting gasoline engines. It is the automatic connecting link between the electric starting motor and the engine of your automobile—a "mechanical hand" that takes hold of the flywheel of the engine, cranks it, and then lets go.

Eclipse starter-drives, in their several variations, insure maximum ease, convenience and dependability in starting any gas engine. Throughout the world, "Eclipse at Elmira" is known as an authority in this specialized field, and its products are accepted as standard.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, *Elmira*, N. Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, HOBOKEN, N. J. ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, LTD., WALKERVILLE, ONT.

(Continued from Page 155)

plain English, they don't have to. Load the piano in the wagon!"

"Maybe the Frogs won't let us," said Mike.

"What? A bunch of Frogs stop us from getting our own property? I'd like to see 'em try!"

So the cannoneers grabbed the piano
To take it away from there,
And the Frenchmen started in yelling
And waving their hands in the air.

"Pay no attention," said the sergeant. "They won't do nothing. Load the piano!"

But about that time them cowardly Frogs,
They all of a sudden got sore,
And they give a shout and started out
On a little private war.

There was seven Frogs, and one of them kicked
The sergeant in the slats,
While the rest went after the cannoneers
Like a bunch of fighting cats;

They scratched and bit them cannoneers,
And knocked 'em left and right;
And the cannoneers, they come right back,
And made it a peach of a fight.

The sergeant swung on a Frog with a beard
And dropped him with a thud,
But another one tripped the sergeant up
And spilled him in the mud.

And Mike, he got a swell black eye,
But he busted a Frenchman's nose,
And over and over they rolled in the dirt,
A-tearing each other's clothes.

And the fight had lasted quite some time,
As even as could be,
When a bunch of American soldiers arrived
With arm bands marked M. P.

And right away they waded in,
Those military police,
And pulled them fighting fools apart,
And all at once there was peace.

Then a big M. P. lieutenant
Stepped out and frowned and said:

"What is the meaning of this disgraceful affair? Who is in charge here?"

Sergeant Dann saluted stiff and painful. "I am in charge, sir," he said.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"Sir," said the sergeant, "this is our piano. It belongs to our battery up at Dun. But these Frenchmen stole it, and when we came to get it, they brutally attacked us, sir. You'd think they would have a little sense of gratitude. Here we come over here to save their country for them, and what do they do? First they steal our piano and then they try to murder us."

"That'll do," said the lieutenant. "What have you Frenchmen got to say for yourselves?" The Frenchmen had a lot to say, but all in French. "I don't understand you," said the lieutenant. "Absolutely no compree. So you can save your breath. And you, sergeant"—he turned to Dann—"you can save yours, too, because I don't believe a word you say. I ought to put you and your whole gang under arrest, but I haven't the time to bother with you. I'll give you two minutes to take your piano and get out of here. And you"—he turned back to the Frenchmen—"I'll give you the same to get back where you belong. Allez!"

The M. P.'s started the Frogs on their way,
And they tottered off through the wood,
While the cannoneers grabbed the piano,
And heaved as hard as they could.

They grunted and groaned, and they lifted it up
And into the wagon so high;
Then Mike took the reins and hollered
"Giddap!"
And they told the M. P.'s good-by.

But just as they started along the road
That led away from Cunel,
It all of a sudden began to rain,
And the sergeant let out a yell.

"Hey, youse guys! Off with them slickers!"

"But we're just putting them on," said Mike. "It's raining."

The sergeant scowled something terrible with his bruised and battered face. "I ain't in no shape to listen to no arguments," he said. "I'm just about ripe to murder somebody. So if youse guys know what's good for you, you'll take off them slickers right now and lay 'em over that music box. I ain't going to let this dampness injure the tone."

So they all, including the sergeant, took
Their slickers one by one,
And they covered that old piano, and then
Continued on toward Dun.

Along the side of the wagon box
The cannoneers, they set,
While the weary, dreary rain come down,
Wet, wet, wet.

For the wettest place in all the world,
When the rain cuts loose,
Is between the Argonne Forest
And the rolling River Meuse.

And Mike, as he sat on the driver's seat,
And drove the horses along,
He thought of his many troubles,
And everything seemed to be wrong.

He hadn't had a wink of sleep
Since the night before the last;
He didn't have no slicker,
And the rain was falling fast;

His eye was a mess where that Frenchman
Had smacked him in the face;
And his back, it ached from moving that old
Piano all over the place.

That piano, by gosh, was the principal cause
Of most of the troubles he had;
And as long as they kept that piano, things
Would go on just as bad.

And so, as he drove along in the rain,
Old Mike made up his mind
To get rid of that damn piano
By any means he could find.

And then he seen that the ditch along
The road was deep and wide,
And he drove the wagon so close to the ditch
That the wagon begun to slide.

"Look out back there!" he yelled. "She's going over!"

They all jumped out as the wagon upset,
And they heard the piano drop
In the mud of the ditch beside the road
With a loud, resounding plop.

"A swell driver you are!" said the sergeant, looking at Mike, who was holding the horses while the rest of the piano movers started to right the wagon. "You can use my mess kit for a whistle if you ain't the most senseless, idiotic bum in all this man's army."

"I couldn't help it," said Mike; "the road is so slippery from the rain. But I'm sorry the piano is a goner."

The sergeant jumped down in the ditch. "Goner nothing!" he said. "It landed right side up in the soft mud, and it ain't hurt at all. It's just a little bit smeared. Come on down here, youse guys, and get busy!"

So they worked and toiled for half an hour,
Them weak and weary men,
And they dragged that piano out of the mud,
And loaded it up again.

The sergeant took the reins this time,
And they drove along the way,
Till they reached the field outside of Dun,
Where the guns of the battery lay.

KREOLITE
"Outlast the Factory"

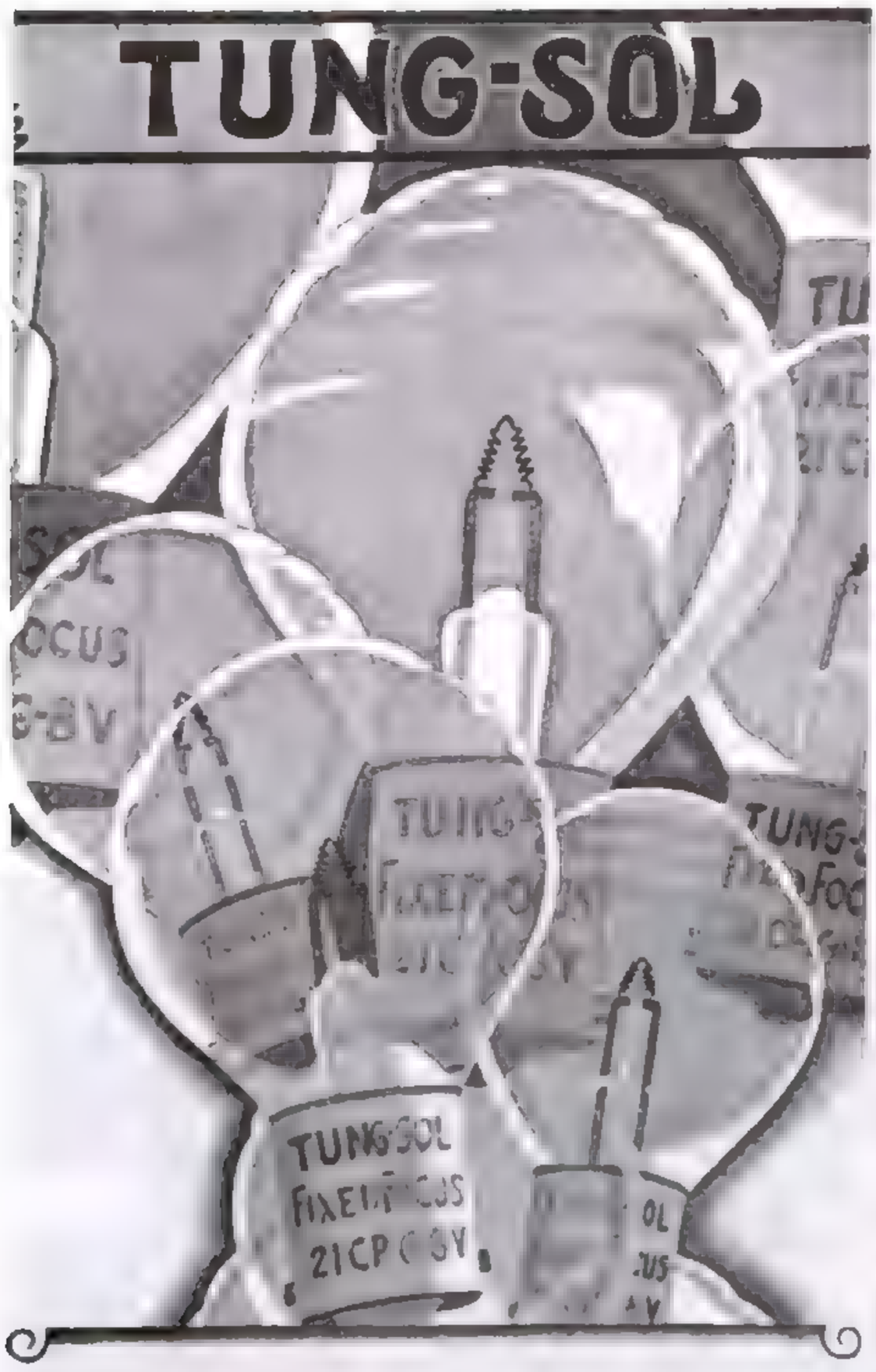
Strength *and* Endurance
Necessary in Railroad Shop Floors

That Kreolite Wood Block Floors do meet the heavy requirements of railroad shops is evidenced by the fact that 41 railroad companies are using them and that each railroad shop has repeated with orders anywhere from 1 to 47 times. Laid

with the tough end uppermost, regardless of conditions, they give the ultimate in strength, endurance, and economy. Our Kreolite Engineers will study your needs without obligation on your part.

THE JENNISON-WRIGHT COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO
Branches in All Large Cities

WOOD BLOCK FLOORS



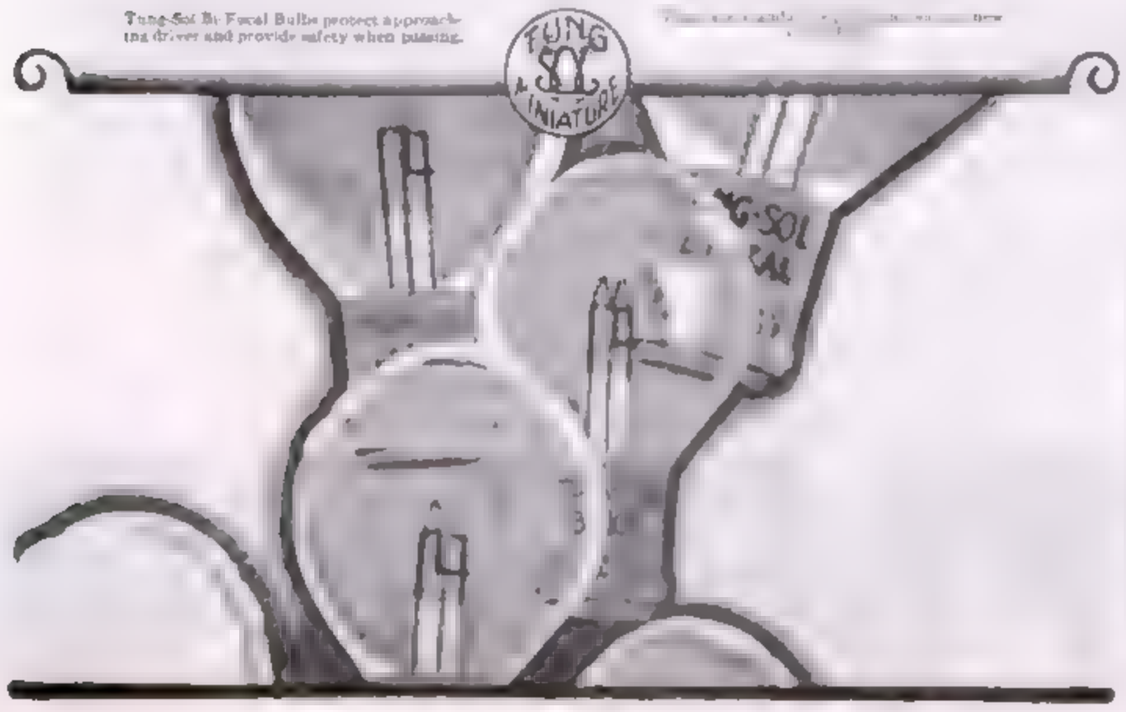
WE WHO BUILD TUNG-SOLS, PROVIDE A BULB as nearly perfect as human skill and modern machines can produce. It is our contribution toward safety and courtesy. The careful owner is seldom satisfied with ordinary bulbs. He uses Tung-Sols. His headlamps are always properly adjusted and the bulbs *correctly* focused. Thus, he attains personal safety while extending good fellowship to other drivers after dark. Ask your dealer for Tung-Sols.

"Let Tung-Sol Light the Way"

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC., Newark, New Jersey

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

Tung-Sol Bi-Focal Bulbs protect approaching driver and provide safety when passing.



By now the clouds had lifted a bit,
And the rain came down no more,
But the field was wet and the wagon got stuck
Just like the day before.

And they toted that heavy piano by hand
To the distant guns; and then,
Just like the day before, they heard
The same old news again.

The fast-moving Fritzes had got once more
Out of range of the battery shell;
The order had come to move on up,
And the sergeant begun to yell:

"All right, you piano movers! It seems the battery hits the road again tonight, so you can just take that music box right back to the road. I'm going to post a guard on it so it won't be bothered till we come back to get it tomorrow. Come on, youse guys, snap into it!"

"You better get some of these other birds to move that thing this time," said Mike.

"Not a chance! Youse guys understand this piano moving, so it's going to be your regular job from now on. You're a permanent detail of piano police."

"You mean that lousy thing is going to travel with us wherever we go, and us guys have to move it each time?"

"That's what I mean."

"Suppose we make a march every day for the next two weeks!"

"If we make a march every day for the next two years, that piano comes along, and youse guys move it, see?"

"Not me," said Mike. "I'm all in. I've quit. You can take your old piano, and you know what you can do with it. And if you don't know ——"

A mean, dangerous look come over the sergeant's face, and he started walking toward Mike, very threatening.

"Oh, sergeant!" said little Pinky, suddenly stepping up to the gang. "I have wonderful news for you. I've made a discovery."

"Shut up!" said the sergeant. "I'll listen to you later. Right now I got to fix this guy."

But before he had time to do anything, there come a yell from one of the lieutenants: "Enemy plane! Enemy plane! Take cover!"

They all looked up at the northern sky
When they heard that warning yell;
And there was the plane a-coming along
Like a bat let loose from hell.

Machine guns rattled all over the place;
And from out of the town of Dun
There came the steady boom-boom-boom
Of an anti-aircraft gun.

But the German plane came roaring on,
A-sweeping through the air,
And the men of the battery scattered and ducked
In shell holes here and there.

Directly over the battery guns
The German circled around,
And laid an egg—a great big egg—
That came a-whistling down.

And then that German headed for home,
While still he had the chance,
And the egg went off with a crash that shook
Most all of Northern France.

Slowly the echoes died away;
And the men of Battery B
They come a-creeping out of their holes
As cautious as could be.

They seen that the German had missed the guns,
And not a man was hit;
But as for the sergeant's music box,
Damn little was left of it.

A few odd wires and splinters of wood,
And keys was scattered around;
But the place where that music box had stood
Was now just a hole in the ground.

And Sergeant Dann he looked at that hole
With bitter, black despair;
And he covered his face with his horny hands
And walked away from there.

And the cannoneers began to think
Their troubles all was dead,
When Pinky the telephone man stepped up,
And this is what he said:

"Now for the wonderful news! It don't make no difference if this piano is blowed up. I was over on the other side of the town of Dun today, and in a little house that must of been used for Fritz officers' quarters I found another piano."

"What?" said Mike.

"Yes, another piano," said Pinky, all happiness and joy. "And it's a peach—a regular concert grand—at least twice as big as this other one was."

"Twice as big as the other?" said Mike.

"Yes," said Pinky, "and it has a wonderful tone. I'm going to tell the sergeant about it now so we can go down and get it." And Pinky started to go after Sergeant Dann, who was walking off across the field.

"Wait a minute!" said Mike, running after Pinky. "Listen," he said when he had caught up with him. "There ain't no use bothering the sergeant now. You show us where the piano is and we'll move it for you"

"All right," said Pinky.

So Mike went back and talked to the rest,
And at first they all said no;
But he talked some more, and they all got up,
And they said that they would go.

They got in the wagon with Pinky,
And turned the horses around,
And they soon was rolling along on their way,
Through the principal street of the town.

And they passed an ammunition dump,
As they went a-driving through,
And Mike hopped off and grabbed himself
A hand grenade or two.

Then they entered a very narrow street,
Where they had to go very slow,
And they finally reached a small stone house,
And Pinky hollered "Whoa!"

"Is this it?" asked Mike.

"This is it," said Pinky, and he led them inside.

And there stood a grand piano,
A wonderful thing to see;
You couldn't have found a larger one
In France or Germany.

The cannoneers they sweetly smiled
At that elegant concert grand;
Then all together they made a rush
For Pinky the telephone man.

They dragged him over and laid him out
Across the piano stool,
And they got a big, long, splintery board,
And lambasted the little fool.

They whaled his poor defenseless stern
In a most indecent way;
And when they finally stopped, old Mike
Had the following words to say:

"That will pay you back, you miserable runt, for part of the trouble you've got us into. But this ain't nothing at all compared to what we'll give you if you ever breathe a word to the sergeant or to anybody else about what we've done to you, or about what we're going to do to this piano. So if you want to live, and finally go back to your mamma in the United States of America, you'll keep your mouth shut. Understand?"

"Yes," said Pinky, very weak.

"All right! Now we'll move this piano. We ain't got the equipment to do as good a job as that noble German aviator, but we'll do our best. Piano movers, front and center! And don't give me no argument!"

(Continued on Page 161)

A Price Reduction that Benefits Millions!

INGERSOLL PRICES REDUCED! The millions who bought Ingersolls in the past got their money's worth, and more, by any comparative test you may care to make. You millions who buy them at the new reduced prices get the same tried and true dependability and the same durability that have made Ingersolls famous the world over.

In addition you get watches greatly improved in appearance by recent refinements in casing and dialing. And always, when you buy an Ingersoll you buy TIMEKEEPING SERVICE, for every Ingersoll has back of it a Service Department at Waterbury, Conn., where repairs are made promptly and at nominal cost.

The New INGERSOLL YANKEE

THE improved appearance of the Yankee is typical of the improved appearance of every Ingersoll. More closely cased, antique bow and crown, new dial and other new features of grace and beauty. But before all, the Yankee is dependable and sturdy—a watch for the man or boy who hasn't time to coddle his watch.

Yankee Radiolite—Tells Time in the Dark—$2.25

Now $1.50

The INGERSOLL Wrist Watch

THE Wrist Watch is now one of the two biggest sellers in the Ingersoll line. Everybody these days, it seems, wants a wrist watch. Men for motoring and sports, boys and girls for school use, and women because it is the most convenient for every occasion. The Ingersoll Wrist Watch is a new model this year. You'll like the tonneau-shape and the way the watch lies flat on the wrist. Metal dial.

Wrist Radiolite—Tells Time in the Dark—$4.00

Now $3.50

New Reduced Prices on All Ingersolls

Yankee	Reduced to $1.50	Wrist Radiolite	Reduced to $4.00
Yankee Radiolite	Reduced to 2.25	Waterbury	Reduced to 4.50
Eclipse	Reduced to 2.50	Waterbury Radiolite	Reduced to 5.50
Eclipse Radiolite	Reduced to 3.25	Reliance	Reduced to 6.00
Junior	Reduced to 3.25	Waterbury in Rolled Gold-Plate Case	Reduced to 8.00
Midget	Reduced to 3.25	Reliance in Rolled Gold-Plate Case	Reduced to 9.50
Midget Radiolite	Reduced to 3.75		
Wrist (Plain dial)	Reduced to 3.50		

Ingersoll

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc. · New York · Chicago · San Francisco

Your teeth are not flat. They curve — as your jaw curves. And that is the way your brush should curve. Otherwise it can't reach ALL *your teeth. The first consideration in designing the Pro-phy-lac-tic was to produce a brush* ***that would reach all your teeth.***

To keep your teeth *fit*, use a brush to *fit* your teeth

THIS tooth brush is a scientific instrument. No guesswork enters into its construction. It cleans teeth thoroughly. Skilled professional men for years studied the teeth and after experiments laid down certain requirements for the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

"Above all else," they said, "this brush must reach *every* tooth." So they curved the bristle surface to fit the curve of the teeth. They curved the handle so that you can get the brush far back into your mouth. And they put a tuft on the end of the brush to make the cleaning of back teeth as easy as possible.

How carefully was your brush designed? What features has it that enable you to reach *all* your teeth? Can you afford to take a chance with your teeth when you could so easily be sure of giving them complete protection?

See that your next brush is a Pro-phy-lac-tic. Give your teeth the 100% cleansing they need.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box.

Made in America by Americans

YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH TWICE A DAY, but — if you use the same brush each time, the bristles never get a chance to dry out. Our advice is to buy two Pro-phy-lac-tics at a time and use them alternately.

Dry bristles not only last longer, but they give your teeth a more thorough brushing. This means money saved and cleaner teeth.

PRICE 50c at all druggists'

Free: a booklet containing valuable information on care of the teeth

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY
Dept. 1J1, Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Continued from Page 158)

And he took a pretty hand grenade
And pulled the little pin,
And lifting the piano top,
He gently dropped it in.

They all ran out of there fairly fast,
And they jumped in the wagon, and then
They heard that piano go up with a crash
Like the sound of a grand amen.

That night the battery marched away,
And Pinky the telephone man
Was too damn scared to make a complaint
To Sergeant Douglas Dunn.

And the sergeant wept the whole night through,
He missed his music so bad;
That hard-boiled bozo certainly was
A sentimental lad.

But happy and gay was them six cannoneers
Of the second-section crew;
Each one had a hand grenade in his pack
And Michigan Mike had two.

They had found a brand-new method
Of moving pianos that day,
And they now was ready for any more
Pianos that came their way.

TO WYOMING

(Continued from Page 17)

bravery, not training. Some of them, too, had been out since they left their fort in North Dakota early in May and it was now late in June. Major Reno's command was exhausted from a long reconnaissance up the Rosebud, where he had struck the trail of a large party of hostile Indians. There was little grazing to be had for the horses and the water was so alkaline that neither men nor animals could drink it. The country furnished nothing. The mules carried fifteen days' rations of bacon, hard bread, sugar and coffee; but the water was impossible even for coffee. In addition, an extra supply of salt was carried, as it was thought probable that the men would have to resort to horse meat before the expedition was ended.

But it was primarily a scouting rather than a war party. There was to be no battle until Custer had joined forces with a body of infantry under Gibbons, working from the Big Horn as Custer was working from the Rosebud and due to join forces with him on June twenty-sixth.

They moved on. The pack mules trailed to the rear, the sun was boiling hot. When the thirsty animals found water in a swamp, nothing could hold them back and they mired down. The friendly Indian scouts with them rode to the tops of the incessant hills and looked out with farseeing eyes, reporting nothing in sight, but growing increasingly taciturn and uneasy.

Conflicting Stories

Only twelve miles the first day. Then thirty-five the next and fifty-five the following. They were going too fast. Gibbons was not due until the twenty-sixth and they were ahead of the schedule.

But here was Custer, dashing and truculent, the hero of many a victorious surprise battle with the Indians. Who could advise him? He made no confidants, for between him and Major Reno and Captain Benteen, the ranking officers under him, was an old story of suspicion and unfriendliness. True, on the first night out officers' call was sounded, and General Custer on his bed and his officers squatted around him, held a brief conference. From that time on the customary trumpet calls were to be done away with and all possible precaution observed. The different troop commanders were to keep well within supporting distance of one another.

He had every confidence in the gallant Seventh. He had been offered Gatling guns, but had refused them because of dufficulty of transport. Also he felt that his cavalry could whip any number of Indians. But he seems not to have mentioned Gibbons.

Did he hope to meet the enemy and defeat it before the infantry came up? Who can say? It is known that he was nervous that night, like a man who has made a momentous decision; he talked more than usual, and the next day he began that series of forced marches which brought him to the great Sioux encampment on the Little Big Horn just twenty-four hours too soon.

There was a silent reveille the morning following that conference. Then at five o'clock Custer led off, followed by two sergeants with the regimental standard and his personal flag; that day they made thirty-three miles in twelve hours.

The country was rough and broken that day and the next. Here and there they came on recent Indian camps, now deserted, and endeavored by the signs to discover the number of lodges which had been erected there, or by the cropped grass the number of ponies grazed. The pack animals lagged, the sun beat down on them, and the water was undrinkable for horse or man.

On the day before the battle they covered twenty-eight miles; then they went into camp under a concealing bluff, and orders were issued to put out all fires as soon as supper was over, and that the march would be taken up again at 11:30 that night. Meantime the Indian scouts had been sent out, and at two in the morning the command, after marching an additional ten miles, halted to await their reports.

By morning the word came back that the Indians were encamped in the valley of the Little Big Horn, and that they were in large numbers. Custer rode out himself but could see no village even with his glasses. He doubted the reports. But the scouts were uneasy and taciturn, and some were being anointed by their medicine man as a protection against the enemy.

To a man of Custer's imperious temperament uncertainty was impossible. There was danger, too, that if the Indians were there and learned of their approach they would steal away. It had happened before; an hour or less and the lodges were down, the tepee poles doing duty as travoises, and the elusive redskins would be on their way to the mountains by trails and hidden valleys only they themselves could know.

And apparently the troops had been discovered. Reports came in that Indians had been seen on the ridges, leisurely surveying them; and on sending back for a case of hard bread dropped from one of the pack mules, an Indian was seen chopping it open with a tomahawk.

Curiously enough, this does not tally with the stories of the Indians themselves. They have always maintained that the attack, when it came, was a surprise to them. Rain-in-the-Face was at a feast at one of the young braves' lodges, and running back to his tepee got his gun, bow and arrows, and the ornamental stone club which was always worn in battle. Red Horse says that one of their scouts saw the cloud of dust raised by the troops, and notified the village that a herd of buffalo was near.

But Custer could not know this. He pushed forward, detaching Benteen and also the lagging, leg-weary pack train first, and then leaving Reno with his small force to cross the little river toward the encampment, took his own force of 225 and circled back into the hills to cut off that expected retreat of the hostiles.

What had been a fairly serviceable body of troops was now three. Benteen back in the hills was cut off entirely; the horses climbed steep bluffs, crawled and slid into valleys, until in despair he disobeyed orders and turned toward the Little Big Horn, too late. A trumpeter finally got through to him with Custer's last order, signed by his adjutant: "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs." And then, flurried and anxious, the postscript: "Bring packs."

But when Benteen reached the valley Reno had already been defeated at the ford, his little force of 112 confronting more than 1000 savages who were already surrounding him; and who, tragically enough, even man for man were better armed than were his own soldiers. In our usual spirit of false economy the Indians had been permitted to trade furs for modern magazine rifles in order to shoot their own meat, and our men still carried the old single-shot Springfield carbine.

Reno had barely escaped destruction. His so-called charge was a disordered retreat, a race of a mile along the river bank, a crossing in wild confusion and a frantic scramble of horses and men up the high bluff on the other side. But they found a temporary sanctuary on the top, although death seemed inevitable. Their ammunition was giving out; bread boxes, saddles—anything—were set up for breastworks against the continuing assaults of the Indians.

And there Benteen found them, sent by the friendly Crow scouts galloping by who pointed to the bluff and shouted, "Soldiers!" Reno, hatless and unnerved, shouted to him as he approached, "For God's sake, halt your command and help me! I've lost half my men!"

A Battle Against Odds

He was half frantic. He fired with his revolver at Indians far out of range. He had organized no plan of defense and men were quick to sense the loss of leadership. It was Benteen who took charge and who largely conducted the battle as it continued after that.

But soon after, the Indians abruptly abandoned them and were seen to turn pell-mell and ride down the valley. They had found Custer.

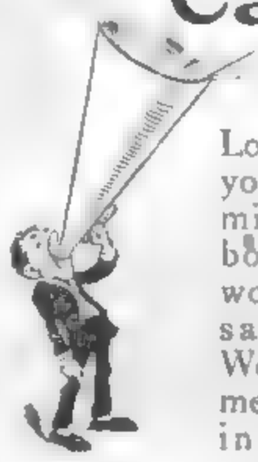
Practically nothing is known of that last stand of Custer's. From the time he left Reno at the ford and disappeared into the hills until the second day after, when Gibbons' infantry marching up saw something white on top of a ridge and to their horror found that it was more than 200 scalped and nude bodies, the drama enacted itself without witnesses.

We know that the Indians followed their usual tactics; that the held horses were stampeded, even the squaws waving blankets to do so, and that in their flight they carried off the reserves of ammunition in the saddle pockets; we know from the Indians that they drew the soldiers' fire by jumping up and then immediately falling flat again under the slope of the ridge; and that when this had lasted long enough to serve its purpose, the mounted reserve on their ponies, whooping and yelling, rushed up the hillside to complete their deadly work. We know that there were about 5000 warriors involved in the battle. But we know no more.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh of June, the Indian boy Curley, a Crow scout who had been with Custer, arrived in a hysterical and exhausted condition at the mouth of the Little Big Horn, where the steamer Far West had been brought up from the Missouri and anchored. He could speak no English, but sobbing with excitement tried to tell of the catastrophe in the sign language. He failed, but the next day three more scouts arrived with the story. The Far West was immediately barricaded and turned into a hospital, and the next day, the fourth after the battle, the wounded began to come in.

How strangely things come about! Only three days before the anniversary this year, some workmen found the remains of an unknown soldier. He had fallen into a depression and there he had lain those fifty years. The rains had gradually washed

Cash! Cash! Cash!



Lots of it! Deduct your own big commissions. Added bonus paid real workers. Weekly salary offered. Working equipment supplied. No investment required. Experience unnecessary. Find out today about selling some of your spare time. You win if you like our plan. If you don't, you lose only a postage stamp! Take the chance.

Mail This Coupon NOW

Box 1624,
c/o The Saturday Evening Post
498 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mail me your offer. I'll look it over.

Name
Street
City
State Age

Radio's Latest Necessity

BRACH

CONTROLIT

No Radio user will be without a Controlit when he realizes how it adds to the pleasures of operation. Adding a Controlit to any set eliminates all switches from "B" Battery Substitute and Trickle Charger and places complete automatic control of set and power supply in *one switch—the set switch itself*

Without added wires or alterations, the Controlit can be made a part of any set.

Price At All Dealers' In U. S. A.

$6

Brach Radio Products

Window Lights?

Replace [illegible] switch with the Dar TORK CLOCK. Turns lights on & off *regularly* at times set. Signs too. No attendance needed. No waste. $20 and up

Copy of "WINDOW MAGIC" free

TORK COMPANY, 12 East 41 St., New York

Detachable Buttons
for Men, Women and Children

PILCHER BACHELOR BUTTONS snap on—and are quickly detachable. No sewing necessary.

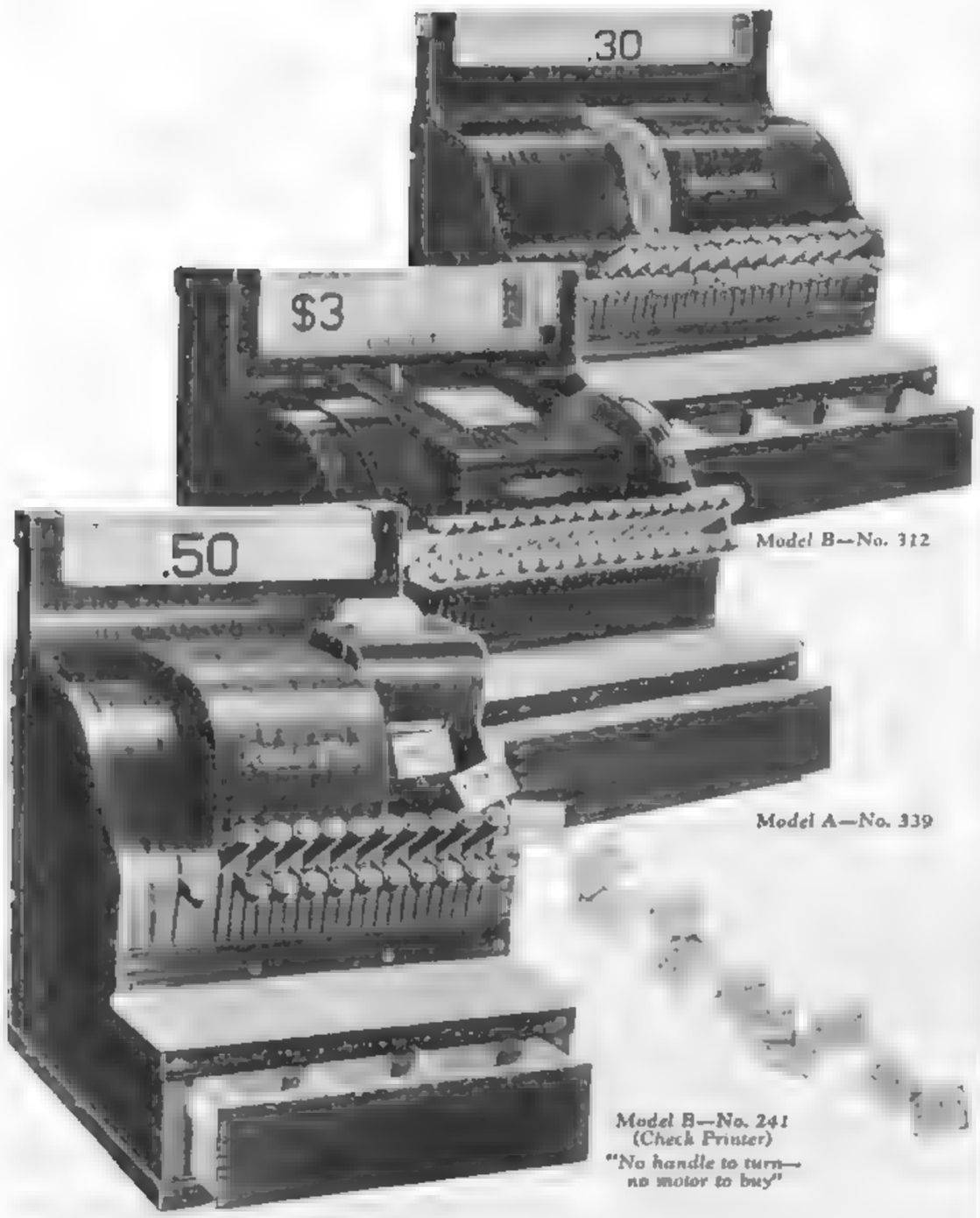
PILCHER MFG. CO., INC. Dept. 101 Louisville, Kentucky

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

[illegible] P. A.'s including members of staff. Write for free book "Accountancy," LaSalle Extension University Dept. [illegible] Chicago The World's Largest Business Training Institution

PATENTS. "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" [illegible] sketch of invention [illegible] Terms Reasonable

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.



Model B—No. 312

Model A—No. 339

Model B—No. 241
(Check Printer)
"No handle to turn—
no motor to buy"

Many Styles for Many Stores
Many Improvements on Every One

MODERN Remington Cash Registers were developed to simplify store systems, to handle store transactions more quickly, and more accurately.

Each Remington embodies exclusive new features designed to give better service.

Remingtons are made in many styles and sizes to fit many kinds of business; but on every Remington there are improvements found on no other machine.

You may need the largest Model A, the smallest Model B, or the Model B Check-Printing Register which is Remington's latest contribution to the improvement of cash registers.

No one machine will fit all purposes, but every Remington machine possesses special advantages for its purpose.

See an up-to-date Remington before you buy. Sales and service offices in all the principal cities of the United States and in Toronto and Vancouver, Canada.

Remington Cash Register Co., Inc.
Factory and General Sales Office, Ilion, N.Y.
Subsidiary of Remington Arms Company, Inc.
Makers of Remington Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery

Remington
cash registers

earth over him and the sparse vegetation had covered him. Only his buttons and the other metal parts of his equipment were intact, and the two bullets which had killed him, one in the shoulder and the other in the abdomen.

They buried him with military honors, another unknown soldier, not to lie in a granite tomb before the great marble amphitheater at Arlington, the object of countless pilgrimages, but out here among the sagebrush, in the bare country for which he and his comrades paid the ultimate price of death.

But it is time to relax a little. Yesterday I went fishing. Now fishing out here is not a simple matter. One does not sit in a comfortable boat and drop a weighted line over the edge. We did that two years ago in Maine. Every day we wandered comfortably down to our pier to a launch and headed out to sea. And three or four or ten miles from land we lowered a line heavy as a steel cable to the bottom, which was as far below as the Woolworth tower is up above, if you know what I mean. Then in due time something tugged at the bait, and one hoped it was a halibut, and after Herculean labors one got it to the surface, and it was a sixty-pound skate, as monstrous a thing as a bad dream and a good bit harder to get rid of.

But this is different. The night before, the alarm clock is set and lunches and a frying pan ordered; also the horses. When the alarm clock goes off it is a rosy dawn; the air coming down the canyon is cold; my line has backlashed on the last trip and has to be straightened out; my boots feel damp and tight; and having collected my slicker, rod, reel, knife, fly book, extra sweater, soaked leaders, canvas creel, box lunch, tin cup, sneakers—I do not use waders; I fell down in them once and the attempt to lie on a bank and empty them by upending my legs had unfortunate results—and a stick of camphor ice against mountain mouth, I wander up to the barn.

Here, theoretically, we should find the horses saddled and ready. But yesterday they were not, and the wranglers were in what might be called a pensive mood. Some dude had left the corral gate open and the night horses had escaped. Only Pete, the dairymaid's, was left, and someone borrowed it and started out. By the time the night horses were brought in and saddled and the wranglers started out for the cavvy, the sun was fairly high.

Climbing After Fish

But in due time we were on the way, four of us, two masculine Rineharts, Walter and myself. And with Prince in his morning mood, which is not unlike my own at such an hour, a rocking-chair or a veranda becomes to him a thing of deadly menace, and a man with a rake over his shoulder is to be avoided at all costs. More or less sideways, then, Prince and I made our start; and having taken our place in the line, for one rides the trail in single file, proceeded to keep it by a method which is entirely his own. That is, if at a wider spot in the path another horse attempts to edge ahead, I can see his ears go back and feel the rear half of his body give an ominous twist.

If the other horse disregards this warning, he kicks out savagely, as more than one leg on the ranch, and not a horse's either, can bear witness. But usually the warning is enough. The other horse retires discreetly and we go on.

But in a half hour or so Prince is subdued. He no longer stops in the middle of a ford and develops a frantic longing for home. His kicks are feeble things and unworthy of him. For bear this in mind: To go fishing here, away from those weaklings who choose the ranch creek because it is near at hand, one climbs up to 8000 or 9000 feet, and makes 3000 of them in the first three miles.

First there is the canyon. The stream falls down it in a series of wild rushes, so that its roar precludes conversation; and up and up winds the trail, a foot, eighteen inches wide. Here it climbs a wall in a series of short zigzags; there it strikes almost to the creek bed and the going is hard among the pebbles and rocks brought down by high water in the spring. Now and then, too, it strikes a bit of level ledge, heavily wooded, and the shade is grateful, for the sun is now pouring into the gorge and the day is hot.

But mostly it is up. The horses are badly blown and covered with sweat. When we stop them they are too exhausted to graze, but stand with dilated nostrils and heaving sides, trying to fill their lungs with the thin air.

Up, always up.

So yesterday for two hours and a half we climbed steadily. The constant effort of the horses tired us; and as always on such occasions, there was no breaking into a trot to relax the racking strain. But at the Salt Lick the most of the climb was over.

There were about 100 cattle at the Salt Lick, waiting for salt to be brought out. Only a few days before, Dunc had packed up 150 pounds, but there was no trace of it left. As we approached, the animals milled about hopefully and three calves came down from a granite ledge above at a breakneck run. But when they found we bore no salt they relapsed into apathy again.

The mountains just now are full of cattle, driven up for the summer's grazing, and they must be regularly salted. They lick at the hard square white blocks with long moist tongues and make little circular shining hollows in them. And it is not unusual to see coyotes around the lick; last year there were five puppies there. All through the mountains we can see these small caches of salt, generally near a stream, and around them a patch of bare hard ground made by the cattle.

Waiting to be Treed

But there was tragedy at the Salt Lick, too, for one cow had apparently eaten larkspur and died of it. She was newly dead; her poor body was swollen with the poison and her four legs stood out grotesquely in the first stiffening of *rigor mortis*. Probably not much but her bones and hide is there today; the coyotes would see to that.

At the Salt Lick we turned to the left, following the trail through a clump of alders at a small creek. Some 7500 feet up now, and behind and below us through the gorge a limitless expanse of plain, bordered far off by the Wolf Mountains in Montana.

Small white clouds floated just over our heads. They slipped like spirits across the faces of the cliffs overhead, and made strange moving shadows over the mountain meadows and the plains far beneath. A grouse mother with two chicks sent them scurrying into the bushes and herself distracted us from them by hurrying along the trail ahead of the horses. Black-and-white magpies darted about. There were deer tracks in the path. And with the capriciousness of all horses as to water, Prince passed two clean cold streams to plunge his nose into a six-inch pool above the trail where a thread of moisture fed it from the rocks.

But at last we were at the journey's end. Often and often I had passed that spot and looked down wistfully at the long level stretches of the stream far below. How easy it looked! Why stumble over fallen logs and burnt timber when down in that valley stretched two level miles of pool on pool, clearly the natural habitat of trout that only waited for the flick of a Royal Coachman or a March Brown or a Gray Hackle to leap for the hook and then be landed by my usual method of hanging them in a tree? Why, indeed?

But when we reached the bank, after a painful descent of the steep slope by zigzagging the horses back and forward, the reason became clear. That thin line of bush along the stream resolved itself into a

(Continued on Page 165)

FREED-EISEMANN

THE RADIO OF AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES

Now—in Radio, too, *Social Prestige* has been established

ONE AUTOMOBILE — *one* piano — *one* organ —stand in the public mind as the summit of excellence and *social recognition*. Now, among radios, *one* has reached the same eminence. That Radio is the FREED-EISEMANN. It was selected by the United States Navy for use on the President's yacht, the Mayflower. Today, the blue book of FREED-EISEMANN users is the "Who's Who" of each community. ¶The amazing advances made in the new FREED-EISEMANN sets have still further intensified FREED-EISEMANN leadership. Think of it! Complete metal shielding from outside interference. Single control. Steel chassis construction. Superb cabinets. All sets can be run from house current with FREED-EISEMANN power units. And, in addition, this year the economies of vast production give you FREED-EISEMANN quality at a new schedule of low prices that set a new standard of radio values.

Table models beginning at $60

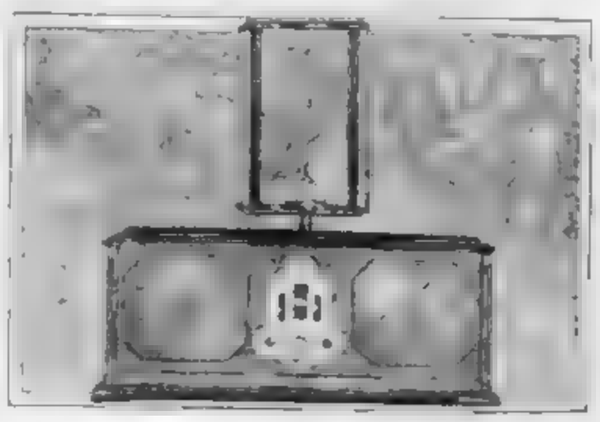
Beautiful console sets: $95 *to* $650

Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of the Rockies

You may have a free demonstration in your own home. Pay on convenient terms if desired.

Model C 40, *Illustrated above.* 6-tube shielded single control receiver. Pressed steel chassis. Beautiful Loud Speaker Console. Price less Loud Speaker Unit $130. Table model of same set $85. Licensed under a group of Latour Patents.

Model 800, *Illustrated below.* Loop set. No antenna, no ground wires. 8 tubes. Four stages tuned radio frequency. Single control. For the first time Hazeltine Neutrodyne and Latour inventions combined in one superlative set. List Price $385. In superb Renaissance cabinet $650.

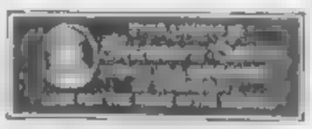


FREED-EISEMANN RADIO CORPORATION • *Junius Street and Liberty Avenue* • BROOKLYN • NEW YORK

Linings that add Distinction

"*Lined with Skinner's Satin*"—A phrase which speaks volumes to the man who wants only the best in his suit or topcoat. A phrase which has become a byword among high-grade tailors and clothiers in emphasizing the quality of their garments.

The luxurious feel of Skinner's Satin as you slip into your coat is matched only by your confidence in its *wearing quality*. That is why Skinner linings have been in such demand ever since 1848.



This label is supplied to manufacturers for garments lined with Skinner's Satin

Accept satin you do not know and you take chances—inferior silks can be camouflaged by compounds of tin to give them lustre and weight.

Skinner's Satins are made of the highest grades of raw silk, closely woven to stand the constant wear a lining receives.

In ready-to-wear garments it pays to look for the Skinner label. In ordering from a merchant tailor be sure to "*Look for the Name in the Selvage.*"

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, *Established 1848*
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA. *Mills:* HOLYOKE, MASS.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Linings for men's suits and topcoats. Linings for women's coats, suits and furs. Dress Satins. Millinery Satins. Shoe Satins

Skinner's Satins

(Continued from Page 162)

thicket with a million outstretched branches to catch a line; the small stones became huge bowlders. Contemplatively I sat down on the ground, pulled off my riding boots and put on my sneakers. Thoughtfully I joined my rod, strung it, tested the reel and selected my flies. A small water snake lay on a rock and watched me. I picked him up back of the head, suddenly decided that he might be a moccasin and put him down again in a hurry. A kangaroo mouse with a prodigiously long tail leaped with gigantic bounds to the root of a tree, and imagining himself hidden, thereafter watched me with interest.

Well, if he happened to follow me later on, there was plenty to watch!

Soon the party was separated. I went downstream, seeking an opening through which to reach the water. But I traveled far. As I went, the valley narrowed and became a miniature canyon. To move along I was obliged to climb, and climbing in that rarefied air is terrible. Now and then I dropped down, crawled through the jungle, sometimes on hands and knees, and made a tentative cast. But no fish rose, and there gradually dawned on me the feeling I often have, that Nature is fundamentally hostile. Branches came out of their own accord and slapped me in the face; rocks turned under my feet and threw me down. In a half hour I was bruised, shaken and exhausted.

Plenty of Fish—Big Fish

And then I got a strike. It was not much of a strike, but it was enough. With that deft twist of the wrist for which I am not particularly known, I hooked the fish, threw up my arms, plunged forward and fell into the creek headfirst.

It was a deep spot. At least it was deep enough. When I recovered sufficiently to crawl out, my precious fly book was a hundred feet away and going in the direction of the falls; I was soaked through and through, my rod was bent into a V at one of the joints and the fish was gone.

So much for friendly Nature!

At noon I found fish at last in a deep pool shadowed by rocks. In spite of the shipwreck of my rod, I got two by balancing on a log which threatened to turn and dump me again, and landed them by the simple method of throwing them up the canyon wall. It was a sort of game; if I could scramble up and fling myself upon them before they flapped back, I won. If not, the fish did.

And at that moment a wretched call to luncheon was heard above the roar of the stream and I had to wander back. I was not a pretty sight when I reached camp. My riding breeches, heavy with water, reached to my ankles; my white sneakers were covered with mud; I had cut four holes in my sweater to release divers fly hooks; and one other where the hook had secured a strategic position which forbade me to sit down, this last operation successfully accomplished by touch. And everybody else had real fish—plenty of fish—big fish!

Don't make any mistake about trout fishing. Done singly, it is an admirable if not restful occupation. Nobody can think of notes coming due when he is standing on a slimy rock and has his choice of sitting down in the water or losing a fish. Your real fisherman never argues; he saves the fish. But done in groups, it is a highly competitive proceeding. And fishing against me, so to speak, were two masculine Rineharts and Walter, bent on proving the superiority of the male in the open—and doing it too!

So I went dejectedly back. The junior Rinehart was cleaning fish and Walter was frying them. The senior Rinehart had cached his string by a rock somewhere and was painfully searching for the rock. But rocks were what we had nothing else but, and as he moved wearily about in the boiling sun his lips moved.

Lunch! Bread and butter, bacon and trout. No knives and forks. It is a poor fisherman who cannot eat a fish with his fingers, using his bread and butter as a plate. Water from the creek to wash it down, too, for every available strap on our saddles had been in use and we had brought no coffeepot. And as we sat, the horses whinnied and we looked up to see two strange cowboys on the trail high overhead, driving a bunch of loose horses.

The afternoon was the morning over again. Once, chancing on the junior Rinehart at a pool, I offered to net a fish for him, but in my excitement I overstepped the bank. There was a brisk moment, the junior Rinehart having mother in one hand, so to speak, and the rod and fish in the other. With admirable presence of mind, however, he threw the fish some fifteen feet up into a pine tree and then salvaged me.

Late in the afternoon we climbed stiffly onto our horses once more and began the descent. I had climbed, slipped, crawled and fought my way generally over what I estimated was five miles of rocks, scrub, dusty trail and creek bed. I had caught ten fish, over one or two of which I had qualms about meeting the game warden. I had lost my fly book and $4.50 worth of new flies. My clothes were cut and torn, my face burned and my rod bent. Divers thorns in my hands were awaiting removal with a clean needle and I was dry only on the surface.

And as if to add further proof of the general resentment of Nature to intrusion, a great black cloud, bellyful of either snow or hail, settled low over our heads and brought with it a piercing cold wind.

But it had been a great day. Who could worry about the motion of the horses now? Just to sit in the saddle and let them do the work was peace and comfort. Let the wind blow. Let the clouds discharge rain or snow. Only let it stay up where it belongs and not settle down on us. For once it did just that.

We had been camping in the mountains at 9000 feet. It had not been entirely pleasant, since it had rained all the time and the tent had leaked. But the fishing had been good and we were homeward bound and content.

A Mountain Beacon

And then, on a great upland meadow, miles in extent, where one travels by the sky line rather than any trail, this cloud came down and settled on us like a brooding hen. Instantly the sky line was wiped away; we were even cut off from one another and shut up in a sort of Arctic darkness. The horses, after milling for a time, followed their usual instinct to take the shortest way home and succeeded in losing us more completely than ever.

But at last we happened on a rock, a rock we knew. How we loved that rock! Think of it, standing there for ages on ages, brave and undaunted! Oh, beautiful rock! Oh, wonderful, home-pointing rock! If one merely went to the left of it one picked up the trail! How simple! How comforting!

We blew on our stiffened fingers, took the left side, descended until that malevolent cloud was hanging like an umbrella over us, and peering down through a gorge, saw sunlight on the plains below.

They are queer, these mountains—any mountains. Take yesterday, for example—I am writing this today, because somehow I don't care to see Prince, and I am sure he doesn't want to see me. All had been peace in our valley. The sun had shone; there was no wind. But on crossing by the Salt Lick on our way down we found evidence that there had been a miniature tornado at work. At the creek where we crossed, for a space of perhaps 100 yards in every direction, the alders were beaten down and broken. Branches lay across the trail, dead trees had been uprooted, and the entire copse—see cross-word-puzzle book or English novel—had been flattened by a giant hand

If the cattle could only have talked they might have had a tale to unfold, there

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MOLLE
MŌ-LAY
For Shaving WITHOUT BRUSH OR LATHER
MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY THE PRYDE-WYNN CO NEW BRIGHTON PA. U.S.A.
MADE IN U.S.A.

Apply with the Finger Tips

Slickest thing you know, this new-day, new-way of simply washing the face; spreading [with the fingers], cool, fragrant MOLLÉ over the beard then quick-shaving it off with the favorite razor.

Sort of surprises you how the old blade removes the whiskers without the least "pull" or slightest "smart." Once-over, too, gets them all, square-off and close down.

And man, oh man, how you will enjoy that glorious after-feel of face comfort that a MOLLÉ shave leaves. Lotions, balms, and toilet waters? No sir! You just don't need them.

At home—in a Pullman—any time—any place—it's just MOLLÉ and a razor for a smooth, clean shave in record time.

P. S.—MOLLÉ sure does give one jim-dandy cool, soothing shave on a tender face

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE

Large tubes 50 *Cents*

Generous Trial Tube Free

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Mail to Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.

An Unqualified Endorsement

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has had the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists.

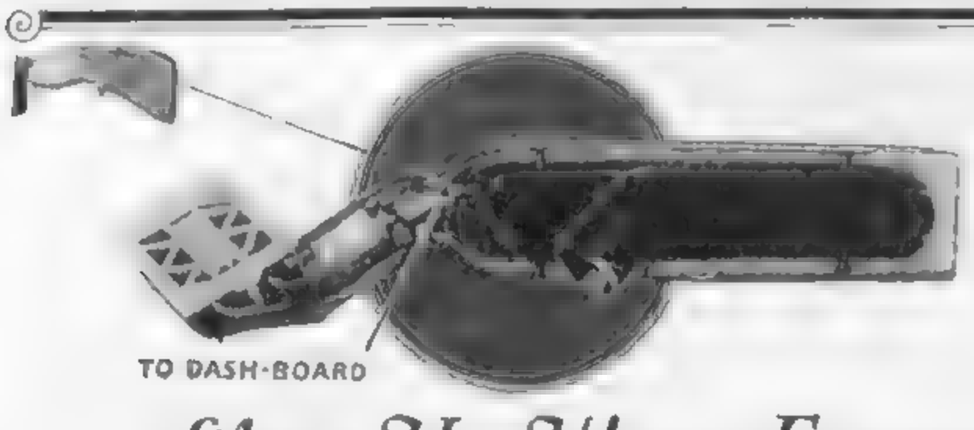
"Phillips Milk of Magnesia" is an efficient Antacid, Laxative, and Corrective.

Always insist upon genuine "Phillips," the *original* Milk of Magnesia.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON



Like a Hot Water Faucet— You Have Heat When You Want It

Turning on Monroe Forced Draft Auto Heaters is as simple as turning on a hot water faucet. One pull of a handle on your instrument board and immediately a steady stream of pure, fresh, heated air begins to enter your car. You can graduate the flow of heat to any desired volume and, in warm weather you are absolutely assured a cool register plate, because the control valve is situated *behind* the heating chamber.

Monroe Auto Heaters are attractive in appearance, easily installed and entirely free from noise and rattles. Because of their construction it is impossible for exhaust or carbon monoxide fumes, or disagreeable odors to enter the car. The prices are: For Chevrolets $7.50*; for 1926 Dodge (with air cleaner) $8.50*; for other Dodge cars $6.50*; for Overlands $6.50*; for Fords $7.50*; for Pontiacs $8.50*.

Decide now that you will drive in comfort this coming winter. Stop in today at your accessory dealer's and let him tell you more of the advantages of our Auto Heaters.

(*) Prices slightly higher west of Mississippi River. Installation charge extra.

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT MFG. CO., MONROE, MICHIGAN

MONROE FORCED DRAFT AUTO HEATER

around the Salt Lick. But they merely stood or lay in their majestic calm and eyed us with their soft brown eyes. It was nothing to them that there had been a hurricane, or that the dead cow still lay with stiffly outstretched legs, or that Prince wanted to run home down the canyon at any cost to life or limb, or that the world needed beef and they were to supply it.

Late that afternoon we reached the ranch, assuming as we arrived at the corral that sprightly and unwearied manner which is partly relief at getting back and largely pure acting.

"Had a good day?"

"Wonderful! It's a pity some of you bridge hounds wouldn't go into the back country now and then. It's the life, all right."

I dismounted, pulled my knees into speaking terms with each other, put on a slightly fixed smile and made my way to the cabin.

So today I am writing. I use a small folding card table in the bay window; generally my manuscript lies on the window seat; and as the parrot spends his nights here, it is nothing unusual to find some precious page torn into strips or perforated like the music roll of a mechanical piano.

But the point is that I can sit here and look up the mountains, calmly and comfortably. It is thundering up there now, but what do I care? The passion which had consumed me for a week has burned itself out. Let who will take horse today; for Prince the dusty corral and his midday luncheon of hay spread on the trampled ground, and for me the card table, the ink bottle and a pen.

Life out here is apt to be a series of emergencies, and so now! I had no sooner penned those words yesterday indicative of peace and contentment than word came that Imp, our French bulldog, had been bitten by a rattlesnake.

Instantly all was excitement. Most fastidious of dogs at home, her seat next the window in the limousine as established a fact as her large bat ears and her pop eyes and snub nose, since she came here she had adopted the trash wagon as her own. That day had been lost which did not see her on the seat beside Bill Townsend, emptying the trash cans around the cabins and taking them to the dump. And many a surreptitious meal she had had and many a strange odor had she brought back with her.

A Dog and a Rattlesnake

And now Bill and the big gray team were coming up the road and Imp was at his feet. Her eyes were glazed and dull, her ears were drooping, her head already beginning to swell. She had attacked the rattler and it had won out. Small comfort then that Bill had killed the snake and had the rattles to prove it; small comfort of any sort with that joyous little body laid out on a bed and the stump of a tail not wagging and the heavy eyes fixed and filmy.

"Get a knife, somebody! Where was it he struck? Over the eye, eh? Then here goes!"

The head of the house has his instruments and drugs; he makes a long incision, but she never moves. He cauterizes and later he injects permanganate of potash, breaking a needle before he gets through her heavy skin, and still she does not move. Someone rushes in with prewar whisky and we dump it down her unappreciative throat.

And after that, what? Well, I hate to say it, but she lay in what may have been coma but what looked to me like a drunken stupor for six hours. Her head swelled to enormous proportions; she lay on the new wicker couch on a new cretonne cushion, a grotesque and helpless figure, all afternoon—and then she wagged her tail!

"She's wagging her tail!" we called, and everyone ran to see.

It was true. She was better. The eye which gleamed from that mass of œdematous swelling was clear and bright once more. She was still helpless, but toward evening she lifted that strange mass which was her head and took a drink of water.

We put her on the porch for coolness and left her there. But there was a dance at the hall last night, and she must have heard the music. Her old instinct not to miss anything from a snake or skunk to a party reasserted itself, and halfway through the party she staggered in at the door.

Today she is better. She has even had some milk and a short walk. But the swelling is not entirely gone and her short bowlegs are very feeble.

They tell us now that dogs frequently recover from a rattler's bite, and that left to their own devices in such a situation, they coat the wound and themselves with mud and await developments with the stoicism of their kind. "The mud draws," Big Bill says by way of explanation. And he quotes the early settlers, too, who used to take the chewing tobacco out of their mouths and clap it on the wound for the same purpose.

But how was our town-bred Imp to know about mud for such a purpose? Or who among us was to supply the chewing tobacco?

As a matter of interest, how far, indeed, does instinct carry the animals we think of as highest in intelligence? Cows will eat larkspur and die of it; horses will sniff at porcupines, get their noses full of quills and then angrily stamp on the animal, to find their feet in similar condition. Did not even Keno, our superior French bulldog, discover a skunk the other day and have to be kept outside the cabin in disgrace until repeated baths restored him to good society?

Canine Builders of the West

And every dog will attack a rattlesnake. Bill had all he could do that day to keep Pal, the Airedale, and Husky, the Scotch sheep dog, out of trouble. Indeed, he had to beat them off with a pitchfork. And no amount of experience will keep a canine away from a porcupine. But if instinct fails sometimes, intelligence does not.

Well do I remember, a year or so ago, coming across a band of sheep up in the mountains, and guarding them, two dogs. The shepherd was not there and his cabin looked as though he had been away for some time. But the sheep were all right. It was only when we rode closer that it was evident that something was wrong with the dogs. One of them stood off by himself, dejected and forlorn, but the other made short rushes toward us, barking, and then back to his companion.

When these tactics failed he resorted to others. He herded the sick dog with small pushes and muzzlings, always in our direction, and finally he brought him all the way. Then we saw the trouble. His nose and tongue were filled with the cruel barbs of a porcupine, hooked at the entering end and impossible to scrape off. Encouraged by the other dog, at last he came directly to us and stood stoically while we pulled out the quills.

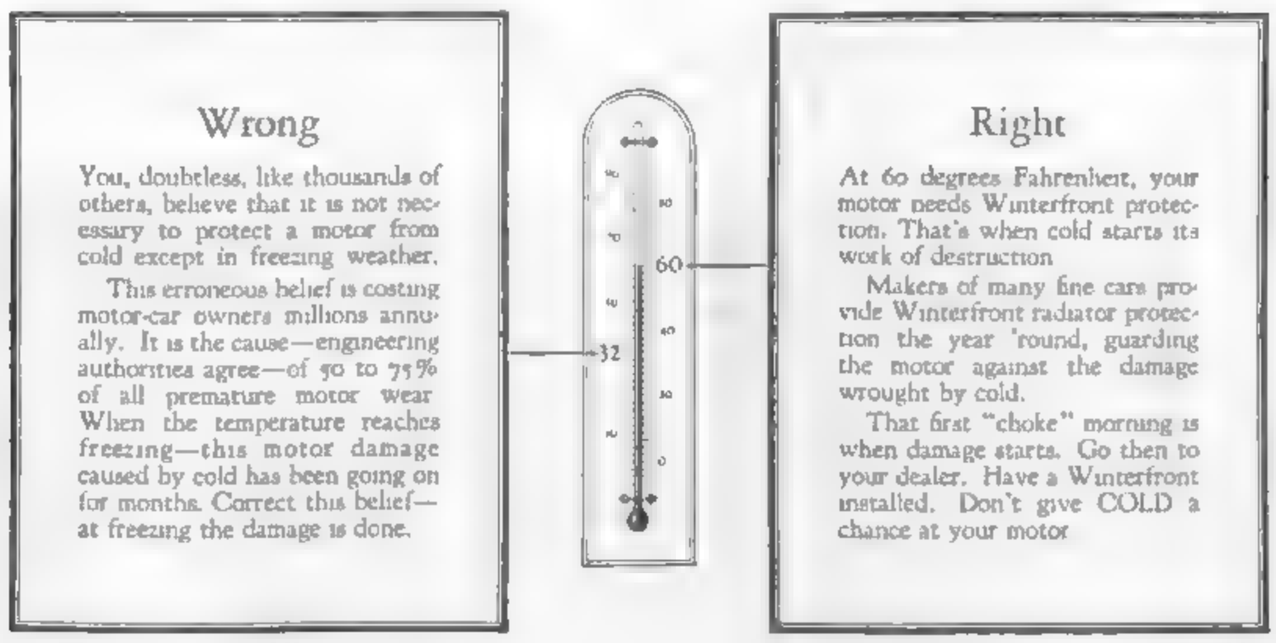
And if ever I have seen joy on a face it was written large on that little black-and-white dog while we helped his comrade out of trouble.

Bill, by the way, says that a strong solution of baking soda painted on the quills will turn them black and cause them to fall out.

How large a part dogs have taken in the development of this West anyhow! Dogs for cattle, dogs for sheep, dogs for horses. Little scent dogs to locate wolves and big sight dogs to fight them. Bear dogs. But chief of them all is the Scotch sheep dog.

Take the case of that one dog down at Buffalo, for example. He had come into town with his owner, and a chicken was roaming about the street. It was a young and flighty chicken and a busy crowded street. But his owner wagered that if he so ordered, the dog would herd that chicken out of the crowd and in through a certain open door.

(Continued on Page 169)


Wrong
You, doubtless, like thousands of others, believe that it is not necessary to protect a motor from cold except in freezing weather.
This erroneous belief is costing motor-car owners millions annually. It is the cause—engineering authorities agree—of 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear. When the temperature reaches freezing—this motor damage caused by cold has been going on for months. Correct this belief—at freezing the damage is done.
60
32
Right
At 60 degrees Fahrenheit, your motor needs Winterfront protection. That's when cold starts its work of destruction.
Makers of many fine cars provide Winterfront radiator protection the year 'round, guarding the motor against the damage wrought by cold.
That first "choke" morning is when damage starts. Go then to your dealer. Have a Winterfront installed. Don't give COLD a chance at your motor

Makers of Fine Cars were First to Correct this error that is costing car owners millions

DON'T give *cold* a chance at *your* motor. It's the cause — automotive experts agree—of 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear. And *cold* doesn't just mean below-zero weather. At 60 degrees Fahrenheit your motor is underheated.

Every motor is a heat machine

It's heat energy that drives your car. And a heat-creating machine must be hot itself. 150 degrees to 175 degrees is the correct motor temperature for highest operating efficiency.

Of the millions of cars running today —few ever attain this efficiency. Every spring sees thousands of cars in the repair shops paying for the damage wrought by cold. Premature cylinder wear — extreme carbonization — corrosion—condensation—fouled spark plugs —excessive crankcase dilution—high gas consumption, all result directly from cold weather operation.

That first "choke" morning is when damage starts

This year—don't give it a chance at your motor. The first morning you find it necessary to drive with the "choke" open—have a Pines *Automatic* Winterfront installed. It will *stop cold* where it enters your motor. It's the only

automatic radiator shutter on the market.

Don't drive with the "choke" out. The damage done to motors in cold weather—authorities agree—is due largely to the "choke" habit. Flooding your motor with raw gasoline is a costly "warming-up" process. It washes cylinders and cylinder walls clean of the oil film of protection. Metal to metal contact follows. Scoring, pitting and rapid cylinder wear result. Gasoline consumption is increased at a tremendous rate.

Warm up, and stay warm with a Winterfront

With your car Winterfront equipped — the "warming-up" period is cut to seconds. You form the habit of using the "choke" as it should be used — *for starting only.* Your motor is kept *always* at the point of highest operating efficiency — you experience a new degree of gasoline economy — increased warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

What the Winterfront is and what it does

The Pines *Automatic* Winterfront is a thermostat controlled shutter that fits snugly over the radiator. The thermostat control fits flush with the radiator. Temperature changes are transmitted through the thermostat to the automatic shutters. Thus, when more heat is needed, the shutters close themselves. When less heat is required they automatically open to the exact angle desired. There is nothing to get out of order—nothing to remember—you put it on and forget it. Pines Winterfront will improve the appearance of any car, and outlast the car itself.

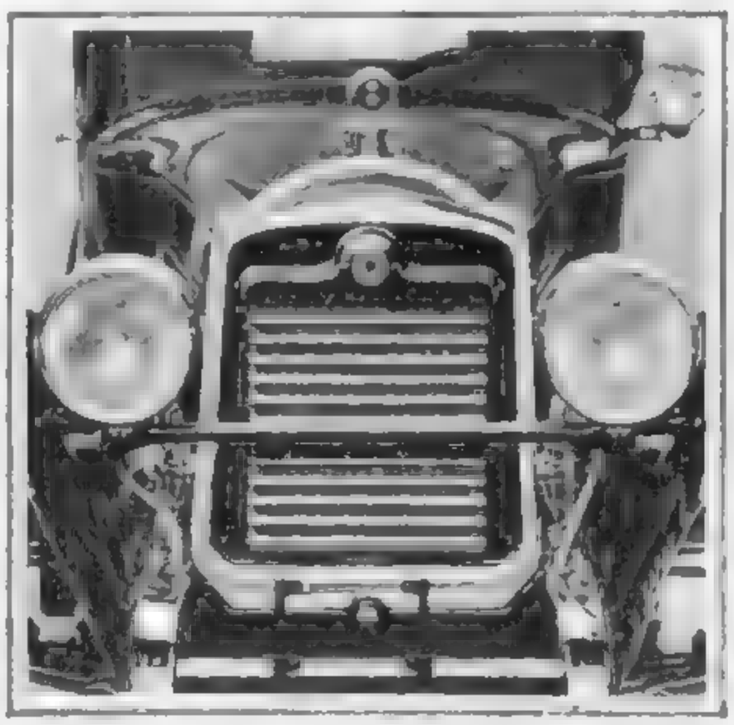
Finest cars first to offer this protection

Thousands of car owners, this year, will profit by the example set by Packard "8," Pierce Arrow, Peerless "8" and De Luxe "6," Willys-Knight Big "6" and Wills St. Claire Model T "6."

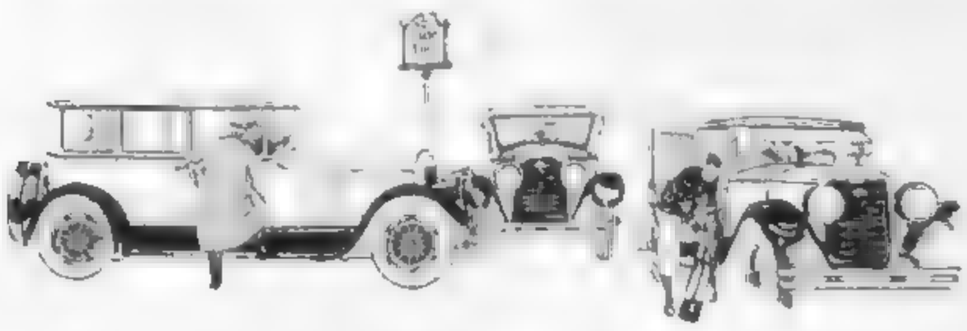
Makers of these fine cars have adopted Pines *Automatic* Winterfront as standard equipment, giving their owners year 'round protection against the damage done by cold.

Installed in ten minutes

Your dealer will install a Winterfront while you wait — without changes to your car. Don't give *cold* a chance this year. Have a Winterfront installed now. *Models for all cars priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, Chevrolet and Dodge priced $15.00, $17.50, $20.00. Slightly higher prices west of the Rockies.* Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.



Pines Automatic Winterfront pictured on the Packard "8."



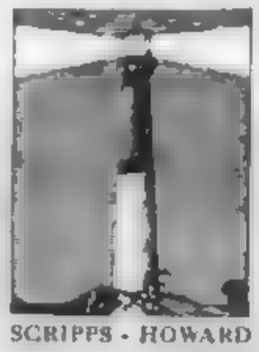
PINES WINTERFRONT—*IT'S AUTOMATIC*

INDEPENDENCE

INDEPENDENCE of spirit never fails to be recognized, whether in a newspaper or in an individual. By the way a man talks, acts and speaks the whole world knows whether he is captain of his own soul. *And similarly, by the very content of a newspaper, in its editorial opinion and its treatment of news, all who read may easily know whether that newspaper is the product of independent editing or whether it is guided by an unseen hand.*

RECOGNIZING that independence is the very foundation stone of successful journalism, the Scripps-Howard organization leaves to the individual editors of its twenty-four newspapers complete control of what appears in their columns. *They are responsible only to the traditions of honest, fearless journalism on which these newspapers were founded.*

ON THIS independence has been builded the confidence of more than a million and a half families in twenty-four cities throughout the United States. In Scripps-Howard newspapers they find that spirit which reflects the life and ideals of their own communities, the sane and liberal attitude toward national policies, a freedom from log-rolling, and an absence of hidden motives.



SCRIPPS - HOWARD

THIS editorial independence, by its very nature, must of necessity be based upon financial independence. The Scripps-Howard newspapers are completely owned within their own organization. The editor of every Scripps-Howard newspaper is a partner in the ownership of his paper. Financial independence is a guarantee against outside influence.

THE conduct of Scripps-Howard newspapers since 1879 has proved conclusively that independent journalism, rightly conducted, can be a stable and prosperous institution. Scripps-Howard newspapers have grown, are growing, constantly in power, influence and circulation.

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Cleveland (Ohio)	Press	Denver (Colo.)	Express	Youngstown (Ohio)	Telegram
Baltimore (Md.)	Post	Toledo (Ohio)	News-Bee	Ft. Worth (Texas)	Press
Pittsburgh (Pa.)	Press	Columbus (Ohio)	Citizen	Oklahoma City (Okla.)	News
San Francisco (Calif.)	News	Akron (Ohio)	Times-Press	Evansville (Ind.)	Press
Washington (D. C.)	News	Birmingham (Ala.)	Post	Knoxville (Tenn.)	News
Cincinnati (Ohio)	Post	Memphis (Tenn.)	Press	El Paso (Texas)	Post
Indianapolis (Ind.)	Times	Houston (Texas)	Press	San Diego (Calif.)	Sun
				Terre Haute (Ind.)	Post

MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

Covington (Ky.) • • Kentucky Post*
Albuquerque (N. Mex.) • State-Tribune
*Kentucky edition of the Cincinnati Post

ALLIED NEWSPAPERS, INC.
National Representatives
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Chicago Seattle Cleveland
San Francisco Detroit Los Angeles

(Continued from Page 166)

The bet was taken and the owner called the dog and pointed to the chicken. "Take it there," he said, and indicated the door.

The chicken pursued its aimless course; automobiles came and went, horns blew and the men on the pavement stood and watched. Whenever the chicken started up the street the dog was in its path, and down the street was the same thing. To that chicken the world must have been stocked with sheep dogs quietly standing in the way. The field of its ranging gradually narrowed, but it was unflurried and unalarmed.

And at the end of thirty minutes it quietly walked through the open door, the dog behind it, and the wager was won.

Then there was Beauty, over at Medora. Beauty's owner had a small herd of milch cows, with a bell on one of them. In the mornings they were released and mingled freely with thousands of range cattle after the manner of their kind, generally across the river, which they forded.

So in the evenings Beauty's owner would take her up to the low roof of his cabin and there listen for the bell. When he heard it he would pick Beauty up and hold her until she had located it; then he would crawl down off the roof and go about his business, and Beauty would be off on hers. She would find the milk herd, cunningly cut it off from the range cattle and drive it back home.

Where the cattle forded she had to swim, but that was nothing in the day's work. Nearer and nearer would come the cowbell, and soon the herd was back, never a one missing. She must have ——

There has been a brief but turbulent interlude just here in this writing. I am still somewhat shaken, however, and this kind of thing has got to stop.

Just as I wrote those last words Dodo came into the cabin.

"Still writing?" she said rather disconsolately, and then stood frozen in the center of the room, gazing under my card-table desk.

"Mary!" she whispered. "Mary! There's a snake between your feet!"

And there was. A three-foot bull snake, just ready to coil around my right ankle and investigate this new variety of limb so oddly covered with silk. Weary as I am, I leaped ten feet, the record for a sitting broad jump, and the snake then crawled behind the new wicker sofa and awaited developments.

He is gone now. I have flung him out to pursue his harmless avocation in the open air, but my nerves are still shaken. Between words I keep looking down, on the theory that he may have a wife following him about.

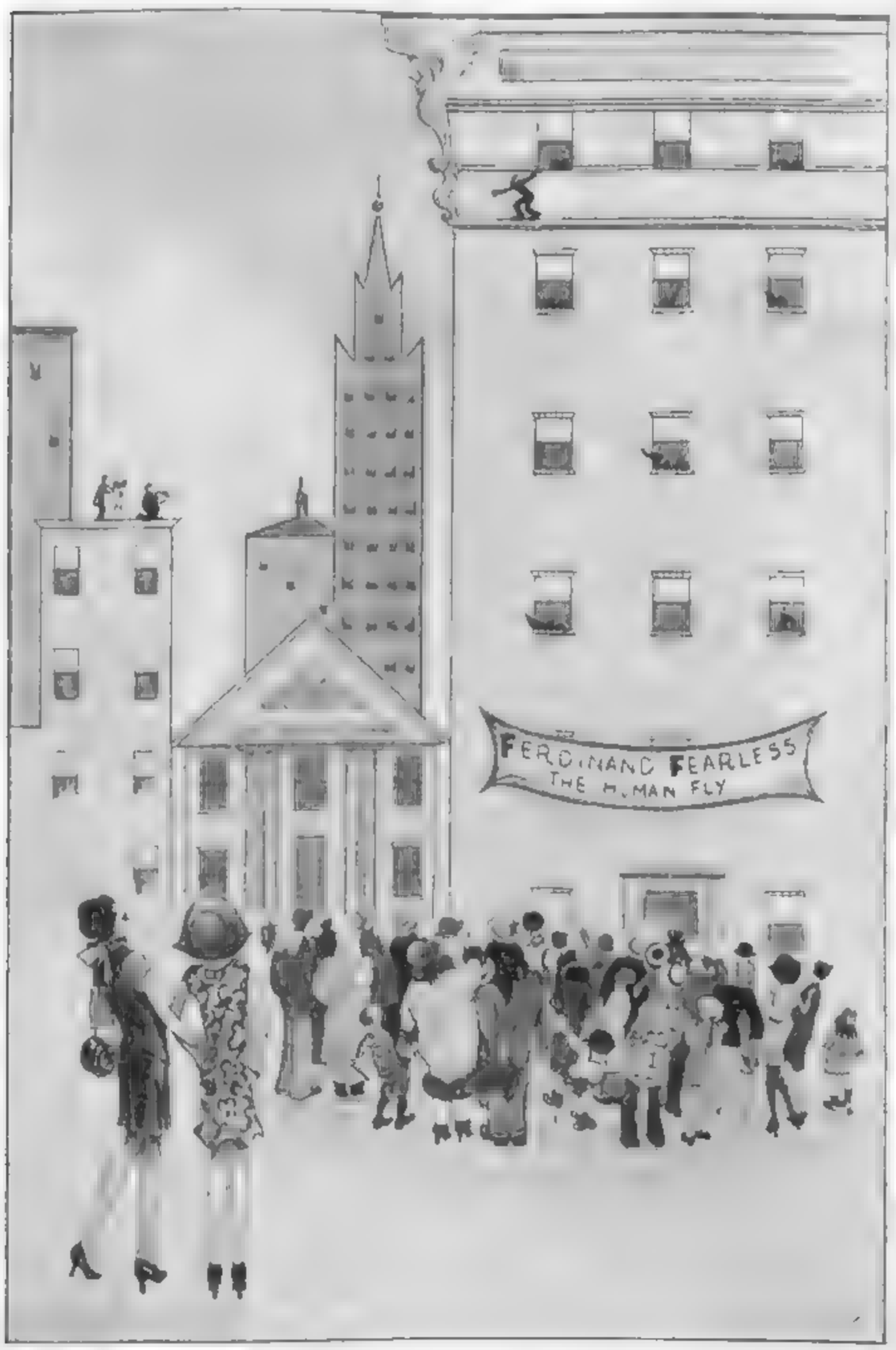
How did he get here? I have no idea. Maybe the parrot coaxed him in. He is sitting on the back porch now inviting all the outside world to call on us.

"Come on!" he is saying, and "Come on, pretty boy! Come on and get your dinner!"

And it is my private opinion that the snake was about to obey him.

This is too much! The parrot has just fallen into the creek!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mrs. Rinehart.



"Gee, Mae, Wouldn't You Love to See Him Fall?"

$1.25 in 15 Minutes
Miss Florence McGregor easily made $1.25 Curtis profit in 15 minutes.

C A Pearson averages more than $30 every month.

$7.25 extra is Mr. Richmond's record for a day. His average monthly earnings are steadily going up

30 Years' Profit
Mrs. Alice E Knowles has been enjoying Curtis spare-time dollars for 30 years $31 last December

It took H. C. Wells of Cal. just 20 Curtis minutes to make $2 50

Years Don't Count
H A Goodman is 75 A lively Curtis profit winner.

Could You Too Use More Money?

GREATER income—up to $1.50 or $2.00 an hour for easy, spare-time work, $200 or $300 a month for full time more of the little luxuries of life—and for women, a degree of financial independence! Do these possibilities sound good to you? They *are* good. Better still, they're easily within reach. Thousands of men and women have tried the Curtis extra-money plan and proved that *it pays!*

Earn It As You Go

MANY of our subscription representatives are people you wouldn't suppose could find a spare moment for this work. Responsible business men, women with homes and children to look after—they easily pick up extra dollars as they go about their day's activities.

If you think you *might possibly* be interested in this pleasant and profitable plan, let us send you all the facts. You need no business experience to succeed. No capital is required. We furnish everything needed to succeed, including a fascinating series of helpful sales-instruction booklets. Your earnings may begin at once.

It costs but a stamp to investigate—send the coupon today.

Big Money
Mrs. Lawrence Irwin has earned with us as high as $200 in one month.

Could you use $175 extra this month? O W Hendee has made that in 30 days.

Curtis money helped Mr Vernon through college He's made $10 extra in a day

Ad Looked Good
"Your ad sounded good to me," wrote Miss Shepperd. And it made good She earned $3 in half a day

Going Up
Clement Easton is in his sixth year with us. Since 1921 each year has paid him more than the year before

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
600 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mail me your extra-money offer. I promise nothing but to look it over.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The SENSIBLE THING TO DO

AGES ago when a family lost one of its members it employed professional mourners to make a great noise.

There was little thought of the remains. Just the idea that sorrow must be expressed.

Today people realize that often the greatest sorrow is least apparent.

This is an age of common sense. To do that thing which really comforts the aching heart is so much more important than to make a mere display of emotion.

And this fact explains why funerals have become dignified occasions, with each detail planned carefully and sensibly.

The outstanding thought is to protect the remains. Therein lies the one source of comfort to the family.

It expresses love, consideration, gratitude—this one simple thing.

During the past few years the use of the Clark Grave Vault—which is a practical form of burial protection—has increased nearly five hundred per cent.

It is the customary thing for a family to provide a Clark Vault. It is a definite service that the sensible family feels that it owes to the deceased.

The Clark Grave Vault, made according to an immutable law of Nature, has never failed to give positive and permanent protection. It has no man-made seals or locks.

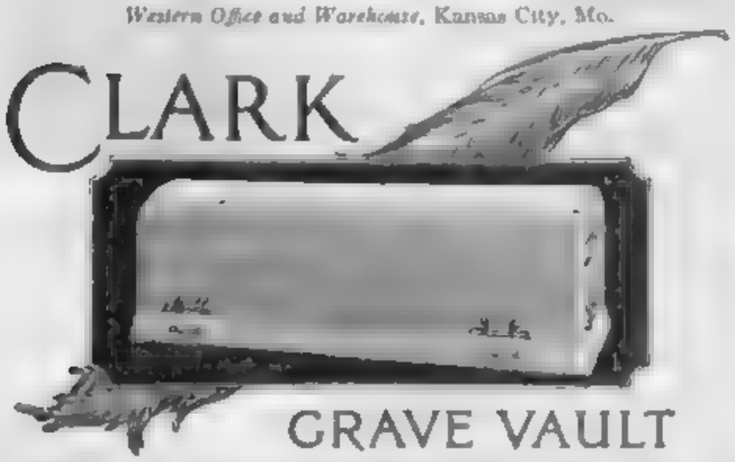
Constructed entirely of 12-gauge Keystone copper steel, with a plating of pure cadmium on the higher priced vaults (applied by the Udylite Process, exclusive to this vault), it affords the greatest rust-resistance known to science. Being made of metal, this vault is not porous.

There is no annoyance or difficulty in securing the Clark Grave Vault, because it is recommended and supplied by leading funeral directors.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.



This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 7)

there and greases her windmills and sells butter and eggs and cheese to the Kaiser. Norway, Sweden and Denmark are apparently getting on pretty good; but you call a Swede a Dane, or get any of the three of them mixed up, and you better reach for your hat.

Germany, the winner of the last war, is about the only one that is not looking for trouble. When the Allies took their Army and Navy away from them, shortsighted Statesmen dident know it, but they did them the greatest favor that was ever done a Nation. It dident leave them a thing to do but go to work. Their Reparations cost them less than France and England spend on their Officers' uniforms. So Germany is just sitting pretty. Austria is just like a joint snake that somebody cuts up in pieces; it will take itself till sundown to get gathered up and see how much it has left.

Diplomats are just running around in circles over here, trying to get together and draw up different treaties and compacts. You hear people get up and talk about the sentiment and the comradeship that was formed during the war, and how it will never be forgotten. Why, the war has only been over a few years, and you see how much credit each one gives the other for helping. Everybody thinks everybody else dident do anything.

It looks to me like the last war ought to be the greatest example against any future wars. What I mean by that is the winners are the losers. I have been in every Nation that was humorously supposed to have won the war, and then last I visited Germany, which is humorously referred to as the loser, and I want to tell you that if the next war is to be anything like the last one I wouldent give you a five-cent piece to win it. Wars strike me as being the only game in the world where there is absolutely no winner—everybody loses.

But you can't make these people believe that. They go in great for tradition over here, and if a thing has been happening for years, why, there is no reason why it should not keep on happening. That's why these Disarmament Conferences never get anywhere. I went down to Geneva to see the so-called Preliminary Disarmament Conference, and I stayed till they were throwing inkstands at each other. Nobody wanted disarmament. We do more hollering about it than anybody, but you just put ourselves in some of these European Nations' places, surrounded by Maybe three or four Nations that are as strong or maybe stronger than we are, and you would see how much we would be yapping about disarmament.

You let France change places with Canada, and Germany change places with Mexico, and England with Cuba, and Japan with Hawaii, and you would see if we would be so anxious to disarm. Say, if I dident have any more friends than some of these Nations have around them, I not only would not disarm but I would get another Gun, and wouldent only have a gun in each hand as I went to bed but I wouldent go to bed—I would stay up and watch all night.

The way we look at things, we think Alsace-Lorraine was the only Country that was ever taken away from another Nation. Why, you can't find a piece of ground in Europe that hasent been taken at least a dozen times from somebody or other that really think they have an original claim to it. Italy wants Nice and the Mediterranean Coast back just as bad as France wanted Alsace-Lorraine, and they say that now that France has it back they have succeeded in doing something that was never known in the history of the Country. In the old days Alsace-Lorraine under Germany had two parties—one was for Germany and the other one was against whatever the first one was for. No matter what it was, it was known that they never agreed on anything. But now that France has it they are both united; they both have it in for France. That was more than Germany could ever do to combine the two Parties.

You see, you can't just sit down and cut out a Nation on the map. Look at President Wilson, who had the greatest ideas in the world, and meant the best in the world; but somebody gave him the map of Europe—they handed it to him in the nature of a Puzzle, like you would anyone, and tell them to try and use all the blocks and put them together. Well, he took them and he got them all in the same amount of space they come out of, but they don't make a perfect Picture. Poland is composed of Czechs, Germans, Russians and Poles. He just took a little everywhere.

Then they said they wanted a Seacoast. They had never had one or seen one, but they wanted one. So they all got together to figure out how to let Poland see the ocean without trespassing. So they figured out that the only way was by a Corridor, or a kind of an alley, that they cut right through Germany. It would be like Oklahoma saying "I want to get to the ocean or Gulf," and you would split Texas half in two to let Oklahoma have a peep at the ocean. Only Germany can't get across from one part of their Country to another without having a passport to cross Poland.

Everybody that could think of a name they gave them a Country. It was a good idea; but it was kinder like giving every man his own Government. None of us relish being ruled by anybody else, but sometimes it is better. Now they all have to keep their own Armies and patrol their own borders and have their own Customs officers, and all the expense of their own Government and learning how to run it. You see, the more Nations you create, the more chances you have of war. You divide America into forty-seven different Nations, all with their own Laws, own Customs and own Management, and you would average, according to the best statistics available, about twenty-three wars a year. That's self-disintegration of small Nations.

Here is another thing that you never hear anybody speak of, yet it is a greater boost for more wars than anything—that is the number of Countries that have a great amount of dissatisfied people in them. Well, every Nation has them; they are against the prevailing Government. Now they haven't got any Military Power and practically no strength at all, but they are just laying waiting till their Nation goes to a war with some outside Nations, and while it is engaged there they step in and cop off the Government. That's when all the Revolutions start—during a General war. You see, they can't attack their own Government in peacetime—they haven't got the power—but if they can get them shooting at somebody else, why, then they can go in and bring home the bacon.

You don't know how many people in every country are pulling for a revolution. The outs always think that that will give them a chance to get in. So you see, it is harder to overcome wars than you would at first think. Of course, this is not an argument to say that you shouldent try. For why they want to fight is more than I will ever know. Now this trouble over here about these debts, that goes further back than the debts. We can cancel all the debts in the world and they will say, "Well, we shamed you into it."

The main thing is a misunderstanding about the amount we did in the war. It is a favorite topic over here to belittle what we did in the war, and we think we helped them out quite a bit; and it is over that that the trouble is, and not over a few millions of Pounds or Francs. If we thought that they

(Continued on Page 173)

Half ashamed —half proud

of his old-fashioned watch

Think how Father would appreciate the gift of a modern timepiece!

Father isn't quite sure himself what he ought to do about that old watch of his.

To tell the truth he is a little embarrassed whenever he has occasion to consult it in company.

It hasn't kept up with things. Years ago, it was already out of style. Increased prosperity has made it, in a sense, unworthy of him.

Yet it's still in good working order, and he's rather proud of the fact.

And so, from year to year, he postpones that honorable retirement which it certainly has won through long and faithful service.

Think, then, how grateful he would be if you settled the matter for him by making him the gift of a modern timepiece!

Whatever the movement you select, or your jeweler recommends, see that Father's new watch comes in a case by Wadsworth, for thirty-five years the acknowledged style leaders in the dress of fine watches.

Among the many Wadsworth creations you will find a case sure to give pleasure, at a price quite within your means.

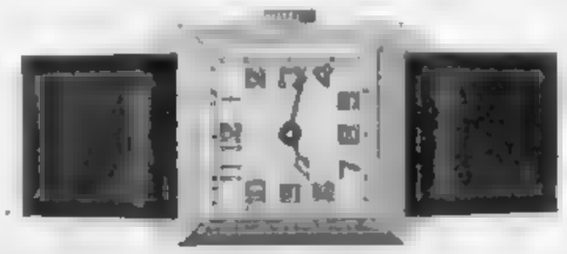
And the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside is your assurance of correct design, finest materials and workmanship, and that exactness of fit essential to adequate protection of the intricate mechanism contained within.

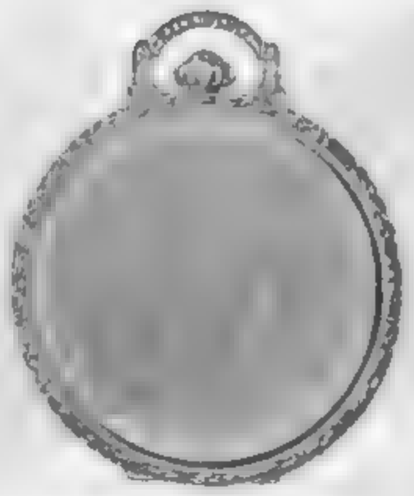
Be sure you see this mark before you make your purchase. Wadsworth Cases are available with all the leading watch movements.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY

DAYTON, KENTUCKY
SUBURB OF CINCINNATI, OHIO

Case makers for the leading watch movements



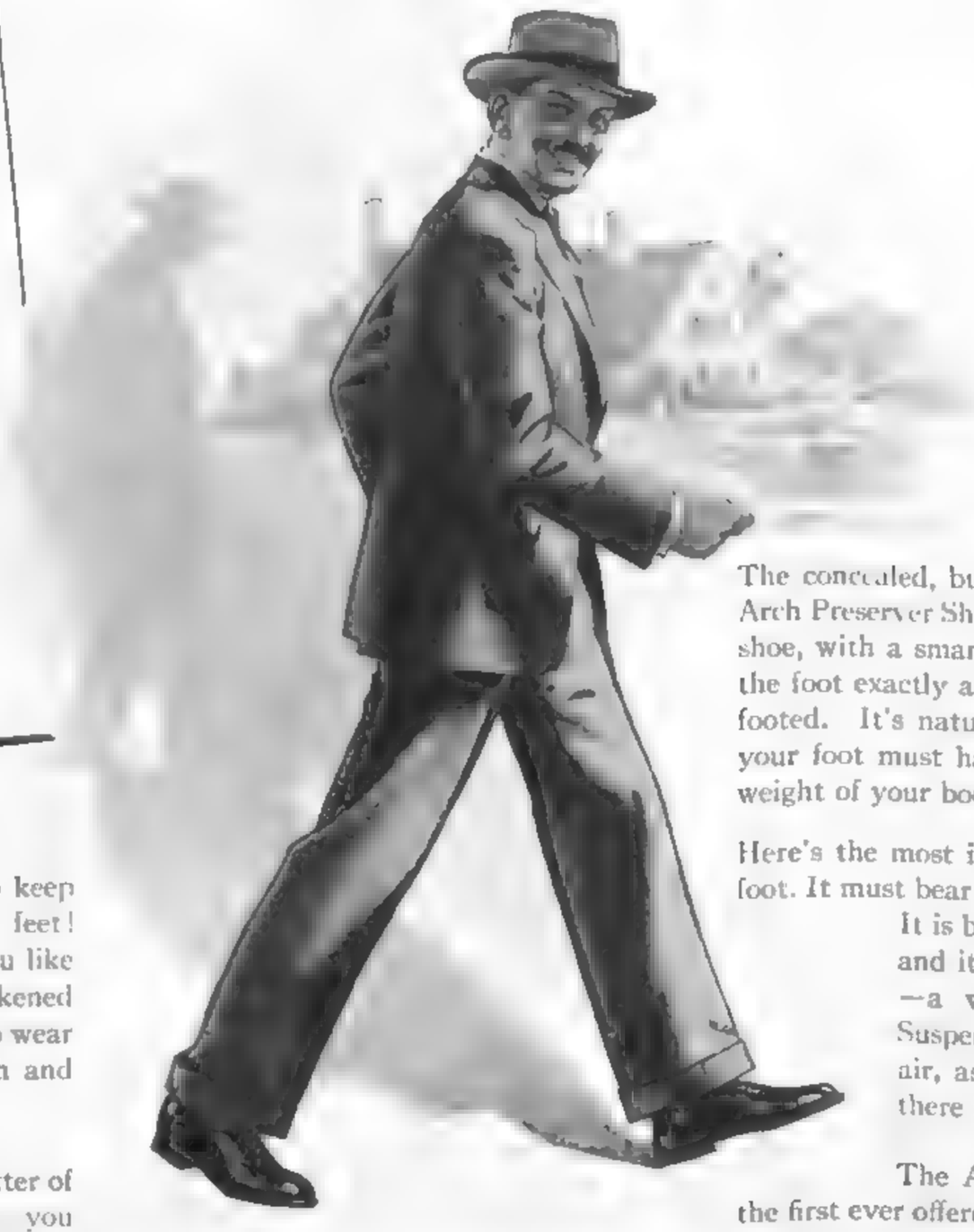


Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

"I could hardly drag my feet after me"

"I was living in misery before I began wearing this shoe. I had pain the whole length of my legs from morning till night. Toward evening my legs would feel so weary I could hardly drag them after me. My feet would swell and were so tender and sensitive that I could hardly bear to come down on the heel. Now, all that former pain, weariness, swelling and tenderness and cold feet are gone. This shoe may possibly prolong my life by its relief and comfort."—G. E. K.



ANY man is living in misery who tries to keep up his work with achy, bothersome feet! There is no misery that hangs on to you like this! Every minute it's there! Abused feet! Weakened feet! Useless feet! All because you are trying to wear shoes that let your feet sag, shoes that pinch and cramp the nerves, bones and blood-vessels.

There's no mystery about it. It's simply a matter of ignoring the requirements of Nature—and you suffer. Your feet are all right—the trouble is in your shoes. Try the Arch Preserver Shoe and you'll understand. First of all, this shoe will relieve the pain, because it will give the needed support to your arch. It will stop that sagging and straining. Next, it will make your whole foot comfortable, because its flat inner sole will free your nerves, bones and blood-vessels.

The concealed, built-in arch bridge of the Arch Preserver Shoe is designed so that this shoe, with a smartly styled heel, holds up the foot exactly as if you were going barefooted. It's natural—the correct support your foot must have in order to bear the weight of your body.

Here's the most important fact about the foot. It must bear the weight of your body. It is bridge-like in construction and it must have a foundation—a walking base—under it. Suspend half of the foot in mid-air, as ordinary shoes do, and there is trouble.

The Arch Preserver Shoe was the first ever offered with the definite claim that it would prevent foot troubles and keep feet healthy, without sacrificing appearance. The features that make these advantages possible are patented and can not be imitated. You can not secure them unless you wear the Arch Preserver Shoe.

And thousands of men, who have been freed from foot suffering, declare enthusiastically and gratefully that it does even more than we ever have claimed for it.

You do not need to suffer with your feet another day! One pair of Arch Preserver Shoes will quickly bring your feet back to normal, back to health and vigor and comfort, back to usefulness. Is it worth while? You wouldn't take a thousand dollars for your Arch Preserver Shoes after you have them on your feet, if you couldn't get more. Yet they cost you no more than other high-grade smartly-styled shoes.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. S-51, Rockland, Mass.
Makers of Men's Fine Shoes since 1876

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

The Man's Styleful Shoe with a Real Chassis

These two things: Keeping the foot free from strain and allowing it to rest normally so that it can be healthy, quickly eliminate the horrible leg weariness and leg pains. It is foot abuse that causes leg pains and weariness in nine cases out of ten.

Cornell

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

The genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for men and boys is made only by E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass. [illegible] Sold by Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

Sold by Leading Dealers

What is the matter with YOUR feet?

Our new "Foot Aches" folder will tell you how to check up your foot troubles. Also tells how Arch Preserver Shoes [illegible] and foot troubles.

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. S-51, Rockland, Mass.
Send me the new "Foot Aches" folder and name of nearest dealer

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 170)

really at heart and conscientiously appreciated what we did in the war, I think there would be no trouble to get the debt canceled in full. But they at heart don't seem to think we did very much, so there the real trouble lies. There is just a misunderstanding about the real value of America's services in the war. It has been quite a good while since they were saved, and they are not willing to admit that they were saved. Just money never made friends with anybody. If a few millions of dollars is going to part our friendship, why, the friendship was never very deep. America feels they are not out buying people's friendship. If they can't do it by associating with them, and helping them in a common cause and going through a war with them, why, presenting them with a few million is not going to help us out.

You hear a lot about doing things to foster good relations between nations. The worst thing and the worst word that come out of the entire war was "propaganda." Propaganda means doing something for a reason; or, in other words, acting a part for a cause. Well, if we can't act natural and have people like us for what we really are, why, all the propaganda in the world will do no good. Propaganda is the easiest thing in the world detected, and the nation or individual that you are trying it on is the first to detect it.

There is nothing in the world that makes an individual so mad as to know that someone is trying to do some certain thing to curry favor with him, and it is the same with Nations.

Let a Nation do like an individual—that is, I mean a real individual. Let 'em go through life and do and act like they want to, and if they can't gain friends on their own accounts, don't let's go out and try and buy it. Any time you go out purposely to make friends with someone, the result is generally terrible. It's this trying to stand in that has got us where we are. If we would stay at home and quit trying to prowl around to various conferences and conventions somewhere, we would be better off.

We, unfortunately, don't make a good impression collectively. You see a bunch of Americans at anything abroad and they generally make more noise and have more to say than anybody, and generally create a worse impression than if they had stayed at home. They are throwing rocks at us, but sometimes you think it is deserved. There should be a law prohibiting over three Americans going anywhere abroad together.

But here is what I want you to get clear, Cal, when they talk about us being in so bad: Say, we haven't started to get in bad. Some of these Nations have been hating each other for generations, while they are only just starting in hating us. Some of them can't hate us so much, because we have never fought against them in their lives and have never taken any land away from them. So when it comes to being in wrong in Europe we are only an Amateur. It certainly don't take much diplomacy to tell what to do in International affairs from the experience we have had in the last few years—including Tacna Arica. It didn't take us long to get in bad down there, as it did in Europe. All we have to do to get in bad is just to start out on what we think is a good-Samaritan mission, and we wind up in the Pesthouse.

So, Cal, will you please do me and America a favor? If you see some Guy that looks like he is going off to some Convention or to attend something, will you kindly take a granite bowlder from the old Vermont hillside and just casually try and dent it on his bean? This applies everywhere. Will you please get all organizations and people belonging to them to stay at home and just for the novelty of the thing tend to our own business for a while? We take up with ideas so quick, I bet you it wouldent be any time before we would begin liking taking care of our own business. If somebody comes along with a war, why, don't even give him any publicity on it. With all the fool Conventions and Conferences we have over home, if a man can't get away from his wife enough attending them, then take his badges away from him.

If you see a Committee starting anywhere, deport them to Atlanta and let them join something there. And if Argentine, Brazil, Peru, Chile or anybody else have any disputed Territory and they want to populate it, or the Amazon, or the Andes, or Tacna Arica, or Tincture of Arnica, or anything else, with Peruvians, Chileans, Llamas, Boa Constrictors, Petrified Mummies or fertilizing Nitrates, why, let them go ahead and do it. What business is it of ours? If we have any Foreign Relations Committee, discharge them with our Foreign Relations and take the money we save by it and spend it on Better Babies Week.

It will take America fifteen years steady taking care of our own business and letting everybody else's alone to get us back to where everybody speaks to us again.

I could have prevented this whole debt argument, and all this hatred would never have come up. I WOULDENT HAVE LET THEM HAD THE MONEY IN THE FIRST PLACE!

But don't you let them work on your sympathy; and I don't believe they will be able to work on yours. These Birds are not doing as bad as they let on. If France ever paid their Taxes once, they would be the richest Nation in the world. And England has more money invested in Dress Suits and Dinner Jackets than America has in plows and farming utensils.

Now you just take this tip from your Apartment House in Europe. I am mighty glad you dident answer Clemenceau's open letter, because you hadent answered any of mine, and it would have made me look kinder bad to have had you answer his.

Borah has had an answer for everything over there, but nobody has had an answer for Borah over here. I may drop over myself, as I have a lot of stuff that I will have to go over with you personally. I havent gone into it with you on this Russian thing since I come back from there. I think if you will take my tips I will be able to keep us out of war, and that will be more than any other Unofficial Diplomat has accomplished. Mellon is here just living off his interest. Senator Caraway, Pat Harrison, Barney Baruch and Jimmy Cox are all here. Just think, four-fifths of the Democratic Party here at once. They are waiting for the other fifth—Upshaw, of Georgia. I am looking over Ireland and will report next week. London is pretty dull. The king is in Scotland shooting at a Grouse. Ambassador Houghton and Harry Lauder and some Scotchmen are helping to drive him up to the gun. The Duke of York is gone to Australia. Lady Astor has gone to America, and I have nowhere to eat now. Most everybody is out of London. There is practically nobody left but Dorothy Gish, Nora Bayes, Mrs. Rogers and Myself, and Jim and Mary. Oh, yes, the Prince of Wales is visiting England now.

I see where Ambassador of France Herrick come over. That was just as well. He had made speeches to about everybody over here, so there was practically nothing left to do. Poincaré will soon be retired for old age and long services rendered. He has been Prime Minister steady now for almost six weeks. Mellon says he did nothing here in Europe of a financial nature, but he deals in such big sums that a couple of billion loan to somebody wouldent be considered Finance by him.

Well, must stop, as I have to stand on my head this afternoon to kiss the Blarney Stone. Hope everything goes K. O. with you at the coming election. I think I will be over there to make that. About the only sure-fire money there is in Politics now is around election time. What state do you figure I could do better in? I bet you in about two more years Henry Ford will have enough to run for the Senate on.

Remember the next vacation is at Claremore. If you give us some money for a River and Harbor Bill, why, you can tie

"DANDRUFF? ME?

No sir—Not any more!"

"NO SIR, there's no reason now for not having a clean scalp and a clean coat collar.

"Just try Van Ess, it means *no* dandruff in 10 days. Use it occasionally afterwards; and dandruff can never stage a come-back."

* * *

You don't have to take this man's word. There's a *written* guarantee in every package. In 10 days it's good-bye dandruff. If not, write to us and get your money back promptly—without question.

That's fair, isn't it?

Rather an unusual offer, you may say. But we know we're playing safe. We've already tested this product for 4 years—on several thousand people. We *know* it eliminates dandruff and itching scalp.

We make several products. So be sure to ask for the Van Ess Special Dandruff Massage. It comes in a bottle with our patented rubber massaging cap. Your druggist gives you the *money-back* warrant.

P. S.—It also keeps the hair well-groomed

Pleasant, Clean Odor

VAN ESS
Special
Dandruff Massage

Richardson's
MINTS
They're pure
Oh, so good — and good for digestion, too — purest mint and finest cane sugar. Good for the whole family. Ask for them by name.
Richardson's
MINTS

Time To Change Your Aerial
Good Reception Depends On It!
REGARDLESS of the type, price or make of your radio set its performance depends upon the efficiency of your Aerial.
Soot-covered Wire and Insulators, a leaky Lead-in Wire, an improperly designed Lightning Arrester or a defective Ground Connection may be robbing you of more pleasurable radio hours.
Failure to tune in stations sharply and clearly, inability to get distance and noisy disturbances are some of the warnings that your aerial equipment is worn out.
At the first sign or sound of imperfect reception replace your Aerial with an S-H "Aero" Kit—a complete antenna outfit, designed for quick, neat installations of maximum efficiency.
If not at your dealer's write us
SWAN-HAVERSTICK, Inc.
Trenton, N. J.
S-H "Aero" Kits are available in five different assortments. Prices $2.50 to $5.00, depending upon your requirements.
S-H Lightning Arrester approved by the Underwriters—made of Bakelite, $1.00.

the old Barge Mayflower right down behind the pasture.

Yours Diplomatically at all times.

I certainly want you to know that this is a labor of love that I am doing for you, and I hope to be rewarded in '28.

Affectionately yours,

WILLIE.

P. S. Like all Ambassadors, I am underpaid and had to do something to raise some personal money. A man can't live abroad and entertain and eat both on the present Salaries, and so naturally I had to go to work.

It was embarrassing, but I had to do it; so I am at a Theater here. But please have it understood that the old remark about telling the Englishmen the joke one year and going back and hearing him laugh the next is all the bunk; he has a lot of Humor. Americans come over here and use slang and expect them to get it, and they don't; they could do the same with us. But they sure do know all the topical things, and read more than the people in big Cities at home, but no more than the ones in smaller towns or the Country. I never had a better audience, and they don't want you to compliment them; they have never had it, and they don't want it.

But it is humiliating to have to resort to menial labor in order to get back to report to you.

I want you to get Fletcher a House. Herrick and Houghton have got one, and that's all we have. Maybe Mellon will do something for me, but I doubt it. W. R.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr Rogers. The next will appear in an early issue.

TORTUGAS TALES

(Continued from Page 11)

Lilja is one of the engineers of the swift C. G. 293, which not long ago took me to Dry Tortugas. "They couldn't keep that man, no matter what they did. Seems like he was kind of a Houdini. No handcuffs would hold him. Neither would leg irons or neck irons. He just got right out of 'em every time. Got out of his cell, too, whenever he felt like it."

Smith seems to have been a thorn in the side of Fort Jefferson authority. He was irrepressible. Even chaining him to the floor, in close confinement, was no go. His particular amusement was getting loose, wandering about at night, stealing anything he could lay his hands on and dropping his booty into the moat. At last his captors made a wheel, with spokes but no tire, and put it on his neck, as farmers hobble a cow. Smith nonchalantly removed it. They riveted him to a wall. He strayed away just the same, and that night turned the spigot of a molasses barrel, gumming up a whole storeroom.

Legerdemain in Tortugas

This resulted in more chains for Smith, but he just wouldn't stay put. One night he got him a stepladder, on which he floated over to Loggerhead Key, two and a half miles to westward. They caught him and haled him back to durance vile. Again he tried. This time he really won his liberty. His body, next morning, was washed up on the coral beach near the sally port. Exit Smith.

"There was another one, though," narrated Lilja, "that made the grade all right. He was about as much of a Houdini as Smith. Nothing could hold him. But he got kind of tired, being caught and chained up, so one night he got into the powder magazine, busted open a canister and laid a long trail of powder out through the door. Next day there was all kinds of excitement He admitted he'd done it.

"'What's more,' says he, 'you can maybe figure out what'd happen to this here fort if I did it again—and just accidentally dropped a match on the trail o' powder!'

"So it wasn't long before he escaped from the island for keeps. You can figure it out for yourself, mister."

The old magazine, now in ruins, gives reality to the tale; and reality is hard to achieve at Dry Tortugas. So universal is the wreckage, so stark the destruction there, that only with difficulty can the imagination repeople this tremendous desolation with a host of living, toiling, suffering humanity. An old letter from an officer's wife—I cannot establish her identity—tells of the fort in its prison days, in what she called the torpid monotony of that island life:

On the right of the entrance is the lighthouse and the keeper's residence. On either side are coconut trees. Spanish grass greets the eye refreshingly. Under the trees, long ranges of shot piled symmetrically, and great guns not yet mounted, remind the visitor he stands within one of the greatest fortresses in the United States. A well-kept, cemented walk leads from the sally port to the officers' quarters. In the center is a garden, in which tropical fruits and vegetables are supposed to grow. Large groups of evergreen mangroves, buttonwoods, elegant cocoa palms, with hammocks and shady seats, offer lounging places. Jasmines, morning glories, cypresses, gum trees and date palms mingle with banana trees and flowers of all kinds.

A pleasing picture, sixty years and more ago, but—as we shall see—it had its drawbacks. It held no allure for convicts determined to get them thence. One such achieved the unique distinction of dying like that old Roman emperor who expired standing up. Whereby hangs one of the most curious of Tortugas tales.

One morning toward the close of the war, a sentinel, looking over the parapet, saw a man apparently standing on the bottom of the moat. As the water was about ten feet deep, this looked uncomfortable for the man. The sentinel thought he must be seeing things; but no, the man was there, right enough.

It presently developed that he was a prisoner who had the night before jumped out of a porthole. The seeker for liberty had achieved it by the peculiar accident of getting his feet tangled in seaweed at the bottom. His body, of course, had floated upright. Around his neck was a black silk handkerchief containing a good bit of money.

The particularly ironical twist to the affair was that a schooner came in next day from Key West, bringing his release from prison.

All sorts and conditions were herded into the prison of Dry Tortugas. The greatest mystery man of them all was a fiery swashbuckler known as Col. St. Leger Grenfell.

"He was a queer bird altogether," one William Felton told me at Key West. Felton was long a custodian at the fort, and can rock on his front porch and spin yarns about it by the hour. "Grenfell was sure one tough-lookin' customer, six foot tall, black-haired, an' with black eyes under big, bushy eyebrows. He had a tremenjous black beard, too, an' wore a red flannel shirt open at the neck, an' his pant legs tucked in high boots. Folks said he was a son of Sir Roger Grenfell—a earl, or somethin' swell like that."

If at First You Don't Succeed

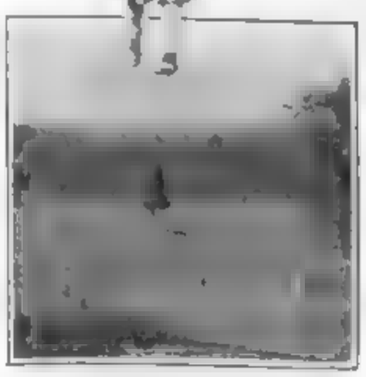
If swashbuckling is any proof, Grenfell must have been at least a duke's son. He seems to have been a soldier of fortune, a professional revolutionist, with a record of rough doings in Australia, South and Central America. He enlisted with the Confederacy, and eventually landed at Dry Tortugas as a lifer at hard labor for alleged complicity in the hotel-burning conspiracy in Chicago. The spirit of rebellion stood out in every look and gesture, like quills upon the proverbially fretful porcupine. He violated all regulations, was forever fighting and had to be kept continually under guard.

(Continued on Page 177)

William Wrigley Jr.'s beautiful estate on the ridge overlooking Avalon on Santa Catalina Island, one of pleasure seekers.

William Wrigley Jr.

Hundreds of miles of sandy beach.



A golf course on the San Bernardino Mountains 6000 feet above sea level.

The annual Stanford Dad's Day football game will be held in Los Angeles January 6, 7, 8 and 9.

What I've Planned For a Great Winter Vacation

By William Wrigley, Jr.

MR. WRIGLEY writes as follows: "What I've planned for a great winter vacation is another trip to *Southern California*. I'm coming out to play, to rest, to enjoy the scenery. I know of no other place in all the world that pleases me so much. Where else would I want to go?"

THIS wealthy man, who can afford whatever he desires, owns two winter homes in Southern California—one on his famous Catalina Island (pictured above).

And yet Southern California is not merely a millionaires' playground although scores of the rich are here. As Mr Wrigley says, "One of the advantages is that the man of *average means* can get in Southern California all that the millionaires are seeking. Rich men can travel there in private cars and stay in expensive suites of rooms if they prefer. But that is all. The regular fine trains over any road suit me and there are thousands of rooms in excellent hotels, bungalows and boarding houses at ordinary, reasonable rates. *The rest* is *FREE*—things that NO man can buy—the flowers and the wonderful sunshine, the pure invigorating air, the mountains and the sea, the fine sports and the recreations. Anyone can drink his fill of life out there, for no one can monopolize the natural benefits and beauties of that blessed section of our United States."

• • • • • •

The thing to do is to plan *early*—*now*—to come this winter, and learn, first hand, what has often been told to you—that Southern California is the *vacation-land supreme*.

Know "the lure" that people have tried to describe to you.

Be in this unique atmosphere. *Feel* the sunshine and soft warmth. See the mountains and the shimmering ocean expanses. *Inspect* the Old Missions with their fascinating historical associations. *Actually ride* over the 5,000 miles of famous concrete motor highways letting the 120,000 guide signs placed by the Automobile Club of Southern California direct you quickly to all points of interest. *Play* golf—all winter—on the courses you have heard about. *Really camp and hike* in the vast wildernesses of which you have seen pictures in folders and on the walls of railroad ticket offices.

Why not *actually plan it—now!*—and look forward to *actually coming* on a certain date! You'll never regret it. It will be one of those trips that mark an epoch in your life.

On your way—the inspiring national parks and other scenic wonders of the Far West. And you can take in the colorful cities of all the Pacific Coast—Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane—at only a little more than the ordinary round trip fare. Any railroad ticket agent will explain.

New, 63-hour trains from Chicago very soon will make it easier than ever before to take your vacation here.

Take the first step—mail coupon below.

We have issued probably the most complete book on vacations ever put in print. 47 pages, illustrated, tell all about it. We'll gladly send a copy to you *free*. Don't wait. Mail coupon now.

The city of Los Angeles, with a population of well over a million, is the largest city on the Pacific Coast and is the hub of one of the country's richest agricultural communities.

The growth, wealth and [illegible] California are indicated by [illegible] pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone.

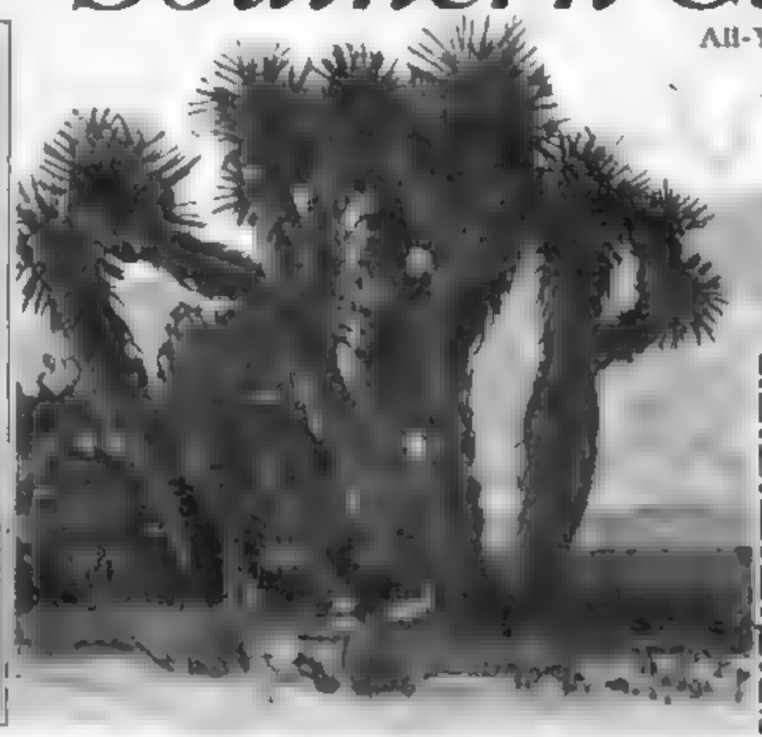
Value of Agricultural and Live Stock Products (1925) $85,912,744; Value of Citrus Products (1925) $73,241,[illegible]; Oil Production (1925) 140,000,000 bbls., Harbor Tonnage (1925) 4,156,177 tons, Harbor Exports (1925) 40,1[illegible]4,566 tons. Total Harbor Tonnage 30,310,743.

A producing season of 365 days a year permitting year round crops.

Southern California

All-Year Vacation Land Supreme

The romance and charm of old Spain reflected in the crumbling Missions of Southern California.



Off to the wilderness to hunt and fish!

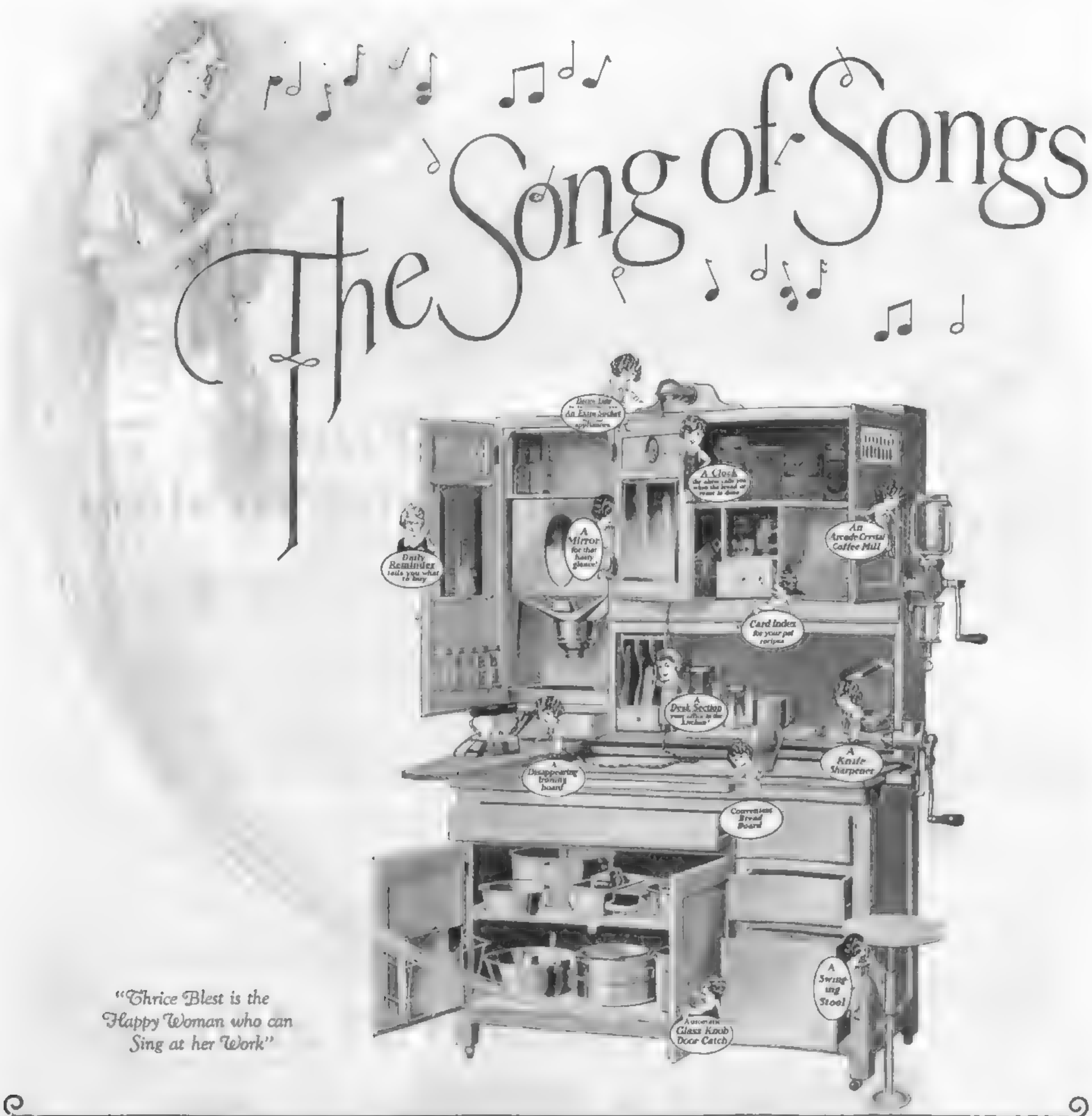
ALL YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Dept. 10-A, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of [illegible] attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have check[illegible].

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ San Bernardino ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Diego

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The Song of Songs
Daily Reminder tells you what to buy
A Mirror for that hasty glance!
A Clock
An Arcade Crystal Coffee Mill
Card Index for your pet recipes
A Desk Section
A Disappearing Ironing Board
A Knife Sharpener
Convenient Bread Board
A Swinging Stool
Automatic Glass Knob Door Catch

"Thrice Blest is the Happy Woman who can Sing at her Work"

A LIGHT HEART and better health will follow a labor-saving Boone Cabinet into your home.

A gladsome transformation!

From dark, cluttered cupboards and curtained kitchen shelves of the Past — to the bright, cheery, capable Boone Order-of-things.

From long hours of weary kitchen drudgery — to more time for culture, recreation and leisure.

An achievement, of which the oldest manufacturers of kitchen cabinets are justly proud; an enduring and deserved monument to the 369 American women who designed these new, ultra-modern Boone Cabinets.

See the new Automatic Glass Knob Door Catch and 12 other exclusive features of Mary, Helen and Bertha Boone — at your Furniture Dealer's now — and *know what* a work-saving cabinet *really is.*

For the Children

THE BABY BOONE—a miniature of the original, "Like Mother's Big Mary Boone"; an almost unbreakable metal toy white enameled, with doors that open and drawers that slide. At your Dealer's or Sent for $[illegible] prepaid in the U. S. A. Address Campbell-Smith-Ritchie Co., Lebanon, Indiana.

Boone
DESIGNED BY 369 WOMEN

(Continued from Page 174)

"Yes, sir," said Felton, "an' he used to walk round with his broom over his shoulder, as proud-like as one o' these here Vikings with a battle-ax. One night he got up an escape party an' bribed or forced the guard to go with him. All they had was a little open boat, an' there was a whale of a storm blowin'. By rights, him an' the rest oughta gone to the bottom, but later reports was that they made Cuba, all right."

With him went three other prisoners, among them the notorious Adair, probably the toughest bird ever caged in the fortress. This Adair had the escape habit, and went on the commendable motto of Try, Try Again!

At his first attempt, accompanied by a negro, he crawled out a gun emplacement at night, swam the moat—braving the sharks kept there for prisoners' benefit, and dodged them all, even the huge one called the Provost Marshal—then succeeded in finding a big plank.

On this plank he and his ebon comrade floated over to Loggerhead Key, again taking chances with the man-eaters that swarmed in the channel. There he stole a boat and sailed away triumphantly to Cuba Once on Spanish soil, with commendable enterprise, he undertook to sell his African companion into slavery—which resulted in the Spaniards sending them both back to Dry Tortugas, P. D. Q., C. O. D. The fortress authorities hung a medal on him in the shape of a thirty-pound ball and chain. But Adair kept right on escaping.

"Pretty soon he got out again," said Felton, "an' with all that ironware on him floated over to Loggerhead once mo'. Didn't get a boat that time, though, an' had to hide up in the pear-prickle thickets. A corporal's guard soon rounded him up an' back to the fort he come. Third time, though, him an' Grenfell an' the others, they made it clean. Them tough old boys was just like the handle on a jug. When they went, they went quick, an' they certainly was bound for to go!"

An Aftermath of Custer's Fight

Dry Tortugas was later selected as the only safe prison to hold that fiery and untamable spirit, Crazy Horse. This Sioux chief, you may recall, fought General Crook at the Battle of the Rosebud, June 17, 1876. Eight days later he annihilated Custer's five squadrons at the Little Big Horn. The relentless pursuit that the United States Army undertook, after the Custer massacre, forced most of the Indians back to their reservations. When Crazy Horse found his forces melting away, he came in and surrendered. But he declined to be reconstructed. He wanted no friendship with the paleface.

As he seemed plotting further mischief, a close watch was kept on him. He was ordered to appear before the commander at Fort Robinson, Dakota Territory, in September, 1877. A detachment brought him in. When he saw the guardhouse and realized he was going to be locked up, he drew a knife and made a frantic break for liberty. A soldier stabbed him with a bayonet so severely that in a few hours he died. Col. Homer W. Wheeler, in Buffalo Days, says:

> The real reason for attempting to confine Crazy Horse in the guardhouse was not made public for many years. However, a captain of the Third Cavalry stated that his troop was detailed to take the chief from the guardhouse at midnight, rush him rapidly to the railroad and convey him to Dry Tortugas, far away from all his family and friends, doubtless for the remainder of his days.

Score one for the Indian chief who escaped from Dry Tortugas before he ever was imprisoned there!

The Tortugas Regatta

Now and then burial squads—and they were plenty—would desert *en masse*. Prisoners were employed to take the yellow-fever victims and bury them on Bird Key, adjacent to Garden Key, where the fort is located. Regarding Bird Key, at that time, an officer's wife once wrote:

> It is a rugged little island, where our dead rest, the white headboards distinct in the facing light of evening. Alas, since last year's yellow fever they are thickly crowded together, and mark where the poor young soldiers lie, far from their Northern homes.

Once over on Bird Key, burial squads found nothing simpler than to take French leave. The fortress was one day treated to a race, with the authorities coming off second best.

"Three prisoners started to row to Cuba," Felton explained, "with the only rowboat at the fort. Colonel Alexander, in charge there, he started after 'em in a sailboat. Nigh-hand everybody was up on the walls, watchin'. When the colonel had pretty near overhauled the runaways, I'm daggoned if the wind didn't die down. It come a dead calm. Them prisoners rowed plumb away, over the horizon, an' the colonel had to set there an stew most all day in the cookin' sun, sir. Mad? Was he mad? The steam come out of his ears, sir, that's all I know!"

In view of Dry Tortugas' evil reputation as a desolate place of pestilence and tragedy, who can wonder at the desperate efforts men made to escape to keep from being sent there, or to escape thence? Among one shipload of convicts, packed like sardines on their way South, a savage mutiny developed.

The conspirators planned to scuttle the ship, seize the boats and get away, leaving the officers, crew and most of the prisoners to drown.

This plot was nipped in the bud, like another on the island, when in '63 a group of desperadoes plotted to spike the guns, butcher the guards, seize a couple of schooners and sail away, piratically bent. They had already succeeded in making a lot of knives and dirks from pieces of iron junk, when another prisoner blew on them to Colonel Alexander. This prisoner was

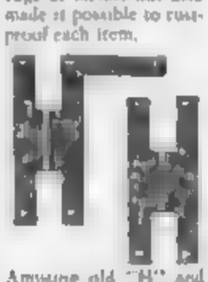
Arrow Peak and Beach, on the South Fork of the Kings River, California

Early English and Colonial Hardware by CORBIN

Following Faithfully the Hardware of our Forefathers

Authentic reproductions by the makers of Good Hardware, Corbin—for the modern home of Colonial design

The fact that Corbin Hardware is hand hammered except where the accuracy of Corbin reproductions, Corbin knowledge of metals has also made it possible to rust-proof each item.



Amusing old "H" and L" hinges swing the cupboard doors of our ancestors. If you are building the early American type of home, you will want them.

It is an advantage to be able to secure all the hardware for your home from one source. Corbin makes the complete line.

NOW that Early American architecture has come into its own—when doors and windows, cupboards and closets demand hardware of pure Colonial style—Corbin announces the first complete line of Early English and Colonial Hardware.

In every detail, the pieces are true reproductions of the most beautiful patterns of Revolutionary days. Quaintly old fashioned, because of their simple beauty—modernly efficient and long lasting because they are of Good Hardware—Corbin.

A most unusual booklet showing the full beauty of this new line of Good Hardware awaits your request. By all means send for it by today's mail.

P. & F. CORBIN
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New Britain, Conn.
New York Philadelphia Chicago

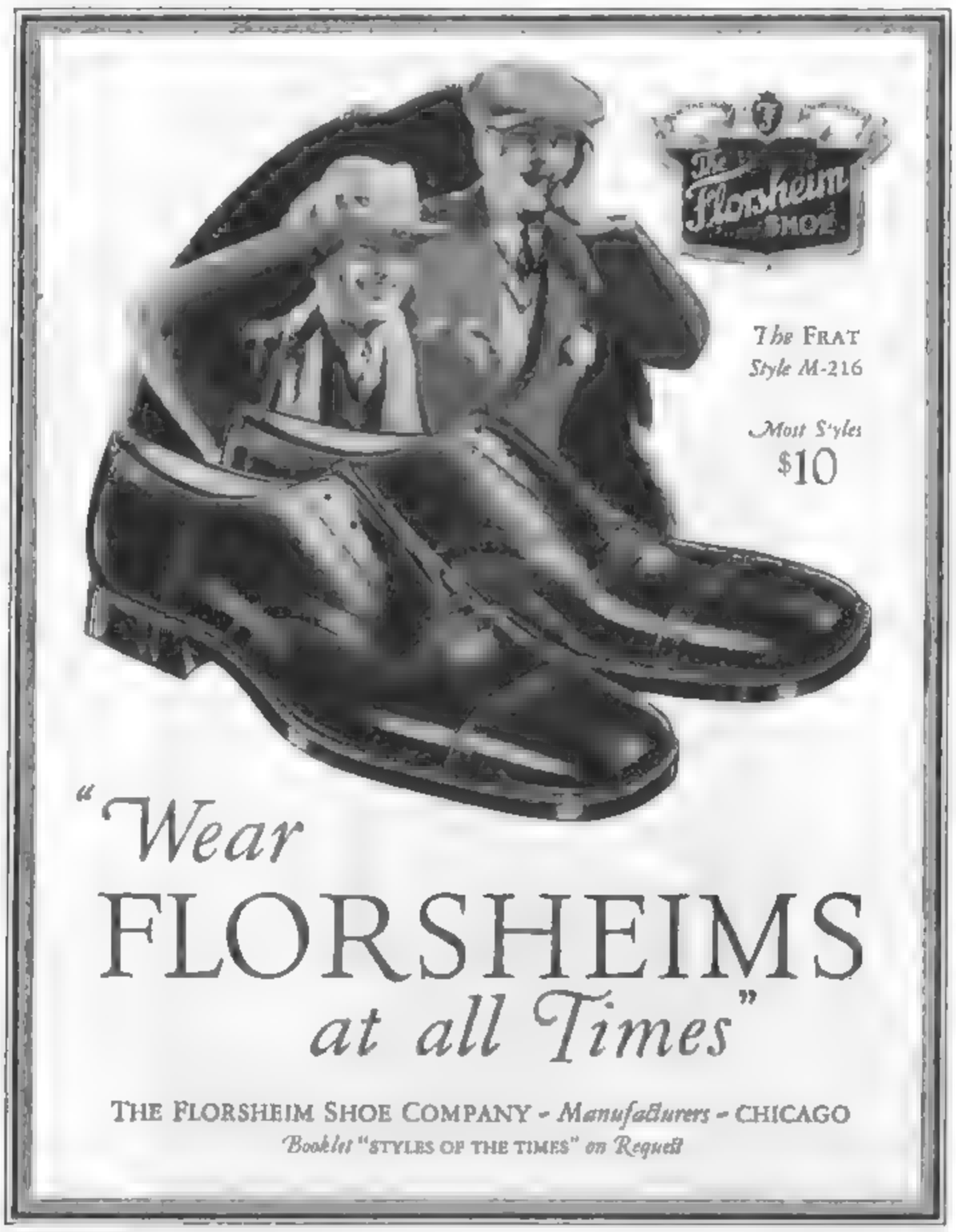
The moving charm of a Colonial door depends largely upon the authenticity of its Colonial hardware. Rest assured that any Corbin pattern you select will be correct

More interesting key plates than these could not be found were you to comb New England antique shops. True reproductions by Corbin

Think of having delightful old thumb latches like this one on your doors

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

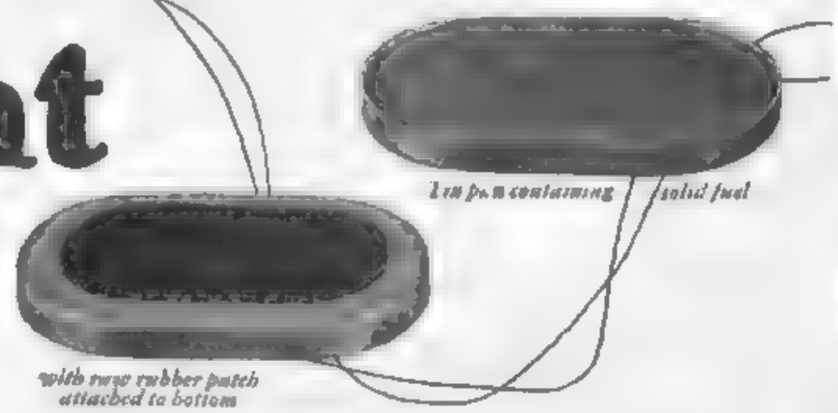
CORBIN



"Wear
FLORSHEIMS
at all Times"

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY - Manufacturers - CHICAGO
Booklet "STYLES OF THE TIMES" on Request

Heat



Packed in Little Tin Pans Makes Fixing Punctures Easier

When you have time you take punctured tubes to the repair shop to be *Vulcanized* [Heat-Welded] because you know that vulcanized repairs are permanent. But do you know that when your last spare is punctured you can vulcanize quicker and easier than any other way out of the emergency and get home without running a casing?

Simply clamp one of the little tin pans [Shaler Patch-&-Heat Units] over the puncture. Light the fuel. In five minutes take off the pan and throw it away. The repair is part of the tube because it is heat-welded [VULCANIZED].

Get this "HOLE OUTFIT" for only $1.50

wherever auto supplies are sold. Slightly higher in Canada and far West. Includes vulcanizer and 12 Patch-&-Heat Units

SHALER

C. A. SHALER CO., Waupun, Wis., U. S. A.

serving a term merely for having obeyed orders too literally.

"'Twas thisaway," an old Key Wester told me: "He was in the first Battle o' Bull Run, sir, an' when the commandin' officer give the order to retreat, he never stopped till he got clear to Vermont. That was a little too fur, y'understand, so they jailed him on Dry Tortugas."

The tragic fame of Tortugas rests today principally on the singular turn of destiny that gave Dr. Samuel A. Mudd a life sentence there. No Greek tragedy ever moved with more relentless malice than the events enmeshing him in the consequences of the greatest crime this country has ever known.

Abraham Lincoln was fatally shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theater in Washington, on April 14, 1865. Booth, in jumping from the presidential box to the stage, with his dramatic cry of "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" broke his leg. He nevertheless escaped through a rear exit, mounted a horse in readiness, and with his face disguised got away in company of David E. Herold. He endured the anguish of a thirty-mile ride into Southern Maryland, until at four o'clock next morning both conspirators stopped at the house of Doctor Mudd—ominous name!

This doctor, who otherwise would have lived and died unknown, was a well-to-do country practitioner, kindly and popular. He set Booth's leg and allowed him to rest a few hours, little suspecting what evil angels he was entertaining unaware. The conspirators presently departed, and succeeded in crossing the Potomac into Virginia.

An epochal hue and cry convulsed the nation. Booth and Herold for some days evaded capture. They were at last discovered on the Garrett Farm, near Port Royal.

On hearing of the assassination, the doctor's suspicions were aroused, and he informed the authorities at Bryantown, near by. This act availed him nothing. He was taken into custody, and tried by a military commission, along with Samuel Arnold, Michael O'Loughlin, Edward Spangler, Herold, George A. Atzerodt, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt and Lewis Payne. The latter four were hanged. The others, including Doctor Mudd, received sentences of life imprisonment. These sentences were originally to have been served at Albany, New York, but were soon changed to Dry Tortugas, "than which no more desolate place of imprisonment could have been found within the limits of the then United States."

A Victim of Public Opinion

Long before the prisoners arrived, the Tortugas knew these stirring events. An old letter of the officer's wife—already quoted—gives a picture worth recording:

On April 20th, the steamer Corinthian brought news of Lee's surrender on the 9th. Two hundred guns were fired, with great celebration. But while in the midst of our rejoicing . . . the Ella Morse came in with the flag at half mast and the terrible news of the tragedy at Washington. The officers all went down to the wharf. . . . When I saw them walking up the path so subdued and quiet, I knew something terrible must have happened. Soon I heard a gun fired in quick, successive shots, and then saw men scurrying toward the sally port. I could hear angry voices and low mutterings. The disturbance was caused by some of the prisoners attempting to cheer and rejoice over the death of the President, when the sentinel fired his gun and the men were tied up. . . . Half-hour guns and flags at half mast pronounced it a day of mourning, and a weight hung over us for days. Every joy and victory seemed dwarfed by this horrible act.

Thus it was into an atmosphere heavily surcharged with the bitterest hate that the unfortunate Doctor Mudd was presently projected. The most illuminating account we have of existence at Dry Tortugas comes from letters written by Doctor Mudd to his devoted wife, letters published by his daughter Nettie in a book now hard to get. No narrative could more tragically plumb the depths of despair. The doctor felt himself innocent of any crime save that of common humanity to an unknown sufferer. Convicted largely on negro evidence, "subjected to cruelties almost beyond the power of human endurance," he found himself the object of a bitterness more intense than any the Civil War had ever engendered.

A very frenzy of passion inflamed the public mind against him. Some victim had to be found. He happened to be that victim. Let us, however, pass this aspect of the matter and note only the facts as his letters record them.

Doctor Mudd arrived at Dry Tortugas on July 25, 1865, and was at first employed as a hospital orderly. He soon had several opportunities to escape, but "believing it would show guilt, resolved to remain peaceable and quiet." Yet knowledge of how his farm had been devastated by revengeful soldiers, and how his family had been reduced almost to beggary, preyed on his mind. All this, and the hope of "reaching some point where the writ of habeas corpus was in force, and then surrendering to the authorities so that the writ might be invoked in his behalf," shook his determination to remain passive. Another thing—he, a Southern gentleman, found himself guarded by blacks, a perfectly intolerable situation. He writes:

This place is now wholly garrisoned by negro troops, with the exception of white officers. I am lorded over by a set of ignorant, prejudiced and irresponsible beings of the unbleached humanity, which is more than I can submit to on this island of woe and misery.

The doctor therefore, in September—with the help of one Kelly—tried to escape. He was taken from the transport Thomas A. Scott, aboard which he had hidden himself, and was chained hand and foot in a dungeon over the sally port. During this excitement six other prisoners got away clean. Rumors of a jail delivery in his behalf, even of an armed company being formed in New Orleans to capture Tortugas and liberate him, increased his punishment. And presently he was put at hard labor, wheeling sand and cleaning old bricks under a cooking sun.

Worse Than Death

He soon records the prevalence of bone-break fever, akin to yellow fever and causing intense agony. At least three-quarters of the inmates seem to have had it. Also:

Some 30 or 40 have made their escape, or attempts to do so, since I have been here, and there was never anything thought of them. Kelly and another man, who were bound with chains and thrown into the dungeon with me, last night freed themselves from their chains, broke out the window and let themselves down with their chains. They robbed the sutler of $50, as much clothing as they needed and a plenty of eatables, stole a boat and made good their escape. They said the commandant was a fool to think he could hold them on this island.

Next month he writes:

Three more prisoners have escaped, taking a boat just from under the eyes of the guard in open daylight and getting eight miles before discovered, when it was useless to pursue.

He tells of being confined to a small damp dungeon with Arnold, O'Loughlin, Spangler and Colonel Grenfell, made to wear heavy leg irons at hard labor and kept under close guard. In December, 1865, he was still in irons, was compelled every day to wash down the six bastions, and was allowed no communication with other inmates. He was locked in his wet room twelve hours out of every twenty-four during working days, and all day on Sundays and holidays. All the exercise he was allowed was in that dungeon and with irons on. The air from the moat was heavily impregnated with what he calls sulphuric hydrogen gas. He suffered constant pain, his legs and ankles swelled and his hair began to fall out.

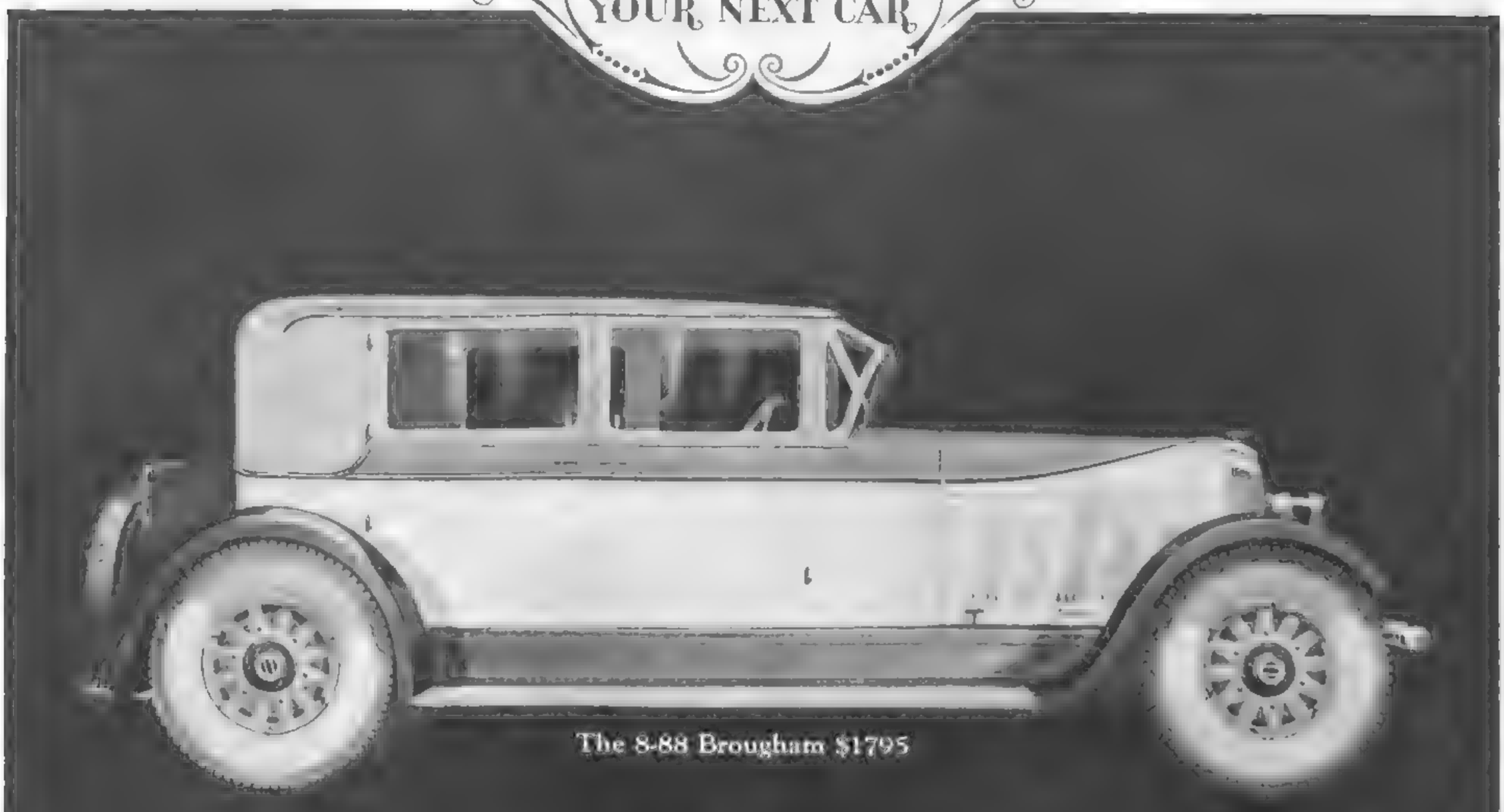
My eyesight is beginning to grow very bad. With bucket, broom and guard, I sweep and sand down the bastions. This has been my treatment for three months, coupled with bad diet and water, and every inconvenience.

Surely, the Prisoner of Chillon fared little worse!

The letters of 1866 speak often of how, conscious of his innocence, he "endures the severest privations for the most part patiently, and can stand anything, my dear

(Continued on Page 181)

YOUR NEXT CAR



The 8-88 Brougham $1795

Auburn is the Fastest Growing Automobile Company in America Today

Public acceptance as reflected in comparative sales figures proves it. With a total industry increase of 12% Auburn's increase was 220% for the first seven months this year. Drive it, and if the car does not sell itself you will not be asked to buy.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

The 6-88 $1695 to $2495; the 6-66 $1395 to $1695; the 4-44 $1145 to $1195. Freight and tax extra.

AUBURN

PACKARD
Oiling and greasing operation (every 10,000 miles) Transmission and differential drain oil and refill using 600-W
DODGE
TRANSMISSION — Once each season drain used lubricant, flush gears with kerosene and refill.
REAR AXLE — Once each season drain used lubricant, flush gears with kerosene and refill
LINCOLN
Transmission About once every 5,000 miles the gear lubricant should be drained from the transmission, and the interior of the case thoroughly flushed with kerosene and refilled
Rear Axle Once every 5,000 miles the lubricant in the rear axle should be drained and the interior flushed with kerosene and refilled.
Excerpt from Instruction Book
BUICK
TRANSMISSION—It is recommended that the oil be changed after the first 2,000 miles of driving and thereafter twice a year.
REAR AXLE — The old oil should be drained off, differential washed out with gasoline or kerosene and fresh oil introduced twice season.
Excerpt from Instr
HUDSON
Transmission—Drain every 3000 miles, flush with kerosene and refill.
Rear Axle—Once a year drain axle and refill with new oil.
Excerp
NASH
Transmission—Drain
Rear Axle—Drain
from Instruction B
CHRYSLER
TRANSMISSION—After every 2,000 miles, drain the oil from the transmission case and wash the case with kerosene
REAR AXLE — About every 2,000 miles drain
and then w
rear axle wi
sene. Re
fresh oil.
CADILLAC
TRANSMISSION At the end of every 4,000 miles drain out all of the lubricant Refill with two of suitable lubricant.
RICKENBACKER
REAR AXLE—
TRANSMISSION—
Lubricate every 5,000 miles, drain, flush out with kerosene
new supply of
HUPMOBILE
Transmission—Drain and refill the case with proper lubricant once every 3,000 miles.
Rear Axle—Every 10,000 miles remove cover and flush out housing with kerosene, then wipe dry and refill.
Excerpt from Instruction Book
JIMMY
Courtesy M
FRY

See what the motor car instruction books say about the *Importance of* FLUSHING OUT Your Gear-Cases and Repacking!

You have learned the importance of changing the oil in your crankcase regularly. Now for the first time you can speedily flush out your gear cases and repack with fresh, clean grease. Get the habit. Change your grease regularly—regularly—regularly! Lengthen the life of your car!

The first 500 miles is the most important. Do not go beyond that mileage without changing your grease.

Thousands and thousands of motorists let their cars run one or two years without ever changing the grease in the transmission or rear axle. Thus they fail to clean out the gear filings, steel chips and hardened, gritty grease that have accumulated in the years of constant service, causing unnecessary wear.

It is such neglect that shortens the life of your car and sends it to the scrap heap long before its time.

Read a few of the above excerpts from Instruction Books of well known automobile makers. Their advice is to clean the gear cases and change the grease—*clean the gear cases and change the grease—clean the gear cases and change the grease—regularly—regularly—regularly!*

Now, by means of the Fry Flusher, Flushing Oil or Kerosene is sprayed into the differential or other gear cases; the vacuum nozzle then removes the old grease and filings and the pressure nozzle cleans the gears. New grease is then put in.

All this is done in a fraction of the time and at a fraction of the cost for which it could have been done formerly. Your car is really renewed and will run thousands of extra miles

See the nearest Service Station owner. If he has not a Fry Flusher on hand, he undoubtedly has one on the way, for every wide awake Service Station operator is alive to the manifold advantages of this great new invention.

MARVEL EQUIPMENT COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
MARVEL EQUIPMENT COMPANY, Limite Canada

FRY FLUSHER DOES IT!

(Continued from Page 178)

wife, but the thought of your dependent position, ills and privations." The doctor mentions suffocating heat, millions of mosquitoes, fleas and even less respectable vermin that infested the whole island, and tells that these little visitors prevented all rest by day or night. The mosquitoes, God wot, were soon enough to take their deadly toll! He writes that sixteen months of "the most brutal and degrading imprisonment" have done their work on him, and that he is nearly bald, is broken down, is good for nothing.

We shall presently see how this broken man's spirit leaped to serve and rescue his fever-stricken tormentors. That narrative, I think, is one of the finest in the roll of great heroisms.

Fragments of letters, here and there:

We have three sentries at our door, that cry the hours of the night at the pitch of their lungs, destroying all sleep. . . . The engineers are digging out the breakwater, which gives rise to the most intolerable stench, preventing slumber. . . . We can't move five steps from our door without being followed by a sentry. We are fed like brutes and kept in chains under close guard. Had we been ordered out and shot, it would have been much kinder than the treatment we have received. . . . We are treated in every respect as the most ferocious wild beasts. . . . We have been entirely without vegetables for a considerable period, and the rations are principally salt pork and indifferent bread.

Through all narratives of Dry Tortugas, whether from prisoners or authorities, runs this undercurrent of bad rations. True, the soldiers used to catch great sea turtles, put identifying tags on their necks—each company claiming its own catch—and keep them in the moat till wanted. They used also to collect baskets of turtle eggs at Loggerhead Key. A few fish were taken, and some pigs kept. But the usual story is of hard fare—hard, save that the butter in those iceless days had to be eaten with a spoon. The flour was full of weevils. Fruits and vegetables cost a king's ransom, with common cabbages selling at a dollar a head and other things in proportion. All this in a tropical climate.

The doctor tells of being quartered on a dirty, wet floor, in a cell that leaked dismally in every rain. He and his mates used often to dip up ten or a dozen buckets of water after a storm. They cut a hole in the floor, with little trenches leading to it, to facilitate the dipping-up process.

Yellow Fever Breaks Out

During the early part of '67 he was still under close guard "in this hell," and writes of how one prisoner was treated. This man was sick, and applied to the garrison doctor for treatment. It was denied and the man was commanded to work. When he couldn't, they ordered him to carry a ball and chain. Unable to do this, he was tied up for half a day, then taken to a wharf with a rope lashed to him and heaved overboard. He insisted on keeping afloat, so they hitched a fifty-pound weight to his feet. Doctor Mudd reports he was an old man and suffered from dropsy. He adds:

They could not conquer him. . . . Recently a prisoner, being a little unruly, was shot and killed by a sentry. . . . A day of fortune came to him. How long shall mine be delayed?

Doctor Mudd was presently transferred to the carpenter shop, and soon thereafter a yellow-jack epidemic of extreme violence began to devastate the garrison. No more enlightening documents exist, to show the immeasurable progress medical science has made in the past sixty years, than the doctor's letters. It seems almost incredible to us of these blithely microörganismic days, that only six decades ago nobody understood even A B C about bacilli and carriers. But listen:

Another case of yellow fever. Weather very calm and warm, causing no doubt the generation of the peculiar poison which gives rise to the disease. . . .

Three more cases, fatal. To prevent the spread of the disease, one of the companies has been removed to an adjacent island, and a hospital erected on another. . . . One of the officers is not expected to recover; quite a panic exists among soldiers and officers. It will most likely become an epidemic, for we have no frost here; and besides, as the soldiers' and prisoners' clothes are all woolen, this will serve as a retentive of the poison or miasma.

People in those days seemed peculiarly afraid of heavy clothes, especially if wet. Something in wet woolen cloth was supposed to harbor yellow fever, if not actually breed it. Meantime, busy little *Stegomyia calopus* of the long bill and of the fine, free hospitality for yellow-fever organisms, flitted her merrily unmolested way.

The doctor's letters soon record the death of the fortress surgeon, Joseph Sim Smith, and of Doctor Smith's little son. Nearly every man on the island became infected. The hospital became crowded and panic set in. More than half the men sent to Bird Key died there. That key became a huge cemetery. Even today a little digging on Bird Key, or the washing away of sand in a gale, discloses gruesome finds. The reminiscent William Felton told me in Key West, regarding this:

"Yes, sir, when I was custodian o' the fort, a many and a many a time in a high tide an' gale o' wind them old Bird Key stiffs 'd wash out. I've often seen coffins goin' down the channel, sir, with corpuses into 'em, an' a jolly old crew they was, mister. They was so. I don't wonder the fort was gave up. They had the yaller jack there again in '73, an' it killed one man out of every three. The last time there was any big force o' men there was in '88. In them days it was what you might almost call a death sentence to be sent to Dry Tortugas, yes, sir!"

Islands of Fear

But to return to the epidemic of '67. The wretched colony was reduced to horrible straits. Despite all the sufferings and indignities that had been heaped upon him, Doctor Mudd volunteered to serve as fort physician and to take full charge of the situation. Released from chains and dungeon, he plunged into weeks of day-and-night toil, exposing himself to every risk, ready to sacrifice his life with a heroism truly sublime. Magnanimity, self-sacrifice, could hardly attain greater heights.

The situation is sketched in one of the letters from the officer's wife to whom I have already referred:

The whole island became one immense hospital. The silence was oppressive beyond description. There were no soldiers for drill or parade, and the gloom was indescribable. Five hundred at one time would scarcely cover the list of sick. . . . Those able to move about looked like ghosts. The mercury was 104 in the hospital. . . . We seemed in some horrible nightmare. It was terrible beyond description to be hemmed in by those high, literally red-hot brick walls, with so much suffering. I could see the beds brought out, hoping for a breath of air to fan the burning brow and fever-parched lips. There was nothing to brighten the cloud of despair that encompassed the island.

Some of the prisoners were also in a desperate way with scurvy, in addition to having the yellow fever. Nearly 200 at one time had scurvy, many dying of it. The gunboats were all ordered away from the fort; its isolation became complete. No ships dared approach the pestilential place, even to leave mail, which was hung on a long pole at Loggerhead Key by hasty visitors. Yet with unabated zeal, Doctor Mudd toiled on, trying to save his erstwhile enemies. More hospitals were built, till four in all were overflowing. The principal topic of conversation became discussions as to who would be the next victim.

Doctor Mudd's letters give, in fragmentary form, glimpses of horror worthy a Dante's pen, a Doré's pencil. Hardly enough sound men were left to attend the stricken or bury the dead. The latter were not allowed to grow cold before being hurried off to the grave. No more honor was shown them, either officers or men, "than to the remains of a dog." They were buried at once to get rid of the infection. The greatest fear was shown of them when—as we know now—they were absolutely harmless! Thousands of dollars'

Asbestos lined files protect records

"Y and E" Fire-wall Filing Cabinets really protect. Two walls of steel plus a double lining of asbestos keep fire away from contents. Safety latch prevents cabinet opening accidentally. Made in many styles for every kind of filing. See these files at the "Y and E" Store, or write Yawman and Erbe Mfg. Co., 1032 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y. Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

"Y and E" OFFICE EQUIPMENT

STEEL & WOOD FILES—STEEL SHELVING—DESKS—SAFES
OFFICE SYSTEMS & SUPPLIES—BANK & LIBRARY EQUIPMENT

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

What Do YOU Say to Selling a Day for $12?

"I wrote you for your offer because I thought I could make a little 'side money' during my vacation," writes Shirl H. Stewart, Montana.

"I do not know yet what my best day's profit will be (he had bonus still to come when he wrote) but I think it will amount to between $12 and $15. Perhaps I will do better with more experience."

IF you have a few spare hours that you would exchange for CASH, let us outline the Curtis subscription agency plan for you. Is there any reason why you should not do as well as Mr. Stewart? Experience not necessary. You needn't spend a cent. Mail the handy messenger below *today*.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
497 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Send me your spare-time cash offer. I'll look it over.

Name _____ _____ *Age* _____

Street _____ _____

City _____ *State* _____

Keeps Your Hair Neat—
Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A generous sample FREE upon request.

Send This *Coupon and* Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 26-G 195
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name .....

Address .....

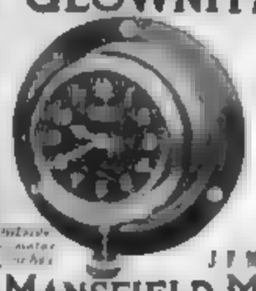
In Canada address
THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St. West, Toronto 2 Ont.

Knox Everlasting Furnace Pipe

Install Knox pipe and end your smoke and soot nuisance and worries. Does away with replacements every year or two. Knox pipe installed over 12 years ago—still in service and [illegible] saves money. Easily installed by anyone. Approved by National Board of Fire Underwriters. Write today for circulars and special prices.

WATERLOO REGISTER CO.
Dept. D Waterloo, Iowa

GLOWNITE—$4.50



This dependable and handsome radium dial dash clock will show correct time night or day. You can easily attach it yourself to the dash. Vibration proof—rustproof.

From your dealer or direct from us

J. F. Mansfield, 15 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

MANSFIELD MOTOR CLOCK

Why Not Have Your Own Spending Money?

If you are busy most of the time with housekeeping as is Mrs. Robert Turner of Texas, you can still have more money and all the little luxuries it will buy. (Mrs. Turner has made $5.00 in a single day.) Just arrange with us to become a Curtis subscription representative. The coupon brings all the details.

Clip and Mail

The Curtis Publishing Company, 271 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please tell me all about your cash offer for obtaining new and renewal orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

worth of property, clothing and equipment went up in smoke, to destroy the supposed miasma.

"Were an enemy throwing shot and shell in here," says the doctor, "no more horrible picture could be presented."

The burial parties were allowed whisky before and after their grim task. They moved quickly. In half an hour from the time a victim died, he was carried to a boat, rowed a mile to Bird Key and buried in the sand, after which the party came back—if they didn't escape—for a round of stiff drinks.

Major Stone's wife died, and though the major was devoted to her, he stayed not even for the semblance of a funeral, but left at once. With him he took his only child, a little boy of two. The major was stricken on the way to Key West and died just as he arrived there. Terribly swift and deadly was the disease. Its victims were seized with delirium from the beginning, and many perished the same day.

Despite all horrors, Doctor Mudd remained constantly on duty, working every night until twelve o'clock or even later. At one time all the officers were dying or sick. Only ten soldiers out of the whole garrison answered roll call.

Doctor Mudd had complete liberty of the fortress. Guard duty was suspended. Escape became easy. But the doctor put away all thoughts of personal gain. As he says in one letter:

> I have resigned myself to the fates, and shall no longer act upon my own impulse. By the hand of Providence my fetters have been broken, but I run not, preferring the fate of those around me, and to lend what aid in my power to breaking down the burning fever and giving encouragement to the death-stricken.

A Petition for a Pardon

In October, 1867, he himself took the fever and narrowly escaped death. Partly recovered, he once more resumed such duties as he could. He even found strength to write a treatise on yellow fever—illuminating in its utter ignorance. The blind gropings of even the best-educated men, so short a time ago as 1867, are worth attention. The treatise says:

> The first case occurred in Company K, immediately over the unfinished moat, which at low tide gave rise to offensive odors, and to which the surgeon attributed the fever. The company was removed and the portholes ordered to be closed, to prevent the deadly miasma from entering. [Not one idea in the world about mosquito netting!] Being at this time a member of the carpenter shop, I aided in barricading against the unseen foe.
>
> The germs or cause spread by continuity of matter and not by the disease. The fever followed along rows of beds and passed through a boarded partition, the planks of which were loosely nailed. One man generally wore a heavy cloak, and the poison was carried by the ferment set up in the cloak, or mechanically, by adhering formites.

Perhaps sixty years from now may the world not likewise smile at our 1926 false reasonings from ignorant premises about infantile paralysis, cancer, and the like?

One morning a small rain cloud came up with a heavy wind, which blew directly from the hospital toward Company M. That night half the company were attacked, causing the wildest alarm and confusion. We enclosed the six casemates nearest the hospital, but the disease still spread.

Doctor Mudd's services excited the most enthusiastic praise among the surviving soldiers, who without his knowledge drew up a tremendously strong testimonial and petition for his pardon. This they sent to President Johnson, but in some mysterious way the original failed to reach Johnson's hand. And after the fever had ceased, for lack of infectible material to work on, Doctor Mudd was degraded to his former condition.

In October, 1868, he records that his sleeping quarters were still the same miserable, wet casemate; his bed, made of moss gathered from trees, "very hard from long usage." In December he tells of his quarters being boarded up in front, making his imprisonment "more painful and odious." He was still in chains, under rigorous guard and doing the most menial tasks.

A Broken Man Returns

His hardships lasted until March, 1869, when President Johnson pardoned him, as well as Spangler and Arnold. As for O'Loughlin, he had some time before died of the fever. Doctor Mudd returned home to his ruined farm in Maryland, frail, weak and sick, never again to be a well man during the thirteen years he still survived; never destined to regain his position in the world or to retrieve his broken fortunes. At the age of forty-nine he died of pneumonia, contracted while attending a patient at night and in a severe storm.

Thus ends the strange, eventful history of the most celebrated prisoner ever confined in the Gibraltar of the Gulf. By an odd twist of fate, Doctor Mudd has achieved greater fame than the fortress itself. A blight of oblivion rests on that immense sea bastile. Most people have to be told where Fort Jefferson, in the Dry Tortugas, really is. For all its somber dramas, history has passed it by. Extraordinary forgetfulness has gathered about its time-worn turrets, where today the heron and the pelican soar above bastions that no longer fly the Stars and Stripes. But everybody knows at least a little about Doctor Mudd—"Oh, yes, the man that set Wilkes Booth's leg." I entertain a certain shrewd suspicion that his almost unparalleled case of innocence devastatingly punished may even have produced that classic phrase "his name was mud." And to have acquired immortality, even though so muddily—is it not more than most of us can do?

Thus let us say good-by to harsh old Fort Jefferson, out there, abandoned and alone, on its coral reef in the sun-baked and storm-swept Gulf of Mexico. Farewell! Let us resign you once more to your splendid isolation, broken only by the thunder of long surfs against your battlements, the ax blows of the looter, the mournful cries of sea fowl high above your ancient tragic turrets.

Fort Jefferson, the world's most desolate prison, a long farewell!

A Giant Spruce at Cannon Beach on the Coast of Oregon

These 35,000 Ton Towers *Rest not on solid rock but upon* SOUTHERN PINE

KNOWING ones said, "It can't be done," when the Roeblings planned to float the towers of Brooklyn Bridge instead of sinking the foundations to bed rock. That was in 1870. Today, fifty-six years later, elevated trains loaded to the guards throw weights, strains and shocks, undreamed of by the Roeblings, upon old Brooklyn Bridge. Still it stands, safe to the thousands who daily trust their lives—although unaware of it—to the strength of the Southern Pine underneath the 300 foot stone towers that alone weigh 35,000 tons each.

Upon the roofs of the sunken, floating caissons—built of layer upon layer of foot-square timbers of specially selected Southern Pine—these towers rest with a pressure of four and a half tons to the square foot.

There is no record of the tests made by the Roeblings by which they determined that Southern Pine was the strongest structural wood on earth.

But today, thousands of tests—130,000 in the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory alone—have proven that, in strength, Southern Pine excels.

The Roeblings themselves had to supervise the selection of their Southern Pine.

Today you can buy it at any lumber yard east of the Rocky Mountains—and know you are buying it because it is now possible to obtain Southern Pine that is trade-marked.

The Roeblings had to pass upon each stick. Lives depended upon the flawless strength of their timbers.

Today you will find that Southern Pine from Southern Pine Association mills is Grade-Marked as well as Trade-Marked—its quality determined by expert graders and vouched for by the Southern Pine Association.

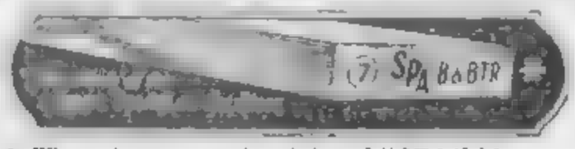
What the Roeblings did in their structure with infinite pains and with the derision of "wiseacres" ringing in their ears, you can do easily in your structure with full confidence that Southern Pine will serve you as it served them, and will continue to serve through the centuries. Millions of trees of this incomparable wood grow larger and stronger every year. Southern Pine is and will continue to be the Supreme Structural Wood of the World.

Southern Pine
What It Is—What It Is Used For

a valuable book, discusses the stresses to which the wood in your structure may be subjected. It recommends correct uses of Southern Pine. A recent publication. Send for it. It is free. Build with confidence.

Southern Pine Association

136 Interstate Building
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA



* These letters at the right of "SPA" identify the grade. The designation here is one of 15 grade-marks appearing on lumber from Southern Pine Association mills.

Southern Pine—The *Supreme Structural Wood* of the World

"No!"

This is the Farmer's own answer to the question: "Does the farmer need any more credit?"—Read the leading editorial in the October *Country Gentleman*

Does the Tariff Help or Hamper Agriculture?

E. V. Wilcox has figured exactly What the Tariff Does for the Farmer—in the October *Country Gentleman.*

What is a Farm Town—and Why?

Thousands of towns over the country are service stations for farm people. J. H. Kolb tells what the farmer buys—in the October *Country Gentleman.*

There are 117 items in the Table of Contents of the October Country Gentleman—a complete monthly magazine for the whole farm family.

The Country Gentleman

More than 1,300,000 circulation

October Issue Now On Sale

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago
Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

Index of Advertisers

October 2, 1926

	PAGE
AC Spark Plug Company	154
Alcazar Range & Heater Co.	105
Allen Manufacturing Co., Inc.	136, 137
All Year Club of Southern California	175
American Chain Company, Inc.	104
American Lead Pencil Co	146
American Pop Corn Company	133
American Safety Razor Corp.	125
American Tobacco Co., The	119
Auburn Automobile Company	179
Ayer & Son, N. W.	63
Baker-Vawter Co.	130
Barrett Company, The	91
Bassick Manufacturing Co., The	88
Bijur Lubricating Corporation	114
Blaisdell Pencil Co	139
Bon Ami Company, The	III Cover
Brach Mfg. Co., L. S.	161
Brown Shoe Company	113
Buckeye Aluminum Company The	150
Buick Motor Company	30
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	31
California Fruit Growers Ex.	IV Cover
Campbell-Smith-Ritchie Co.	176
Campbell Soup Company	29
Celotex Company, The	187
Champion Spark Plug Co.	43
Chandler-Cleveland Motors Corp.	80
Chase & Co., L. C.	138
Chevrolet Motor Company	68, 69
Christen Mfg. Co., V. H.	142
Chrysler Sales Corporation	33 61
Cincinnati Auto Specialty Co	149
Clark Grave Vault Company, The	170
Coleman, Watson E.	146
Collins & Aikman Company	49
Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co.	129
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	65
Conklin Pen Mfg. Co., The	73
Corbin, P. & F.	177
Cupples Company	188
Dixon Crucible Co., Joseph	89
Duofold Health Underwear Company	140
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I	102
Eclipse Machine Company	156
Electro Magnetic Tool Company	133
Eskimo Pie Corporation	75
Evans & Co., Victor J	161
Ewell & Hunt Co.	106
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	178
Freed-Eisemann Radio Corporation	163
Gardner Motor Co., Inc., The	148
General Electric	122
General Gas Light Company	153
General Tire & Rubber Company	99
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	87
Gulbransen Company	143
Hartford Fire Insurance Company	101
Hertel Co., The John A.	149
Holophane Co.	108
Hookless Fastener Company	97
Hotel El Verano	142
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	57
Individual Drinking Cup Co. Inc.	128
Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc.	159
Jennison Wright Company, The	157
Johns-Manville Inc.	83
Kroehler Mfg. Co.	120, 121
LaSalle Extension University	161
Log Cabin Products Company, The	124
Louisville & Nashville R. R.	186
Mansfield, J. F.	182
Mansfield Tire & Rubber Co., The	84
Marmon Motor Car Company	45
Marvel Equipment Company	180
Mayfair Hotel, The	114
Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.	115
Monroe Auto Equipment Mfg. Co.	166
Monroe Calculating Machine Co Inc	62
Nash Motors Co.	47
National Jewelers Publicity Ass'n	135
National Steel Fabric Company	144
Nation's Business	185
Nicholson File Co.	145
Oakland Motor Car Company	79
Old-Fashioned Millers, Inc.	142
Olds Motor Works	41
Oneida Community, Ltd.	2
Packard Motor Car Co.	74
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company	59
Parker Pen Company, The	II Cover
Peerless Motor Car Corp.	127
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n	109
Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.	96
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H.	166
Phoenix Hosiery	107
Pilcher Mfg. Co., Inc.	161
Pinaud Incorporated, Ed.	98
Pines Winterfront Company	167
Plate Glass Manufacturers of America	85
Pooley Company, The	147
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.	51, 72
Process Engraving Co., Inc., The	149
Prophylactic Brush Company	160
Pryde-Wynn Co.	165
Pyrene Manufacturing Co.	125
Quaker Oats Company, The	111
Reed & Barton	90
Reid, Murdoch & Co.	117
Remington Cash Register Co., Inc.	162
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	70
Richardson Co., Thos. D.	174
Ross Gear & Tool Co.	126
Russia Cement Co.	123
Sanford Mfg. Co	149
Save the Surface Campaign	131
Scripps-Howard Newspapers	168
Seaver Williams Co	146
Shaler Co., C. A.	178
Silver Lake Company	62
Simoniz Co., The	78
Skinner & Sons, William	164
Skookum Packers Association	82
Southern Pine Association	183
Spencer Heater Company	112
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp.	67, 93
Swan-Haverstick, Inc.	174
Swift & Company	35
Texas Company, The	94, 95
Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation	53
Tork Company	161
Tung-Sol Lamp Works Inc.	158
Twinplex Sales Co.	81
Universal Pictures	60
U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co	151
Vacuum Oil Company	36
Valentine & Company	54
Van Ess Laboratories	173
Vesta Battery Corporation	155
Wadsworth Watch Case Co., The	171
Waltham Art Publishers	146
Waterloo Register Co.	182
Watkins Company, The R. L.	182
Wesley & Co., Edward	139
Western Clock Co.	1
Western Co.	132
Wheeler, Osgood Company, The	110
Willard Battery, The	76, 77
Wright & Co., Inc., E. T	172
Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., The	141
Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co	181

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Mother, the store is coming up the street

STORES on wheels. Druggists selling sporting goods. Tobacconists selling toilet articles. Furnace dealers handling oil burners.

Symbols all—symbols of gigantic adjustments in American life, adjustments which affect business, big and little, everywhere. The fight for the consumer's dollar grows keener and keener. Competition is no longer a private fight—everybody's mixing in.

How will the new competition—between materials, between entire industries—touch your business? How will a dozen other new developments in business practice affect you? Where can you get the interpretation of the business facts you read in the newspapers?

NATION'S BUSINESS explains the outside forces which bear vitally upon your business. It provides the perspective you need to conduct *your* business in relation to these far-flung influences that govern *all* business.

And it boasts a unique authority. It is the voice of the largest business organization in the world—the United States Chamber of Commerce. Men in commanding positions in business, men in positions of responsibility at the seat of government, write for NATION'S BUSINESS. They write frankly, clearly, out of their knowledge of nationally important events and developments.

To such authority NATION'S BUSINESS adds vivid interest. Sparkling editorial comment, timely illustration, clean-cut English, make NATION'S BUSINESS as interesting as business itself is to business men. No wonder NATION'S BUSINESS has nearly a quarter of a million readers. No wonder it is so widely quoted, praised, censured—and read from cover to cover.

Your check for $7.50 will bring you NATION'S BUSINESS for a full three-year term and a complimentary copy of "The New Competition," an attractively printed little book which has aroused international comment.

Or if you want to get the flavor of NATION'S BUSINESS before you subscribe, send 10c for a copy of "The New Competition." Address: Dept. H, NATION'S BUSINESS, Washington, D. C.

NATION'S BUSINESS

MERLE THORPE, EDITOR

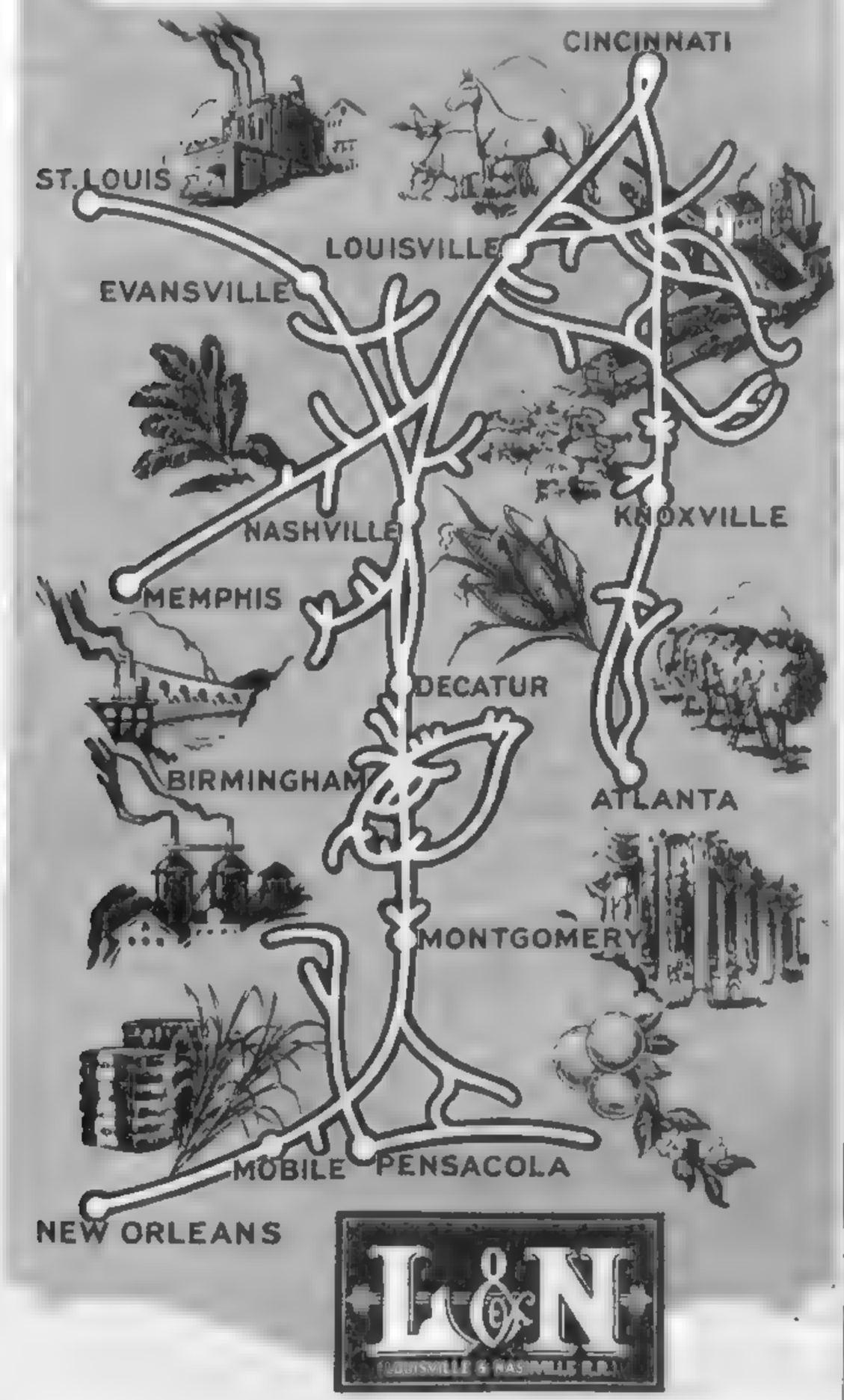
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

Do You Know The Central *SOUTH?*

—that great prosperous section of our Nation which holds such splendid opportunities for the ambitious man or woman who is seeking a place to live and to prosper—a place where good climate, good schools, good roads and low living cost make home-life attractive—a place where competition is less keen, there is more to be done and the future is brighter.

See the South, and you will see not only great natural beauty and points of historic and tourist interest, but you will realize the advantages of building your future in a section in which hundreds of new industries have located—where there is plentiful and economical power—where dairy farming, fruit growing, poultry raising, truck gardening, and all kinds of agriculture are producing substantial revenues for prosperous and happy families.

This Railroad offers no land for sale and cannot undertake to find employment for the readers of this publication, but it will, without charge, give full particulars about any section, rural or urban, shown on the map below. Address R. D. Pusey, Gen. Pass. Agt., Room 300, L. & N. R. R., Ninth & Broadway, Louisville, Ky.



SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

"How many? Forty-'leven," she said,
And gloomily looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Albany
Holds one. Another dwells beside
The broad Pacific Sea.

"There's Underwood in Alabam,
And Pomerene of O.
There's Ritchie from My Maryland,
And Reed—the one from Mo.

"There's Harrison and Glass and Young
And Robinson of Ark.
And hundreds more that I could name—
Not counting Horses Dark."

She stopped and, moaning, pressed her hand
As to an aching head.
"But most of those," I comforted,
"Politic'ly are dead!

"I would not give you odds on them
At best, for one to seven!"
The little maiden shook with sobs,
And muttered "Forty-'leven!

"Ah, sir, you don't know Democrats—
You very plainly show it!
A candidate of mine who's dead
Is e'er the last to know it!

"If half were made Vice Presidents,
And half were up in Heaven,
Convention time would find us still
The same old Forty-'leven!"

—*Katharine Dayton.*

By Their Fruits

A YOUNG American was on the island of Java for the first time and was having a drink with the resident English manager of his American company. He had gone out for three years and after a month's stay was in the worst throes of homesickness. The manager kidded him by asking what he would give to be back in New York.

"That's easy," said the young American. "Fifteen million blackberry brunettes for just one strawberry blonde!"

Married Life of the Sleeping Beauty

HE KISSED her and led her
To foreign parts.
She was queen of his kingdom
And his heart's.

Were there, I've wondered,
Moments when
She longed for the hundred
Years again?

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

October 2, 1926

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Emiliana—*Eleanor Mercein (Mrs. Kelly)*	8
The Piano Movers—*William Hazlett Upson*	12
Collector's Blues—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	14
A Handy Manuel—*Viola Brothers Shore*	18
Skeets Loses a Bet—*Sewell Ford*	38
George H. Jay and the Leech—*Bertram Atkey*	46

ARTICLES

Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President—*Will Rogers*	6
Tortugas Tales—*George Allan England*	10
To Wyoming—*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	16
Touchdown!—*As Told by Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg to Wesley Winans Stout*	20
The Girl From Rector's—*George Rector*	22
Hand-to-Mouth Buying—*Jesse Rainsford Sprague*	27
Loose Islands and Lax Courts—*Walton Green*	34
Highway Robbers—*Boyden Sparkes*	42
Women in Banking—*Marion Clyde McCarroll*	64

SERIALS

The Trees Said to the Bramble, "Come Reign Over Us" (In five parts)—*Garet Garrett*	3
The Fat Nun's Blue Parrot (Conclusion)—*Henry Milner Rideout*	24
Beautiful (Conclusion) *Lucy Stone Terrill*	30

MISCELLANY

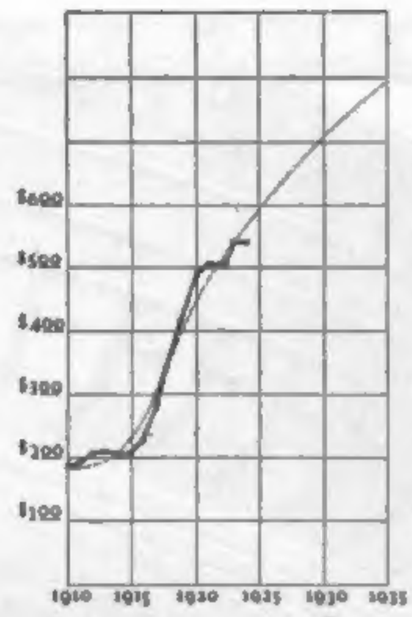
Editorials	26
Short Turns and Encores	28
Out-of-Doors	52
Getting On in the World	55

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Amazing Lumber

not cut from trees

saves ⅓ your fuel money



Trend of Anthracite Coal Prices at the Mine

Chart showing average price of anthracite coal per ton at the mine, from 1910 to 1926. Retail prices follow this basic trend.

Look Ahead. Fuel costs are rising fast. When you build or buy a house, you contract to heat it for years to come. What will your coal, oil or gas bill be in 1936?

Yet it adds little or nothing to building costs. Celotex will also keep your home warmer in Winter... cooler in Summer. Now available for homes new or old.

How much do you pay for *wasted* fuel each year?

Careful tests by heating engineers show that from 25% to 35% of furnace heat is *needlessly* wasted through solid walls and roofs.

That is because wood lumber, masonry and other usual wall and roof materials, when used alone, offer too little resistance to the passage of heat and cold.

This great waste of fuel can now be stopped! An amazing heat-stopping lumber is available for every home, new or old.

This amazing lumber is Celotex. It is not cut from trees, but manufactured from the long, tough fibres of cane. It is enduring . . . scientifically sterilized and waterproofed. Celotex is stronger in walls than wood lumber and many times better as insulation. Wind and moisture can not penetrate it. It quiets noise.

In addition to saving you money, Celotex brings comfort and health protection that can not be measured in dollars and cents. For it will keep your house warm, free from draughts and dampness in Winter . . . refreshingly cool all Summer long.

No wonder people everywhere have eagerly accepted it. That more than 90,000 have built with Celotex in five short years.

COSTS LITTLE *or nothing extra.* Another reason for the tremendous success of Celotex is that, unlike ordinary insulation, it is not an extra item in the building.

It replaces wood lumber as sheathing (see the illustrations), eliminates building paper. Celotex builds a more rigid wall than wood, because of the great bracing strength of the broad boards. It adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick or stucco exteriors *at no extra cost.*

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yard at first, but is a great economy. It means less upkeep expense because of no lath-marks . . . fewer cracks.

With Celotex in the walls and in the ceilings or roof of your house a smaller, less expensive heating plant and smaller radiators will keep you comfortable. Year after year it will save from 25% to 35% of your fuel money.

NEW COMFORT *for old houses.* In houses already built, a big measure of this comfort and economy is being secured by lining attics and basements with Celotex. That helps a lot and costs but little.

There are also dozens of other places where Celotex is the ideal material for building and remodeling.

Look Ahead! Now that Celotex has made insulation practical, heat-leaking houses are a poor investment. The authorities say such houses are becoming obsolete; harder to sell, rent or borrow money on.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it. Also ask about the $200.00 *gold bond* now issued on every Celotex-insulated house.

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

© 1926, The Celotex Co.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Mills: New Orleans, La.

Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (See telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Limited
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

AS SHEATHING

Celotex supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.

UNDER PLASTER

On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls: less apt to crack and free from lath-marks.

IN THE ROOF

Most heat beats into houses through roofs in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through roofs in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. For best results both uses are recommended.

FOR OLD HOUSES

In homes already built, a big measure of Celotex comfort and economy may be secured by lining attics and basements with it. In the attic an extra finished room can be made by nailing Celotex to the roof rafters. In the basement line the ceiling with Celotex.

Free Building Book

Send the coupon below for the free Celotex Building Book. It explains fully this great improvement in building.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, Dept. M-70
645 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send the Celotex Building Book

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

S. E. P.—10-2-26

"Tough as a Rhino"

UP - UP - UP! And popularity for some things endures. The growing popularity of Cupples Cords rests on a sound foundation. The achievements of 75 years of Cupples merchandising experience and years of tire building progress unite to form the background of the Cupples Cord. It's a quality product—*efficiently produced and distributed.* Built with a side wall that smooths the roughest road with easy flexing, the Cupples Diamond Jubilee Balloon has a broad, black tread compounded to a standard of *toughness* that has no superior on any road today—*at any price.* It's the Cupples combination of ordinary price and extraordinary quality that will keep up the rapid pace by which the Rhino's popularity has grown. For Comfort — Safety — Good Looks and *Wear*, make your next tire a Cupples Cord. Its *toughness* means *value.*

CUPPLES COMPANY · SAINT LOUIS
A National Institution Since 1851

Supplementing the Cupples Balloon, Truck, Bus, and High Pressure Passenger Car Models, the Exton competitive line of tires and tubes, made and warranted by Cupples, offers standard performance at a popular price.

Cupples

TIRES TUBES

Cupples RHINO

For some uses you'll find Bon Ami Powder even handier than Bon Ami Cake

Cake or Powder
most housewives use both

As far back as I can remember, Bon Ami *Cake* has been used in our family for any number of cleaning and polishing tasks. Then, one day, my grocer persuaded me to buy a can of Bon Ami *Powder* along with the *Cake*.

Just as you would expect, the Powder proved to be as non-scratching and as thorough as the Cake—and actually more convenient for ever so many things.

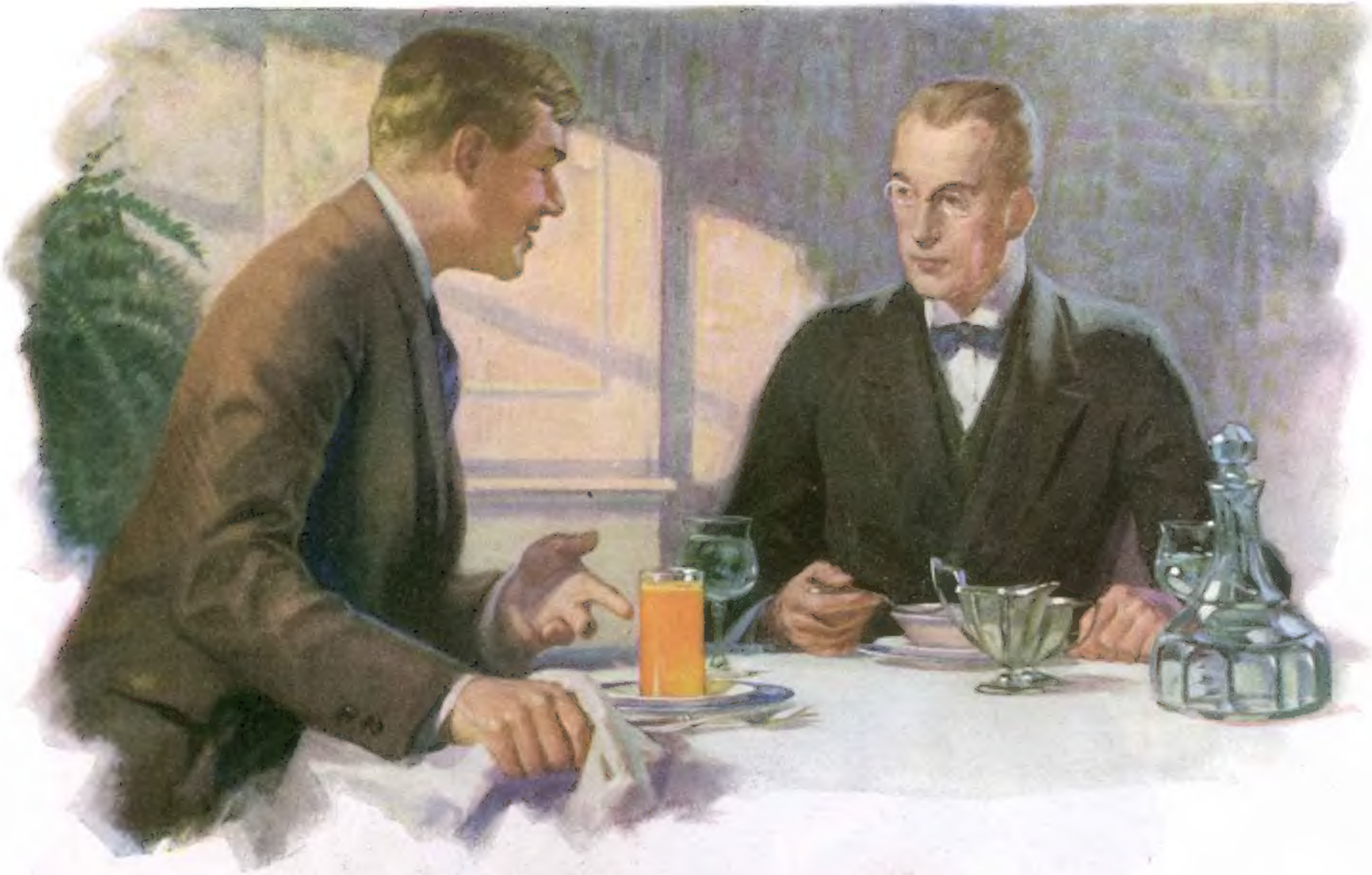
For this soft powder in its easy sprinkling can makes the bathtub, basin and tiling glisten in almost no time. It's just ideal for freshening up Congoleum floor-coverings. Sweetens the refrigerator—brightens up pots and pans of aluminum, copper, enamel, agate and tin ware—you'll find dozens of uses for Bon Ami *Powder*.

But the handy Bon Ami *Cake* is still my favorite for cleaning windows and mirrors and for those things that need just a dab or two with a damp cloth to make them bright and shining.

Powder and Cake have exactly the same magical ingredients—neither scratches the surface. Either form blots up dirt, dust, grease and grime without hard rubbing—never makes the hands red or rough.

To save yourself time and work, keep both Bon Ami *Cake* and Bon Ami *Powder* on hand all the time.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK *In Canada*—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL



"I'm a Better Man

Since Beginning Every Day With Orange Juice. I *Feel* Better, *Think* Better, *Work* Better. It Seems to be Just What I Need—Maybe Your Need Too."

"Orange juice does more than merely stimulate the appetite.

"It aids in the retention of the calcium, magnesium, phosphorus and nitrogen that your diet of other food supplies. Scientists have proved that.

"Thus orange juice, delicious in itself, actively increases *the efficiency of other foods* as well.

"I always order California Orange Juice because chemists say that it is rich in the soluble solids that make oranges both healthful and attractive.

"The deep, rich color of the California juice is said to be an indication of this.

"I know, at any rate, that I'm a better man since I formed the orange habit, and California Orange Juice is now a daily breakfast rule with me."

California Oranges—
Richest Juice
Finest Flavor

California Sunkist Oranges

Uniformly Good

Look for This Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist oranges and lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs, and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

To Fountain Owners: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Dept. 110, Los Angeles, California